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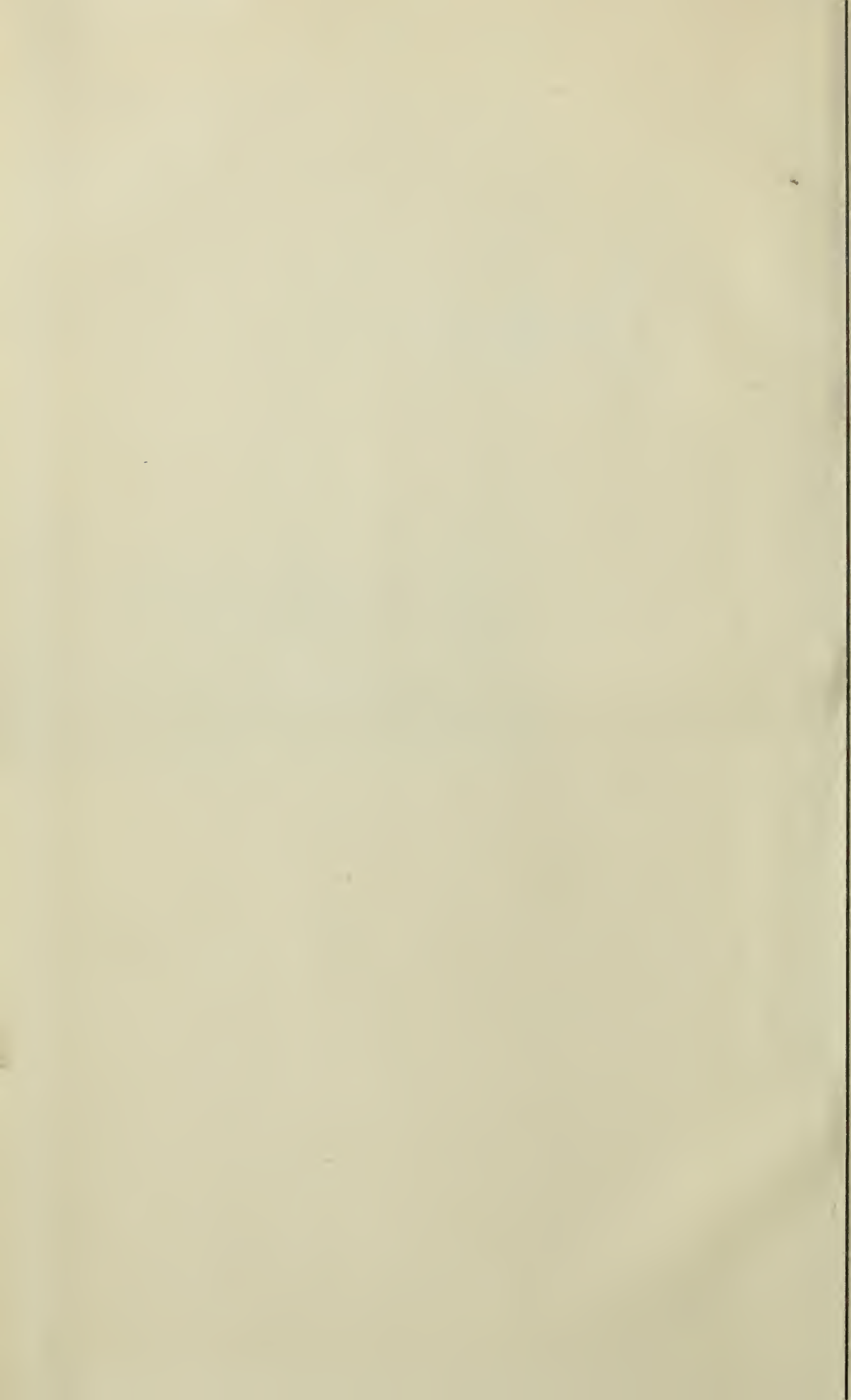
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COOPER'S JOURNAL:

OR,

UNFETTERED THINKER AND PLAIN SPEAKER FOR
TRUTH, FREEDOM, AND PROGRESS.

1850.

“AND though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple! Whoever knew Truth put to the worse, in a *free* and *open* encounter?”—MILTON'S AREOPAGITICA.

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No. I.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1850. [Price One Penny.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

LETTER I. NEW SERIES.

"They say your purpose might be gained—at once—
By some rare method, could you find it out;
But, men, in their impatience, often scorn
The surer path, and essay many roads—
Only to be chagrined: then turn to take
The way which first did promise them success;
And sorrow o'er their time and labour lost."—*Old Play*.

MEN OF THE FUTURE,—If any new proof had been wanting, in addition to the many recorded by history, that the freedom which the intellectual Few can win, the unintellectual Many may easily lose,—this proof has been given us in the events of the year just closed. The unintellectual Many elevated Louis Napoleon to the Presidency, and France became a Republic only in name; hence followed the overthrow of Italian liberty; noble Hungary was left helpless, while her despotic and barbarous foe took fresh courage—deriving also his fatal advantage from treachery; and the prospect of European freedom which opened so brilliantly upon us in 1848, was blighted. Should not this sad catastrophe of struggles so hopefully begun, teach us, more than ever, to labour earnestly for the increase of intelligence in our own fatherland—in order, first, that the demand for the franchise may be more speedily successful, by its being the universal demand of an intelligent people—and, then, that the franchise when won, may be preserved unimpaired, by its being wisely exercised? I know that many a young and earnest mind will give an affirmative response to this question.

What, then, can we do, in this year 1850, towards laying a sure and enduring foundation for our great enterprise—the enlightenment and enfranchisement of ALL? The old Mechanics' Institutes, it is confessed by their best and worthiest supporters, have failed to accomplish their purpose: the political associations of the Working Classes have become almost lifeless. Is it the time to attempt the formation of a PROGRESS UNION, that shall combine efforts for the spread of intelligence with an united struggle for the franchise, and for the general amelioration of our political and social condition? Such a union, it seems to me, (but, by many of you reflecting upon it, the thought may be improved) might be created by these means:—

1. Societies should be formed, having Mutual Instruction and Discussion Classes, Libraries, and weekly lectures: their rules should be free of all restriction as to the subjects of discourse or debate, or the character of the books or papers purchased; above all, their quarterly, monthly, or weekly

payments should be within the means of all working men—by being proportioned to the average earnings of workmen in each locality. Such societies, I have pleasure in knowing, are already formed in several districts of London, and in some of the populous towns in the provinces. I care nothing about their names, whether 'Mechanics' Institutes,' (though there are few of these free of restrictions,) 'Working Man's Institutes,' 'Mutual Improvement Societies,' or 'Temperance Associations.' The difference of their names need be no hinderance to their joining in a general PROGRESS UNION. Nor need any new, or general name, be imposed on such new local societies as may hereafter be formed,—unless by general consent.

2. Such societies should call together their members, in order to learn their minds respecting the advisableness of joining such a union. If their consent were obtained, it might be signified in this journal; and, when the idea was sufficiently ripened, a Conference of Delegates should be held, to determine upon rules and the general operations of the Union.

Concerning the machinery and purposes of such a Union, I may be permitted to give my notions, a little more at large.

1. The life of the Union would consist in a body of Lecturers—selected for their intelligence, moral character, and sincere devotion to their work—labouring for a given time in one neighbourhood, and then removing to another, according to a matured plan.

2. So fast as the list of localities augmented, new districts should be formed—until, in the course of time, a network of communication (similar to the Wesleyan 'Circuits') should be spread over the country.

3. The stations and movements of the body of Lecturers should be fixed and regulated by a Conference of Delegates, meeting annually (or oftener in the outset)—while the affairs of the Union, in the interim, might be managed by a Board, or Council, appointed by the Conference; but in this Board there should be no stated President,—the Board being left to elect its own chairman at each of its meetings, or for such period as it judged fit. A General Secretary, of course, would be necessary; and as the Union grew, and it became needful for him to devote the whole of his time to the business of his office, he would have to be properly remunerated.

4. The Union when formed should have a *missionary* spirit. The effort should be made to form Societies in every possible direction—without waiting, at all times, for formal invitations into a locality.

5. To raise the intellectual and moral condition of the whole community should be the first professed object of the Union: its Lecturers would, therefore, be required to select (according to their ability) subjects in history, biography, science, politics, social economy, and general literature, for their themes, and to endeavour to do all in their power towards enlightening, refining, and elevating their audiences; while both in *example* and precept the teacher should recommend the highest morality of life.

6. The great indubitable right of every human being, of sane mind, and arrived at the years of maturity, to share equally in the choice of representatives by whom laws are made and mankind governed—should invariably be asserted by the Lecturers of the Union.

7. The equally indubitable right of every man and woman to live happily by their useful labour, whether of hand or brain,—should be as invariably asserted.

8. The wickedness and injustice of persecution for opinion,—the evil of taxes on knowledge,—the turpitude of war,—the folly and wrong of capital punishments, and all other excessive penal laws,—the absurdity and in-

justice of privilege and titles,—the claim of the unemployed to the waste lands,—the necessity of financial reforms, of sanitary improvements,—the promotion of temperance,—in brief, the advocacy of all political and social ameliorations, should claim the energy of the PROGRESS UNION, and of its Lecturers.

It may be objected that such a scheme is too unwieldy; and that societies for distinct reforms are more likely to accomplish their objects. I can only reply, that many societies already exist which blend several objects in their avowed purpose; and, so far as I am able to judge from a not very limited observation of my own order, it is their prevailing wish to see societies formed which shall no longer be narrowed to one object, or straitened by prejudices in the mode of working for the accomplishment of all that pertains to progress. At the same time, be it observed, that such a Union as I am advocating would be forbidden, by the very principles on which it was founded, to disturb or molest any other association having for its object the accomplishment of any useful reform: on the contrary, it would be bound to assist their efforts.

I leave these thoughts to *your* consideration,—making the appeal especially to *you*,—because, as I have often repeated, I am convinced that with you it rests, by your union and intelligent energy, to make your country free and happy; and that no privileged power in existence can withstand your efforts, if they be put forth wisely and determinedly. An enterprize of this character is not a plaything for a day, or for a year. It would be the institution of a new order of things: it would eventually set aside every order of men who largely absorb the fruits of your industry under the guise of authorised teachers; and give rise to the true priesthood for humanity. Not only the mature in years, but children—the men of a further future—might partake of its benefits; for better schools for the young might also grow out of such a Union, if government could not be impelled to furnish the means for a good secular education that should be truly national.

So far as my strength will allow, I am ready to assist in the formation of a *Progress Union*. If there be any accepted Teacher of the People, willing to give me the hand of a brother, and to aid in carrying out such a design, let him say so. If there be any society already formed, or any number of young men ready to unite and form a society,—earnestly willing, likewise, to join such a Union, let them communicate their resolve. I may have spoken too soon; if so, nothing effective will grow out of these hints. But as small beginnings by no means argue eventual failure, I shall not be discouraged, if, at first, but a faint response be the answer.

THOMAS COOPER.

Correspondence.

MY DEAR SIR,—I learn, from various sources, your intention of starting with the New Year a journal devoted to the instruction and elevation of your own order—the veritable working men of England. It occurs to me that this is a favourable time for offering a few remarks on the “Eight Letters to the Young Men of the Working Classes,” written by you, and published originally in the *Plain Speaker*.

I have profited by the “perusal” of these letters: they are helps to the anxious and enquiring mind; and containing, as they do, the processes by which you

acquired knowledge, they must afford valuable hints to your younger and less experienced brethren. "*Read and think*," you say: "that is the whole secret." You are right: no improvement can be made without labour. "*There is no royal road to knowledge*." It is well for us all that it should be so. Thinking is natural to man, and reading necessary, to afford to him valuable materials for thought. It is an exercise of the understanding that makes reading valuable: to eat heartily and to have imperfect digestive organs, if possible, can neither be a profitable nor pleasant use of man's bodily functions; and to read much without studiously thinking on what we do read, will yield but little fruit worth either having or keeping. It is reflection which teaches man his weakness, that he may one day know his strength; and which gives him the ability to discriminate that he may appreciate; to sow, that he may reap; and enables him to feel his worth, dignity, and independence, as man.

It is above all necessary that our workmen should become thinkers, for it is clear that force, fraud, and gold cannot for ever rule. The past fifty years of our country's history, unfold a great era of industrial enterprize: the shadows of Arkwright, Hargreaves, and Watt, are every where manifest. The next fifty years must unfold a universal intellectual development, proportioned to the industrial wealth of our country; or all may run to wreck, riot, and anarchy. Nothing short of universal thought can save us: plug-plots, stack-burnings, and hunger mobs, will do nothing towards what is really wanted. Burke defined laws to be 'an application of man's means to man's wants.' I like the definition much; we have not yet got an application of means to wants. And how are we to get it, except by increased thinkings and increased knowings? The rich cannot save the people:—the ignorant, of whatever faith, creed, or party, cannot save the people: the people must save themselves. On riches, let me quote a sentence from Bacon's Essays:—

"I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue; for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit, so saith Solomon; 'Where much is, there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?' The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches: there is a custody of them, or a power of dole and donation of them, or a fame of them, but no solid use to the owner."

How can we amend the distribution but by increased knowledge? The same Bacon saith in another part:—

"Neither is money the sinews of war (as it is timidly said), where the sinews of men's arms in base and effeminate people are failing; for Solon said well to Cræsus, (when in ostentation he showed him his gold), "Sir, if any one hath better iron than you, he will be master of all this gold."

It would be well that the statesmen and merchants of our country would read these sentences; they would then discover how they should live, and how they should legislate. And if they understood their full meaning earnestly, we should have less talk and more work, in the great houses of legislature, better parliaments and less need of them. I have only to add, "knowledge is power," and whoever gains the knowledge most efficiently, and uses it the best, will in the end prove to be the most useful and the most powerful among the sons of man. Courage, then countrymen: get knowledge, and "above all get understanding."

In Letter Fifth, addressed chiefly to the youthful instructors of the people, you say, "The people want more of these relations of what you have read: it is the teaching from fact which is most needed. If the people are to be trained to read, you must tell them what there is in books, declamation has too long constituted the stock in trade of public speakers, and that is the cause why the people have profited so little by it." In my humble judgment, no portion of these eight letters, taken by itself, is of more practical utility than these sentences. It would be a work worthy of the labour of a lifetime to familiarize the minds of even a portion of the working classes, with the lives and writings of the best men and wisest authors of all ages.

Many men of middle age, whose early education has been neglected, have still a craving for knowledge: they have not read history, but desire to know it: they have heard the names of the sages and heroes of the past, and are ever ready to listen to what may be said of them. Such men may be attracted and instructed by lectures on history and biography. And the examples of the great and good

are sure to elevate the minds of the more youthful portion of an audience, and arouse them to a sense of the value of a life well spent. This virtuous emulation for present usefulness, is above all necessary in a country like ours, in which there are often strong symptoms of all national virtue and devout religion running into a cash payment.

The wise and eloquent W. J. Fox, said, in an address lately delivered in Lancashire, "The country is badly educated, both as to the amount and quality of the instruction. It is difficult so say which is the worst. There are half a million of children of teachable age that have no tuition whatever—not even the limited instruction of the Sunday-school. It has been calculated that only one out of thirty has a fair opportunity of learning to read, and only one out of forty of learning to write; and when they are taught, the character of the instruction is too often perverted by the school being made only a recruiting shop for the church or chapel." To the reflective mind the fact stated by Mr. Fox is indeed a sad one; the more sad when we consider the connection between ignorance and crime, as stated on the same occasion. What an anomaly that, as a nation, we should think it necessary to minimize education and maximize crime! But if only one in thirty have the chance of learning to read and write, after all our recent bustle about national education and voluntary education—how deplorable must have been the state of our country thirty years ago! How much such a fact has a tendency to make one forgiving towards the brutalized and unfortunate members of society! That fact alone must make a high-minded and humane judge pause before he sentences juvenile or ignorant adult criminals to severe bodily punishment. Still all is not lost; there is a virtuous leaning in this much reviled human nature, that cannot always be smothered, though often misdirected. We require an adult as well as an infant education; we must not let the unfurrowed field, that now grows thistles and briars, be sown with hemlock and poisonous herbs. Neither must we allow the wastes to remain for ever uncultivated.

Your Letters to Young Men, are mainly valuable as an auxiliary to adult education: there are many passages in them that tempt quotation and remark; but space forbids. I hope you will open the general question of an advanced and practical education for the young men in the pages of your journal. Not the education of the church or chapel; but an education fitted for healthy and independent thinkers: such an education will tend to ensure a full development of mental treasures; and the gathering up of the rich and varied stores of wisdom and thought, that lay scattered by the hand of Genius over every age and every clime.

I am, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

SAMUEL M. KYDD.

Mr. Thomas Cooper.

Letters to Lords Spiritual.

To the Right Reverend, the Lord Harry of Exeter.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—A happy new year to you—a year to your own heart—a good stirring year of church strife and mischief! You must have lamented the discontinuance of my little epistles in the *Plain Speaker*; and it has grieved me, in no small degree, I assure you, that our affectionate correspondence should be interrupted.

Ah, my dear bishop, there is nobody like you. You never change. You are always, either doing or being done. This fellow Gorham is goring you still! What of that? Whether he loses or wins his case before the Privy Council, it will waken up glorious sport for *you*! If there be a majority

of heretics there stupid enough to decide against you, it will only make you more resolute; for like every man of true mettle, you are always more desperate, when resisted. And if they confirm Fast's judgment, and declare you are right,—my stars! what a whip hand it will give you over that sleepy Sumner of Canterbury!

Receive the gratitude of our order, dear bishop! It is so sweetly edifying to us, to see you evermore 'earnestly contending for the faith.' Of course, we see that *you only* are right in this Gorham case. An infant, which does not know right from wrong, nor its right hand from its left, *is* most assuredly made regenerate, by a few drops of water being sprinkled in its face at the church font. It was the heir of hell before; but *just then* it becomes the heir of heaven. How shocking, that an Archbishop of Canterbury should doubt this! Alas, for the orthodoxy of the church, if it were left to him to fix it, and you were no longer alive!

Your brother of London, too, how it must grieve your pious heart to hear of his carnal philosophizings. Who could have expected that *he* would have talked such very common sense about the causes of the cholera? Why he talked no more spiritually than those earthly scavengers, the Sanitary Commissioners! It must have been a deep source of consolation to you, however, to learn that there was one man after your own heart, even in Blomfield's own diocese. I mean, the Islington clergyman, who declared to us the *real* cause of the cholera: namely the omission from the new florin, or two shilling piece, of "By the Grace of God," after the Queen's name. Shall I tell you, my dear bishop, how it is whispered in town that *you* gave the Islington clergyman the hint? I don't expect you to tell whether it was so; but I, for one, have my thoughts. In a word, my dear old fellow,—I hold that there is but one head in the whole of our church sagacious enough to make such a discovery, and that head wears a night-cap in the palace at Exeter.

Talking of whispers: they say, too, that you are about to take for your chaplain, the truly enlightened and deeply pious clergyman who recently imitated Bonner, and burned the hand of the jade who had been sentenced to death, in order to bring her to repentance. If the report be premature, I can only say, my dear bishop, it is the decided opinion of all who love you that you *ought* to take this precious divine under your peculiar patronage. Really, you should have especial care of such a rare gem of orthodoxy in this age of heretic counterfeits. He might become to us a second Philpotts—if you, to our affliction, should be removed to your final reward.

Just another word, and I have done. There is another rumour, not very agreeable to your friends. The clergyman who was disgraced in a law court for '*nem. con.* or *pro. con.* or some other *con.*,' as the man calls it in the play—You did not pull his gown over his ears soon enough; but, as evil-minded people say—evinced a disposition to protect him. But never mind these ill-natured remarks. Of course, you were right. You ought, like a true and gentle-hearted shepherd, to be tender in *trifling* cases. And what a trifle it is for a clergyman to be living in open adultery, compared with the sin of this Gorham—a fellow who denies your doctrine of baptism;—or that other fellow, Shore, who had the assurance to preach in a place you had not consecrated!

I am, my beloved bishop,

Yours ever lovingly,

THOMAS COOPER.

To Correspondents.

* * Correspondents will please address, "THOMAS COOPER, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London."

- T. J.—Yes; I shall have pleasure in giving the weekly list of Lectures, delivered at any popular Institution in London—if the Secretaries will forward to me the necessary information.
- W. L. requests that I will give notice of my own appointments in London, and of the subjects of discourse, during the present month. They are as follows:—
- January 6. (Sunday evening at 7), Hall of Science, City Road. "Gospel History: the Transfiguration," &c.
7. (Monday evening at 8½), Finsbury Hall, Bunhill Row. "Life and Genius of Sir William Jones."
9. (Wednesday evening at 8), Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square. "The Wrongs of Ireland."
13. (Sunday evening at 7), Literary Institution, John-street. "The English Commonwealth, to the Execution of Charles Ist."
14. (Monday evening at 8½), Finsbury Hall, Bunhill Row. "Life and Character of Sir Isaac Newton."
16. (Wednesday evening at 8), Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square. "Raleigh, and the Age of Elizabeth."
20. (Sunday evening at 7), Hall of Science, City Road. "Gospel History: the Crucifixion," &c.
23. (Wednesday evening at 8), Mechanics' Institute Gould Square. "Life and Genius of Sir William Jones."
27. (Sunday evening at 7), Literary Institution, John-street. "The English Commonwealth: Government by the Council of State and Parliament: the Protectorate and Character of Oliver Cromwell."
28. (Monday evening at 8), Temperance Hall, Broadway, Westminster. "The Wrongs of Ireland."
30. (Wednesday evening at 8), Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square. "Life and Character of Sir Isaac Newton."

Sonnet.

TO SPENSER.

Bright spirit of another life, arise!
 And with thy sweet conceptions charm my soul:
 The cautious world with thy deep thought control,
 And bear me with thee where thy fancy flies
 Through unknown forests to the tower, where lies
 The red-cross captive in his gloomy hole;
 Or roam with me o'er many a woody knole;
 Through grove and valley, under summer skies.
 Bring Una with thee, and bring him, sweet bard,
 Whose wondrous shield confounded villainy;
 Let fearless Holiness still be the guard
 Of spotless truth; and, Spenser, tell to me
 With all thy magic grace, tales yet untold
 Of evil overcome by champions bold.

F. TURNBULL.

WHO ARE THE TRULY VALUABLE IN SOCIETY.—The value set upon a member of society, should be, not according to the fineness or intensity of his feelings, to the acuteness of his sensibility, or his readiness to weep for, or deplore the misery he may meet with in the world; but in proportion to the sacrifices which he is ready to make, and to the knowledge and talents which he is able and willing to contribute towards removing this misery. To benefit mankind is a much more difficult task than some seem to imagine; it is not quite so easy as to make a display of amiable sensibility: the first requires long study and painful abstinence from the various alluring pleasures by which we are surrounded; the second in most cases demands only a little acting, and even when sincere, is utterly useless to the public.—*Westminster Review*, No. 3.

CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848—9, AND 1849—50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'

I. THE BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

[All who are afraid of thinking, and who dread that the People should think, on the most important of all subjects, will censure me for the publication of these discourses. Let none of these, however, misrepresent my motives. I yield to none in fervent admiration and love for the character of Christ. Under all changes of opinion, his moral beauty has ever kept its throne in my heart and mind, as the most worshipful of all portraitures of goodness. I seek to multiply, not to lessen, the number of his true disciples. Deeply convinced that the rapid growth of enquiry, and the spread of scientific information, among the great body of the People, are destroying all belief in what is evidently legendary, I am anxious to aid the preservation, in some minds at least, of continued and purified attachment to the substance of Christianity, while its shadows are being dispelled. I know no higher teaching than Christ's: I acknowledge none. But his religion no longer commends itself to me by mysterious or miraculous sanctions. I hold it to be the most perfect version of the Religion of Humanity; and for that reason, desire to see it divested of all legendary incrustations that may prevent its reception with sincere and earnest thinkers. The great work of Strauss assisted me much in coming to a clear and determinate conclusion respecting the source of the corruptions in the real history of Christ; and with a view to help others who might experience similar difficulties to mine, I delivered these discourses. The reader must be informed, however, that since I had very few written notes, these papers will contain the thoughts, rather than the words, addressed to my audiences in London.—T. C.]

'WHERE did it come from?' 'Who made it?' 'Who wrote it?'—These are questions in the mouth of every man which not only excite no wonder, but are held to be natural marks of human intelligence. Men who can view, for the first time, some natural product, such as a metal or a fruit, unlike any metal or fruit found in their own clime, and never feel a spark of desire to know where it came from, are accounted but a kind of incurious idiots by enquiring people. A highly-wrought piece of mechanism it is usual to receive with the query of 'Who made it?'—at least by an intelligent beholder; and if the looker-on merely exclaims, 'Well, how wonderful!' and passes away, we usually set him down either as very indolent or very simple. In becoming acquainted with a book which we prize highly when we learn its contents, the question of 'Who wrote it?' is so natural, that a man would be accounted a strange sort of reader if he did not ask it. And inasmuch as the more valuable a man esteems a book to be, the more eagerly he is expected to ask that question, so we expect him to be proportionately diligent and persevering in sifting the question if it be disputed.

Nay! There is one book, or collection of books, which hundreds and thousands of men regard as the most valuable of all books, and concerning the authorship of which it is demanded that these rules of human judgment be reversed. For labouring to ascertain the real authorship of any other valuable book, such as the 'Letters of Junius,' for instance; for disproving that any inferior composition, such as 'Titus Andronicus' can be the work of Shakspeare, and for shewing that it ought to be excluded from the volume which bears his immortal name—a literary toiler is deemed meritorious. But to produce an essay on the authorship of the Four Gospels, without closing your work in the orthodox style, by setting them

down as the authentic penmanship of Matthew, the publican, who became one of the twelve Apostles; Mark, the hearer of Peter; Luke, the physician, and companion of Paul; and John the beloved disciple—is certain to ruin a man's reputation for piety; while every youth who might read the book, and happen to tell a clergyman of it, would be received with a look of consternation, and an assurance that it was almost as dangerous as dealing with the devil!

Now, what is the common-sense inference to be drawn from this clerical dread of sincere enquiry into Christian history—enquiry which, if pursued respecting any other proposition presented to the mind would be held praiseworthy? If the evidence *be* so pellucidly clear—if every link in the concatenation of evidence *be* so perfectly welded—why should there be this dread that anybody should look at it? and why has the evidence been collected and published, if we are not to consider it? Do not men either stultify themselves by affirming the certainty of the evidence while they warn people of the dreadful danger of examining it—or, otherwise, manifest their own consciousness that the 'evidence,' upon real inquiry will be found somewhat unworthy of the name?

Néver having heard an honest and a sensible reason why the New Testament history, either as it regards its authorship or its facts, should not be judged like other books—that is, fairly, wisely, sincerely, and earnestly—I propose to enter with you, to-night, on an examination of the Four Gospels. The examination, to be as complete as I wish it to be, and as I believe it must be to answer any useful purpose, cannot be concluded until the lapse of many weeks. That portion of the history, so called, which professes to relate the birth and childhood of the great and good Jesus of Nazareth, will form the limits of our enquiry to-night. But I cannot enter, even on this introductory portion of the professed history, without a few words—and they shall be few—respecting the evidence for the authorship of the Four Gospels.

1. Papias, who lived in the middle of the second century, asserts (according to a passage quoted by Eusebius, from a work now lost—the same Eusebius being Bishop of Cesarea in A.D. 315) that Matthew the apostle wrote *λογια* of Christ—that is to say, 'words or sayings.' This writing was made by Matthew, in Hebrew, Papias says. Jerome, and other Fathers, in after times, assert that *our* Gospel of Matthew is a translation of this book; but there is no evidence for it—nor does the description of 'words or sayings' of Christ properly characterise our Gospel of Matthew, since it professes to relate Christ's life and death and resurrection. Justin Martyr, who died in A.D. 166, and several other Fathers, give precepts and narratives corresponding more or less with passages in Matthew; but the name of Matthew is not mentioned. Justin Martyr uses the words 'gospels, or memoirs of the Apostles;' but some of the phrases he quotes are not found in any of our gospels. Celsus says that the disciples of Jesus wrote his history, and speaks of the divergence of their accounts of his resurrection; but as far as we know his writings through Origen, he does not name any author of a gospel.

2. Mark, according to the same Papias (quoted by Eusebius), wrote down the discourses and actions of Jesus from his recollections of what was taught him by Peter. But *our* Mark's gospel is distinguished by a professed order of time and circumstance; and so far from being an original work, it is evidently no more than a compilation—sometimes abridged, and now and then with a dramatic effect added—from Matthew and Luke.

3. Our Luke's gospel has no testimony to its authorship so anciently equivocal as the first two gospels. It does not mention its own author any more than the first two; but it asserts its author (in the preface to Theophilus) to have had 'perfect understanding of all things from the very first;' and in the preface to the Acts of the Apostles, which commences 'The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and to teach'—we have the author's testimony, whoever he was, that he is the author of some part of that book also. In the latter half of the Acts, the writer, speaking of himself together with Paul, uses the first person plural. In the first half of the Acts, however, this never occurs, nor does the writer, either there, or in the Gospel we call Luke's, ever hint that he had any personal acquaintance with Paul. Some scholars, who can judge of the Greek, conjecture that the 'Acts' was written by two different hands; but there is no strict evidence as to who wrote the latter part, nor as to who wrote that earlier part which was certainly written by the person who wrote *our* 'Gospel of Luke.'

4. The earliest quotation expressly stated to be from any gospel, is from John, and is found in Theophilus of Antioch, about the year 172. This gospel about the same time was greatly prized by the Valentinians and Montanists, but was denied to be John's Gospel by the Alogi, and attributed by them to Cerinthus, because it did not harmonize with the other gospels. Irenæus, Clemens Alexandrinus, and Tertullian, also in the latter half of the second century, tell us that the orthodox church recognised our four gospels as the works of the persons whose names they now bear, and separated them from many similar productions not containing a true record of the life of Jesus.

Now, how imperfect does the evidence for the authenticity of the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, appear to be, when we thus analyze it and present it in its nakedness, compared to the plausible picture it presents in Paley, and other writers on the 'Evidences!' The testimony of Papias, even if it described *our* Gospels of Matthew and Mark, we have only in the secondary form of quotation by Eusebius, at the beginning of the fourth century. Justin Martyr's quotations have often only a *resemblance* to some passages in *our* Gospel of Matthew; and, like many other passages in the early Fathers, may have been taken from other gospels, now lost; or have been traditionally reported, from Christ's oral preaching. For Luke's authorship, it has been shewn, we have *no* early testimony; and *no* gospel is quoted with the name of its author before A.D. 172, when Theophilus of Antioch (the sixth bishop of that city in succession from the Apostles, according to Lardner) quotes the opening passage of *our* fourth gospel, "In the beginning was the Logos, and the Logos was with God," and ascribes it to 'John.' Irenæus must be placed with Theophilus of Antioch, in point of time, since he succeeded Pothinus, who was bishop of Lyons, in France, in 170—Pothinus being then ninety years old. The words of Irenæus are—

"Matthew, then among the Jews, wrote a gospel in their own language, while Peter and Paul were preaching the gospel at Rome, and founding a church there; and after their exit, Mark also, the disciple and interpreter of Peter, delivered to us in writing the things that had been preached by Peter; and Luke, the companion of Paul, put down in a book the gospel preached by him (Paul). Afterwards, John, the disciple of the Lord, who also leaned upon his breast, he likewise published a gospel while he dwelt at Ephesus in Asia."

After some remarks on this passage, Paley observes—

"I have said that the testimony of Irenæus in favour of *our* gospels is *exclusive* of all

others. I allude to a remarkable passage in his works, in which, for some reasons sufficiently fanciful, he endeavours to show that there could be neither more nor fewer gospels than *four*. With his argument we have no concern. The position itself proves that four, and only four, gospels were at that time publicly read and acknowledged. That these were our gospels, in the state in which we now have them, is shown from many other places of this writer besides that which we have already alleged. He mentions how Matthew begins his gospel—how Mark begins and ends his—and their supposed reason for so doing. He enumerates at length the several passages of Christ's history in Luke, which are not found in any other of the evangelists. He states the particular design with which Saint John composed his gospel, and accounts for the doctrinal declarations which precede the narrative."

Grant that *our* four gospels are word for word, and letter for letter, identical with the four gospels mentioned by Irenæus—yet the remark applied already, in the case of Papias, occurs now with like force: neither *our* Mark nor *our* Luke could have composed their books from independent sources, for they frequently copy Matthew—if it be granted that *our* Matthew wrote first. And although Dr. Paley 'has no concern' with the 'reasons sufficiently fanciful' of Irenæus, why there can be but four veritable gospels, *we* must have a little concern with them while weighing the worth of the judgment of such a writer. "There ought to be but four gospels," says Irenæus, "because there are but four quarters of the world, four cardinal points, and Ezekiel saw but four animals!" Well might Paley shrewdly disclaim 'concern' with the 'reasons sufficiently fanciful!' Clever Paley—to keep respectable silence about these 'reasons,' while striving with all the power of his masculine intellect to make a perfect chain of 'Evidences' for Christian and English readers, in the year of grace, 1794. It was too late in the day to produce the orthodox 'reasons' of Irenæus.

We may grant that *our* four gospels are nearly or altogether identical with the four gospels read by Irenæus, at Lyons, between A.D. 170 and A.D. 180; but we cannot trust the judgment of such a '*reasoner*,' respecting what he has heard of their authorship: we do not wonder that *he* did not perceive in the books themselves, a proof—three of them consisting so largely of passages composed of the very same *words* as well as ideas—that no two of them, and perhaps not one of them, could have been written independently.

But what ample space of time for the growth of *legend* upon a substratum of fact, in the lapse of 140 years after the death of Christ—for so long it is before we can say we have clear and positive evidence that *our* four narratives of the history of Christ are the identical narratives acknowledged by the Christian church, and attributed to the authors whose names they now bear. All the Apostles except John, are understood to have died before A.D. 100. The greater number of the Apostles are said to have dispersed themselves abroad. The gospel, at first, was preached orally—from the oral preaching of Christ, who wrote nothing himself. This oral gospel was, doubtless, the loose type for writing. Thus we find many sayings of the Apostles in Justin Martyr, *not* to be found in *our* gospels. One person began to write, and then another: perhaps some of the 'twelve.' And then, what they wrote would be transcribed with additions or alterations; but, as the time sped on, whoever wrote would write with greater latitude, and more (after the stamp Paul gave to the 'Faith,' as well as owing to the particular tendency of the Jewish mind of the age) with the purpose of shewing that Jesus of Nazareth was the true Messiah, by his having fulfilled all that it was expected the Messiah should fulfil. The 'Gospels' multiplied; and, at length, from the diversifications of their

contents, it was found necessary to make a selection. The precise date at which the selection of *four* was made, we do not know; but we have seen that the first certain account *we have* of this selection gives 140 years from the death of Christ for the formation and increase of *myth*, or legend, upon a substratum of fact.

I have already indicated what must have been the peculiar *mythical* tendency of the inhabitants of Palestine, in the first and second centuries of our era: the belief that any one regarded as the Messiah—the so long expected deliverer of that subjugated people—must have fulfilled all that it was expected the Messiah should fulfil. I desire that this may be kept fully in mind, since the whole of our exegesis will turn upon it. It is in this tendency of the Jewish mind that we are to look for the origin of the legends with which *our* gospels are encrusted: it is in the masterly investigation of this great source of error, that the powerfully analytical mind of Strauss has accomplished its completest triumphs. To him we owe the workman-like construction and polish of a key which enables us to unlock the difficulties of what is called ‘gospel history,’ instead of breaking the lock and scattering the fragments with reviling or contempt, as was so often attempted by our, no doubt honest, but rude and unskilful early English freethinkers, Woolston, Tindal, Blount, and others.

Let me observe, before entering on our course of criticism, that I use the terms ‘myth, or legend, *upon a substratum of fact*,’ with an especial purpose. I have no sympathy with those who treat the *existence* of Jesus of Nazareth, *itself*, as a legend. Speaking of Hume, Paley observes—

“This author has provided an answer to every possible accumulation of historical proof, by telling us that we are not obliged to explain how the story of the evidence arose. Now I think that we *are* obliged, not perhaps to show by positive accounts how it did, but by a probable hypothesis how it *might* so happen.”

I think the labours of Strauss enable us to accept Paley’s challenge, and to accept it without violating the rules on which we judge all other history. We do not throw the history of Rome into the fire, because it contains the legend of Romulus and Remus being suckled by a wolf, the leap of Marcus Curtius into the gulph in the forum, and a host of other equally mythical accounts. All history has its myths; but we do not, on that account, throw away *any* history—and why then throw away the ‘Gospel History’? It is perfectly true that there is no *contemporary* authority for the existence of Jesus of Nazareth: *none whatever*: for the alleged passage in Josephus is given up by Christian scholars, as well as doubters. But the passages so often quoted from Tacitus and Pliny the younger—the genuineness of which is unquestioned—are proofs that the religion existed, and was widely spread, within a few years of the period affixed for the death of Jesus. The testimonies of these two philosophic Romans enable us, by carrying the evidence higher up, to demand why, when the probability of Christ’s real existence is thus strengthened, we are required to believe that the religion had its origin in imagination solely, rather than in a substratum of fact. For my own part, I can only say that I hold myself to be acting much more rationally when I declare that I consider the real existence of Jesus of Nazareth historically proved, than I should be if I doubted it, and yielded to the supposition that the religion had no origin in a *real* person. History shows me that legends have gathered around many real personages; and as I do not doubt their real existence because of the legends, why should I apply another rule of judgment to the instance of Jesus of Nazareth?

If about seventy years after Christ’s death Tacitus wrote that about

thirty years after the same event, Nero, to quell the rumour of his own guilt, charged certain persons with setting fire to Rome, and had them put to death with horrid cruelties; and that these persons were called Christians from "Christ, who suffered death in the reign of Tiberius, under his procurator, Pontius Pilate"—why should I doubt that the religion had its origin from the veritable person thus clearly pointed out? How could a merely imaginary existence be credited by Tacitus, who lived so near to the time? And (if he reports a fact) how could numbers be found in Rome believing in Christ within thirty years after his crucifixion, if the crucifixion of such a person had never occurred?

If Pliny the Younger wrote to the Emperor Trajan, also about seventy years after Christ's death, describing the spread of the Christian religion to be so great in his government of Pontus and Bithynia, that 'many of every age and of both sexes,' in the cities, villages, and open country, professed it, insomuch that it became difficult to sell the victims for Pagan sacrifice in the markets; and if he described the manners of the Christians in such terms as almost to realise the portraiture drawn of them in their own early writings, why should I doubt the Gospel account of the origin of the religion? How came it to spread so successfully thus early, if it were not grounded on some fact or facts?

I have never heard these questions answered satisfactorily: I do not expect to hear them answered. Simply premising that I shall use the terms 'Matthew,' 'Mark,' 'Luke,' and 'John,' to avoid confusion, I now beg your attention to our critical enquiry into the real nature of the history of the Birth and Childhood of Jesus, as related in the Gospels.

Matthew and Luke only, give us narratives of Christ's birth and early life. Mark simply mentions Mary as the Mother of Jesus, and John mentions Joseph as his father: both Mark and John begin their history with John the Baptist, except that the fourth Evangelist has a remarkable preface concerning Christ's spiritual and divine nature, which we shall have to refer to at a future stage of our inquiry.

1. We have a Genealogy given by Matthew, and another by Luke. Let us begin at 'Abraham' with Matthew, reverse the order followed by Luke, and trace the genealogy also from 'Abraham,' according to him, making use also of the genealogies in the Old Testament, until we come to Zerubabel, and note the result, in the following table:—

	CHRONICLES.	MATTHEW.	LUKE.
GENESIS.	Abraham	Abraham	Abraham
	Isaac	Isaac	Isaac
	Jacob	Jacob	Jacob
	Judah	Judas	Juda
	Pharez	Pharez	Pharez
RUTH.	Hezron	Esrom	Esrom
	Ram	Aram	Aram
	Amminadab	Aminadab	Aminadab
	Nashon	Naason	Naason
	Salmon	Salmon	Salmon
1 KINGS.	Boaz	Booz	Booz
	Obed	Obed	Obed
	Jesse	Jesse	Jesse
	David	David	David
	Solomon	Solomon	Nathan
	Rehoboam	Roboam	Mattatha
	Abia	Abia	Menan
	Asa	Asa	Melea
	Jehosaphat	Josaphat	Eliakim

	CHRONICLES.	MATTHEW.	LUKE.
2 KINGS.	Joram	Joram	<i>Jonan</i>
	Ahaziah		<i>Joseph</i>
	Joash		<i>Juda</i>
	Amariah		<i>Simeon</i>
	Uzziah	Ozias	<i>Levi</i>
	Jotham	Joatham	<i>Matthat</i>
	Ahaz	Ahaz	<i>Jorim</i>
	Hezekiah	Ezekias	<i>Eliezer</i>
	Manasseh	Manasses	<i>Jose</i>
	Amon	Amon	<i>Er</i>
	Josiah	Josias	<i>Elmodam</i>
	Jehoiakim	Joachim	<i>Cosam</i>
EZRA.	Jehoiachin	Jeconias	<i>Addi</i>
	Salathiel	Salathiel	<i>Neri</i>
	Pedaiah		Salathiel
	Zerubbabel	Zorobabel	Zorobabel

The first thing which strikes us in Matthew's list is the omission of three names found in the lists from Kings and Chronicles, 'Ahaziah, Joash, Amariah.' This was, doubtless, done by Matthew for 'reasons sufficiently fanciful,' expressed by him in the 17th verse of his 1st chapter—

"So all the generations from Abraham to David are fourteen generations; and from David until the carrying away into Babylon are fourteen generations; and from the carrying away into Babylon unto Christ are fourteen generations."

In order to make out his second series of fourteen (beginning with Solomon and ending with Joachim) he was compelled to omit three names found in the Old Testament lists. Our prevailing notions of 'plenary inspiration' are thus shaken in the outset. A New Testament writer differs from the Old, seemingly out of a merely 'fanciful' regard to curiously comparative numbers!

But Luke's list presents a still greater difficulty. He makes Salathiel (the father of Zorobabel according to Ezra, but the grandfather according to Chronicles) descend from David through nineteen generations (beginning with *Nathan* and ending with *Neri*), all of which have different names to the eighteen generations in Kings and Chronicles (beginning with Solomon and ending with Jehoiachin); and, of course, are utterly unlike the fifteen names of Matthew. It is in vain to say that each of the eighteen persons in Kings and Chronicles might have two names, and Luke may have given their surnames. Test this scheme of explanation, and it is destroyed as soon as you commence—for we know from the Hebrew history that Solomon and Nathan are two distinct historical personages—the one being the magnificent king who succeeded David, and the other the prophet who reprov'd him for a crime. How could Salathiel be descended both from Solomon and Nathan, and also through two entirely different lines of eighteen or nineteen persons? The varying numbers, 19, 18, 15—the varying names—produce in us again the conviction that these records are *not* those of 'plenary inspiration.

And if such difficulties meet us here, what shall we say when we proceed to compare Luke with Matthew, in tracing the genealogy from Zorobabel to 'Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus?' We cannot compare the Gospel accounts here with the Old Testament—for the names of *all* the sons of Zerubbabel, and *all* their descendants (as given in 1st Chron. iii. 19), are utterly unlike the names in Matthew and Luke. ■■■

Matthew's list is composed of the following eleven names:—

"Zorobabel, Abiud, Eliakim, Azor, Zadoc, Achim, Eliud, Eleazar, Matthan, Jacob, Joseph."

Luke's list is composed of the following twenty names:—

"Zorobabel, Rhesa, Joanna, Juda, Joseph, Semei, Matthias, Maath, Nagge, Esli, Naum, Amos, Mattathias, Joseph, Janna, Melchi, Levi, Matthat, Heli, Joseph."

Here the scheme of surnames fails again, because of the difference of numbers; and that both these can be genealogies of Joseph is impossible. Commentators have perceived this so clearly that they have presented enquirers with various hypotheses to solve the difficulty. Augustine conjectured that Joseph was an adopted son, and that one Evangelist gave the name of his real, and the other that of his adopted father. Julius Africanus supposed that a Levirate marriage had taken place between the parents or Joseph, and that the one genealogy belonged to the natural, the other to the legal, father of Joseph. But the most favourite hypothesis is that one genealogy is that of Joseph and the other that of Mary.

Yet, if we demand *which* is the genealogy of Mary, we receive different answers—some replying 'Matthew's,' others, 'Luke's.' And the replies are as diverse, if we put questions respecting the hypotheses of Augustine and Julius Africanus. But setting aside the fact that both Matthew and Luke *profess* to give the genealogy of Joseph, suppose we were to admit that one of the genealogies is really that of Mary, albeit Joseph's name is inserted in accordance with some peculiar Jewish custom, as it is alleged—what shall we do with the difficulty of Salathiel's contradictory descent from Nathan and Solomon?

Lastly, why have we either one or two genealogies of Joseph, if Joseph were *not* the actual father of Christ? How could Christ be descended from David through Joseph, if the latter were *not* Christ's father? The account of the miraculous conception cannot have been written by either of the writers of these genealogies. And yet, neither can we admit either genealogy as historical; for on every scheme of interpretation we are involved in difficulties; and it is not credible, as Strauss observes, that the pedigree of an obscure family, like that of Joseph, extending through so long a series of generations, should have been preserved during all the confusion of the exile, and the disturbed period that followed.

The source of these genealogies is evidently mythical. According to the legendary belief of the people of Palestine, founded on the writings of their ancient bards or prophets, the Messiah could only spring from David:—

"When therefore," proceeds the intelligent Strauss, "a Galilean, whose lineage was utterly unknown, and of whom consequently no one could prove that he was not descended from David, had acquired the reputation of being the Messiah, what more natural than that tradition should, under different forms, have early ascribed to him a Davidical descent, and that genealogical tables, corresponding with this tradition should have been formed? which, however, as they were constructed upon no certain data, would necessarily exhibit such differences and contradictions as we find actually existing between the genealogies in Matthew and Luke.

"If, in conclusion, it be asked, what historical result is to be deduced from these genealogies? we reply: a conviction, (arrived at also from other sources,) that Jesus, either in his own person, or through his disciples, acting upon minds strongly imbued with Jewish notions and expectations, left among his followers so firm a conviction of his Messiahship, that they did not hesitate to attribute to him the prophetic characteristic of Davidical descent, and more than one pen was put in action, in order, by means of a genealogy which should authenticate that descent, to justify his recognition as the Messiah."

2. The 'Miraculous Conception,' being the next point in the narratives, now claims our investigation. Here, again, let us compare the supposed Matthew and Luke, and see if there be an accordance in their relations.

(To be continued in next number.)

IMPROVABILITY OF GOVERNMENTS.—Who will be hardy enough to assert that a better constitution is not attainable than any which has hitherto appeared? Is the limit of human wisdom to be estimated, in the science of politics alone, by the extent of its present attainments? Is the most sublime and difficult of all arts—the improvement of the social order, the alleviation of the miseries of the civil condition of man—to be alone stationary, amid the rapid progress of every other art, liberal and vulgar, to perfection? Where would be the atrocious guilt of a grand experiment, to ascertain the portion of freedom and happiness that can be created by political institutions.—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

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LOUIS BLANC.

ALSO

LETTERS FROM FRANCE AND GERMANY, reviewing the progress of events in those countries and the Continent generally, particularly as regards the movement for Democratic and Social Reform.

Just Published, No. 8, for January, 1850.

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DEVOTED TO PROGRESS.

(*Excelsior.*)

EDITED BY FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

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That elongated genius, 'Bob Thin,' will make his obeisance in the first number, intending to have

TWENTY-SIX CUTS AT THE TIMES!

London: C. Mitchell, Red Lion-court, Fleet-st.

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COOPER'S JOURNAL:

OR, UNFETTERED THINKER AND PLAIN SPEAKER FOR
TRUTH, FREEDOM, AND PROGRESS.

"AND though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple! Who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?"—*Milton's Areopagitica.*

No. 2.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1850. [Price One Penny.

TO LORD NUGENT, M.P.

"Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps Honour bright. To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the *instant* way;
For Honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path."

—*Troilus and Cressida.*

MY LORD,—You, and those who are associated with you, have it in your power to lead a successful struggle for the greatest and most imperative of reforms: that on which the real amelioration of our institutions, and of the condition of the People, depends. The new party whom you have joined still hold forth the narrow banner of Household Suffrage; while you, and a few others, declare you would prefer to hoist, at once, the flag of Manhood Franchise. There is a crook and a mystery in this procedure, which all the voluble attempts to make it look fair or politic, can never clear from doubt and suspicion in the minds of working men. They do not understand, nor ever can be made to believe, how men can say one thing and do another,—have an avowed and a reserved purpose,—and yet be fully and fairly entitled to confidence. They have made no secret of their own purposes, for years; but, in asking for the franchise defined in the *People's Charter*, have always put forth their views, broadly, respecting the progressive reforms to be effected by obtaining that franchise, and thereby creating a House of Commons which should really represent the People. They have dared to maintain their convictions to their detriment—some by loss of employ, and others by imprisonment; and they cannot comprehend the virtue of that cautious respectability which marks so many middle-class reformers,—nor the due consistency of men like yourself, in abetting the equivocal enterprize of these same hesitating patriots.

To a mind like yours,—stored with a deep acquaintance with history, and enlarged by observation of mankind in various countries,—this doubt and suspicion of working-men cannot seem strange and unreasonable. Policy and stratagem may win admiration for a leader among statesmen; but the confidence and enthusiasm of a whole people can never be so won: justice, and all that justice demands, must be openly and unreservedly advocated, or the many cannot be moved. The people—the English people above all others (and your lordship knows this well, from your sound knowledge of their history)—do not understand stratagem: they disdain to acquire a knowledge of it, and have ever proceeded openly and manfully in their opposition to privileged power.

Working men do not throng to the banner which the new party have un-

furled, not only on account of their dissatisfaction with its inscription, but because of the half-heartedness manifested by some who are nominally gathered under it. When one redoubted captain sends a message to a central gathering, intimating the heroism with which he will head the reserve in a future year, and prophesying that it will take many years to win the victory—who can expect the common rank and file to show zeal in swelling the available force? Much less can it be expected that general confidence should be shown in the declaration that a real fight is intended, when instead of a union of all the leaders for the main battle,—a distraction of purpose is devised and warmly followed up, by some of the chief lances in the roll of enlistment. Mr. Cobden stands ‘Vice President’ of the new association; but all the *help* he has been known to render it was the sending of his valorous and prophetic message to the great central meeting,—while he displays all his usual zeal in aiding the ‘Freehold Land’ scheme—a plan which inflicts sickness of the heart on tens of thousands, whose irremediable poverty under the present system forbids all hope of their joining it,—and raises just and natural indignation in others, who feel that it is an insult to be told they must buy the inalienable right of which they have all their lives been robbed.

Of such ‘leaders’—for the truth must be told—the ‘masses’ in the manufacturing districts are now speaking out their opinions with a bitterness which can only increase in strength till it amounts to open hostility,—if some decided course be not taken by men in your own position. *You*, my lord, have no connection with the manufacturing interest, and could, therefore, head a determined movement for the Franchise, without any possibility of your sincerity and disinterestedness being doubted by the millions. You have not paltered with the question of Manhood Suffrage: you have spoken plainly out for it. It only remains that you use your influence with the Council of the new party, for their adoption of it,—and, if you cannot move them, that you leave them, and plant the flag yourself. Do this with all the energy of your character, and you will, even before the opening of Parliament, find yourself surrounded with a host that will outstrip in numbers, a thousand times, the companions and adherents of Hampden, the immortal hero of your eloquent history. You were instrumental in erecting a monument to his memory—(dearer to the hearts of our order, my lord, than to any of yours)—on the field of Chalgrove where he so gloriously fell; but if you step forth and head this enterprize for giving every toiler a share in electing those by whom the laws are made, you will build yourself an enduring monument in the grateful love of a whole People.

I am, my lord, with real respect, yours,

THOMAS COOPER.

THE “TIMES” PUTTING ON ITS SPECTACLES.

WITH all its raving against Red Republicanism; its vile pandering to the crimes of foreign tyrants; its calumny of such men as Mazzini and Kossuth—the two highest models of political virtue existing; and its characteristic sycophancy towards titled power—the “Times,” now and then, does make admissions which set Reformers a-wondering. Three days before the close of 1849, it put forth these thoughts in a ‘leader’:

“What can be done with half a million a-year? It is high time to ask the ques-

tion, for we are annually expending upon a certain hobby this identical sum. With such means at our command we could provide 50,000 persons every year with a new home in our transatlantic colonies, thereby releasing so many of our fellow countrymen from want and misery, and lessening to a proportionate extent the pressure on those who remained behind. We could complete, on the largest scale and with the most liberal details, the great work of charity on which Mr. Sidney Herbert is now engaged, nor need there after such a subsidy remain in London one unfriended sempstress to sink under penury and toil. We could carry out the benevolent project of Lord Ashley with such effect that at least 10,000 poor families might be annually provided with cheap and wholesome lodgings, and a corresponding diminution effected in those crimes which domestic wretchedness originates. We could snatch from the street every young or redeemable outcast, and supply him with the means and the motives for mending his ways. We could establish and maintain exactly as many industrial and ragged schools as the exigencies of the population demanded. If we pleased to distribute the sum over the kingdom at large we might endow 500 grammar schools with an income of £1,000 each—a sum sufficient to secure 500 of the very best masters who could thus gratuitously convey the very best instruction to at least 25,000 scholars. We might establish in every single county of England and Wales a hospital with an endowment of £10,000 a-year—a sum abundantly sufficient to provide for every sanitary want of its population, to protect them all in sickness, to maintain them in convalescence, and even to carry to each private door the aids and comforts of medical science. We might build asylums for the deaf, the dumb, the lame, the blind, and the superannuated. What is now scantily and poorly done by scrapings and subscriptions might be then done with a mediæval grandeur and profusion. We might recover all the spoils of the church and the inheritance of the poor. The sum of half a million a-year would be no sorry representation of all the charities which perished under King Henry VIII. It would enable us to redeem all impropriated tythes, to build churches wherever they were required, to reconstitute almonries and hospitals, and to place Protestant England above all the Catholic countries of the continent. Any one of these objects might be effected with £500,000 a year.”

“We are sure that any person acquainted with the sufferings of the metropolitan, or manufacturing, or agricultural poor would unhesitatingly acknowledge that a Government grant of £500,000 a-year, judiciously appropriated and employed, would keep 10,000 families, of five members each, above the starving point at which they now linger; and that, too, without establishing any preposterous ‘rights of labour,’ or infringing any principle of sound economy.”

“Again, this yearly sum represents a present available capital of 15 millions, and what could *not* 15 millions do for us? It would supply every house in London with abundant streams of fresh water, would purify our river, would take off our drainage, and would still leave millions undisposed of. Carried abroad, it would cover Canada with railways, would call forth all the wealth of India, and would secure Manchester in a certain and unlimited supply of its staple material. Is there any project of charity or benevolence, or national duty or imperial grandeur, which could not be executed for 15 millions? It is as much as was asked for regenerating Ireland. It is twice as much as was paid for saving it. We are accustomed to deal with large sums, and our very obligations, unhappily, habituate us to formidable arrays of figures; but half a million a-year would be no inappreciable contribution towards even the reduction of our national debt. It is almost as much as we get from the Post-office, and four times as much as we get from the Crown lands. It is considerably more than the whole civil list, twice as much as the total of public salaries and allowances, more than the whole of all annuities and pensions for civil, naval, military, and judicial services, charged on the consolidated fund, and more than all the miscellaneous charges on this fund taken together. Such an annual sum far exceeds the aggregate income of all the metropolitan hospitals, and we believe we may throw into the scale even Chelsea and Greenwich. It exceeds the funds of any twenty charitable institutions in the kingdom, however Royal, magnificent, or useful. Such are some of the capabilities of half a million a-year; and now what is the object on which we choose to expend it?”

"We consume it in maintaining on the coast of Africa, for the suppression of the slave trade and the presumed benefit of the negroes, a squadron of vessels which neither do, nor can, materially obstruct the traffic, but which do augment the sufferings of the slaves both during the voyage and before it. The object, whatever may be its essential character, is simply impossible, and *the money is therefore wasted, to say no worse*. We are led, however, at the same time, into innumerable inconsistencies and contradictions. We strive by all the means in our power to prevent the importation of slaves into Brazil, though they would there be occupied on those very plantations which we have selected for the supply of our markets. We buy Brazilian sugar because it is cheap, and we intercept Brazilian labour to make it dear. With one hand we gather the produce, and with the other we destroy the cultivation."

Pretty well, for the old hack of Toryism, Conservatism, and Protection,—Whiggism, Liberalism, and Free Trade,—the Blue to-day and Orange to-morrow,—the Every-thing-by-turns-and-nothing-long advocate! So then, the 'disaffected' have been right, all along! We, *really*, have had cause for disaffection. Poor men 'linger at the starving point,'—work, pay taxes, and still starve,—to furnish half-millions for their governors to *waste* on worse than folly. Why, this is what the starving have been saying for years: this is what many of us have been gaoled and dungeoned for saying—and now the 'Times' says it is true!

And yet this 'Times' writer would not, perhaps, so easily grant that half-millions *wasted* on other follies could also be employed wisely and beneficially for the People. Nevertheless, the principle is one. Good government consists in making the People happy; and 'money is wasted, to say no worse,' which is drained from their want and suffering to be expended on 'impossible' schemes, or useless purposes. How many half-millions might be saved, then, by abolishing the gew-gaw pomp and 'barbarous splendours' of royalty,—the 'allowances' for 'civil, naval, military, and judicial services, charged on the consolidated fund,'—the keeping up of armaments for murder, (and if they are not wanted for murdering, serving as gigantic training establishments for pride and insolence among officers, and lick-spittle slavery among the men,)—how many half-millions might thus be gained for good government? The 'Times' will need more powerful spectacles before it can see the propriety of making its half-million into ten millions by such wholesale saving.

There is cheering hope, however, in the fact of these admissions being made by an organ which, with all its many-sidedness, represents so large a portion of those who hold power in this country. Good government is thus proclaimed *not* to consist solely in 'punishing the evil-doer'; in collecting taxes and defending the state from domestic and foreign foes; in keeping up armies of policemen to preserve 'order'; and magistracies and gaols to punish crime. It is among its duties to "keep families of the metropolitan, manufacturing, or agricultural poor *above* the starving point," to "reconstitute almonries and hospitals,"—to "build churches wherever they are required,"—to "redeem all impropriated tythes,"—to build asylums for the deaf, the dumb, the lame, the blind, and the superannuated,"—to "provide for every sanitary want of our population, to protect them in all sickness, to maintain them in convalescence, and even to carry to each private door the aids and comforts of medical science,"—to "provide poor families with cheap and wholesome lodgings,"—to "snatch from the street every young or redeemable outcast, and supply him with the means and the motives for mending his ways,"—to "establish and maintain industrial and ragged schools,"—to "endow grammar schools, and secure the very best masters to convey to the scholars, gratuitously, the very

best instruction,"—to "supply every house in London with abundant streams of fresh water, purify our river, and take off our drainage,"—to "provide persons every year with a new home in our colonies,"—in a word, to use all and every means that science and philanthropy can devise for relieving the whole population of misery, and endowing them with happiness.

Some of us may think that a new home in old England's uncultivated lands would be better than one in the colonies, and others may object to different items in the *Times*' list of objects of good government; but every thinking working-man must feel a degree of pleasure in seeing a European authority—for such is the *Times*—thus unmistakeably opposing itself to the barren doctrine, that the duties of a Government are only negative.

And to whom are these changes in the tone of 'leading journals' owing? The true answer is—to men whom the *Times* sneers at and reviles: to Robert Owen and Fourier, to Cabet and Louis Blanc: to the 'Utopian dreamers,' whose thoughts have reached the minds of thousands in France and England, and other countries of Europe: lastly, to working-men themselves, who ponder on the long course of folly and crime, of wastefulness and wickedness, pursued by Governments,—and who are fast approaching the intelligence which will enable them to unite, and reconstruct Governments for the welfare of ALL, instead of the misery of the Many and the corrupt and vitiated enjoyments of a Few. The *bourgeoisie* in Paris are beginning to think with respect of the very doctrines they lately treated with disdain. Marrast, and his *National* declare for a modified communism. The President Pretender's *regime* is thus endangered by the increase of union among republicans. The *Times* knows that another shake *must* come in France, fears it may affect our 'excellent institutions' next time, and would stop the mouth of disaffection if possible.

THOMAS COOPER.

Correspondence.

Hall of Science, Manchester, January 4th, 1850.

MY DEAR Sir,—I have read with great attention and delight your proposal relative to the formation of a Progress Union. I believe some such plan is absolutely *essential*, if we would raise our enslaved brethren, who by thousands are starving in the midst of the abundance which their labour has created. You ask those who are favourable to your views to send you their resolve. Here then, Sir, is mine: I not only feel myself honoured in grasping your hand as a brother and a co-worker in the glorious cause of free thought and political enfranchisement, but I promise earnestly and faithfully to co-operate with you in this matter: knowing that the end of all your exertions is now, as it ever has been, the enfranchisement and enlightenment of our enslaved order.

Last night, the Mutual Instruction Class, which I had the honour of forming here, three months ago, held its first soiree. About 130 sat down to tea: all went merry as a marriage-bell: wives, daughters, and sweethearts being with us. It was indeed a glorious night; and when I announced your Journal, it was received with shouts of delight. You may be quite sure the young men of Manchester will work with you, heart and soul, in this movement.

Wishing you all success in the cause of progress,

Mr. Thomas Cooper.

I remain, yours truly,

WALTER COOPER.

January 4th, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have, in the first number of your Journal, read a proposal for the establishment of *Progress Unions*. As to the desirableness of such societies,

there cannot, I think, be two opinions. Mr. Roebuck, on a recent occasion, thus described the object contemplated in the formation of Mechanics' Institutions:—

"Some time since, there was a great and a good, a beneficent and a benevolent man. I am sure I may so speak of Dr. Birkbeck. He saw the new element which was introduced into society, and he wisely said, 'Let us see if we cannot enlist this new element in favour of good government, peace, and happiness.' And for that purpose he endeavoured to introduce Mechanics' Institutes. He did so—for what purpose? For this, sir:—'As in ordinary life we get combined powers to serve our other interests; as we have clubs and various other means to provide for our physical and our social recreations,' he said; 'let us combine the many-headed monster, as it is called, of the people. Each in his small might maintains that which we desire to advance; let him contribute to the education of his class, thus combining that which the increased knowledge of mankind has enabled us to do: bringing together all our separate powers in that which is called a Mechanics' Institute: thus bringing together the various and varied interests of society to the maintenance and the increase of knowledge.'"

The object aimed at was praiseworthy: it has only been partially realized. Mechanics' Institutions have not combined all the various and varied interests of society for the increase of knowledge; yet they have not been without their uses; they have been and are serviceable to the middle classes. The working classes seldom think of joining a Mechanics' Institution; but, so far as my experience enables me to judge, they prefer institutions for themselves. And if the Progress Unions you desire to establish will tend to combine the various and varied intelligence of the working classes, they will be of great service to the present and future generations. Some questions have taken deep root in the public mind, and require distinct movements on their behalf. The Suffrage is one of these questions. But my being a member of the National Charter Association, would not at all prevent me from being a member of the Progress Union. My association with other men of the party of progress, would not lessen, but increase, my usefulness as a Chartist, as it would tend to deepen and widen my knowledge, and for that reason increase my ability to do good.

My arrangements for some months to come prevent me from devoting my whole time to carrying out what I must call your broad and comprehensive plan for the improvement of English society. Your intentions meet with my most hearty approval, and so far as my time and circumstances will allow, I will gladly assist in the formation of *Progress Unions*. I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

Mr. Thomas Cooper.

SAMUEL M. KYDD.

To Correspondents.

* * Correspondents will please address, "THOMAS COOPER, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London."

W. L.—The course of Oration, on Wednesday evenings, at the Mechanics' Institute, Gould-sq., will occupy Jan. 16, 23, 30, and Feb. 6, instead of the dates stated in last No.

M. O.—Much obliged. I have sent out, to various country agents, 40,000 small handbills; but I yet need the addresses of Agents in Norwich, Plymouth, Devonport, Portsmouth, Bath, Halifax, Bradford, York, Wakefield, Barnsley, Macclesfield, and Derby. If any News-agent in these towns (or any other considerable towns) will be kind enough to send me his address, and the name of his London bookseller, I shall be glad to enclose him some small handbills in his weekly parcel. Agents are also respectfully informed that plenty of large posters will be printed weekly, and if they are not furnished with them, I will take care that they shall be—if they will kindly send me notice.

A. W., Birmingham; T. S., Manchester; W. T., Hexham; and E. W. J., Chelsea.—I will, in an early number, draw up a list of questions, in history, morals, politics, &c., out of which Discussion and Mutual Improvement Classes may select some of their subjects; but, surely, a little ingenuity will enable members of such classes to devise questions sufficiently fertile for discussion.

F. H., Exeter.—No wonder that you were prejudiced against glorious old Greece, by reading the prejudiced Tory, Mitford. Your prejudices against Mazzini and Kossuth, Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc, must, surely, have been gathered from the *Times*. If you had weighed their own defences, from time to time, of their own actions and characters,—if you had candidly noted their procedures,—your conclusions would have been very different. I fear the air of your old city is unfavourable to real Progress. You will have everything to learn over again, if you get among the working-men of the manufacturing districts.

THINKINGS, FROM ISAAC BARROW.

INDUSTRY.—A noble heart will disdain to subsist like a drone upon honey gathered by others' labour, like a vermin to filch its food out of the public granary, or like a shark to prey upon the lesser fry; but will rather outdo his private obligations to other men's care and toil, by considerable service and beneficence to the public; for there is no calling of any sort, from the sceptre to the spade, the management whereof with any good success, any credit, any satisfaction, doth not demand much work of the head, or of the hands, or of both. Is a man a governor, or a superior in any capacity, what is he but a public servant doomed to continual labour, hired for the wages of respect and pomp to wait on his people; and he will find that to wield power innocently, to brandish the sword of justice discreetly and worthily, for the maintainance of right and encouragement of virtue, for the suppression of injury and correction of vice, is a matter of no small skill and slight care; and he that is obliged to purvey for so many, and so to abound in good works, how can he want business? How can he pretend to a writ of ease?

SLOTH.—It is with us as with other things in nature, which by motion are preserved in their native purity and perfection, in their sweetness, in their lustre, rest corrupting, debasing, and defiling them; if the water runneth, it holdeth clear, sweet, and fresh; if the air be fanned by winds, it is pure and wholesome; but from being shut up it groweth thick and putrid; if metals be employed, they abide smooth and splendid; but lay them by, and they soon contract rust; if the earth be belaboured with culture, it yieldeth corn; but lying neglected, it will be overgrown with brakes and thistles, and the better the soil is, the ranker weeds it will produce: all nature is upheld in its being, order, and state, by constant agitation; every creature is incessantly employed in action conformable to its designed end and use; in like manner the preservation and improvement of our faculties depend on their constant and wholesome exercise.

VOLUNTARY LABOUR. taken in due place and season, doth save much exertion afterward; and moderate care enables a man commonly to pass his life with ease, comfort, and delight: whereas, idleness frequently doth let slip opportunities and advantages which cannot with ease be retrieved, and letteth things fall into a bad case, out of which they can hardly be recovered.

THE PREJUDICED.—The prejudiced are apt to converse but with one sort of men, to read but one sort of books, to come in hearing but of one sort of notions; the truth is, they canton out to themselves a little Goshen in the intellectual world, where light shines, and as they conclude, day blesses them: but the rest of the vast expansum they give up to night and darkness, and so avoid coming near it. They confine themselves to some little creek, not venturing out into the great ocean of knowledge, to survey the riches that nature has stored other parts with, no less genuine, no less solid, no less useful, that what is to be found within their own little spot.

SPORTS.—How assiduously intent and eager may we observe men to be at sports; how soon will they rise to go forth to them; with what constancy and patience will they toil in them all the day; how long will they sit poring on their games, dispensing with their food and sleep for it. But how much in such cases do men forget what they are doing, that sport should be sport, not work; to divert and relax us, not to employ and busy us; to take off our minds a little, not wholly to take them up; not to exhaust or tire our spirits, but to refresh and cheer them, that they may return with renewed vigour to more grave and useful occupation.

MAN'S NATURE.—The wisest observers of man's nature have pronounced him to be a creature gentle and sociable, inclinable to, and fit for conversation, apt to keep good order, to observe rules of justice, to embrace any sort of virtue if well managed, if instructed by good discipline, if guided by good example, if living under the influence of wise laws and virtuous governors. Fierceness, rudeness, craft, malice, all perverse and intractable, all mischievous and vicious dispositions do grow among men (like weeds in any, even the best, soil), and overspread the earth, from neglect of good education; from ill-conduct, ill-habits, ill-example; but man's soul hath appetites and capacities, by which, well-guided and ordered, it soars and climbs continually in its affection and desire towards Divine Perfection.

THE HOPES OF '48.

Let kingcraft clap its gory hands,
 And oligarchy smile;
 Let priestcraft raise its vulture voice,
 And shriek a curse the while;
 Let hot reaction swiftly come,
 With vengeance robed in state,—
 And strive to slay, with rope and gun,
 The hopes of '48 !

Let mammon-greed its golden links
 Draw closer day by day,
 And madly seek to force from all
 Allegiance to its sway.
 We dare them all—kings, mammon-slaves,
 And oligarchs elate !
 They cannot—all united—blast
 The hopes of '48 !

In the hearts of Europe's Toilers
 These hopes have made their home ;
 Nor Russian force in Hungary,
 Nor Gallie fraud in Rome,
 Nor cunning diplomatic skill—
 That courteous mask of hate—
 Can plunder the unfranchised
 Of the hopes of '48 !

You may seize the men who breathethem
 Too loud above their breath;
 You may send their armed defenders
 A sharp or lingering death;
 Shoot them by scores;—You but arrest
 And not avert your fate;
 For that martyr-blood is the seal ye set
 To the hopes of '48 !

EUGENE.

" 'T WAS CHRISTMAS EVE ! "

'Twas Christmas Eve ! In the palace, where Knavery
 Crowds all the treasures the fair world can render ;
 Where spirits grow rusted in silkenest slavery,
 And life is out-panted in golden-garbed splendour ;—
 In gladness and glory, Wealth's darlings were meeting,
 And jewel-clasp'd fingers linked softly again ;
 New friendships were twining, and old friends were greeting,
 And young hearts were bound by God's own golden chain !

'Twas Christmas Eve ! In a poor man's hovel
 Were huddled in silence a skeleton family ;
 Church-bells were laughing in musical revel :
 They heard the loud mockery with brows throbbing clammily :
 All in the merry time there they sat mourning
 Two sons—two brothers—in penal chains bleeding !
 Their hearts wander'd forth to the never-returning,
 Who rose on their vision, pale, haggard, and bleeding !

'Twas Christmas Eve ! For 'the great'—as in duty—
 Taste pandered, and ruby wine wooed on the board ;
 Eyes smiled in feigned glory on frail forms of beauty,
 And lying lips flattered the thing called a " Lord ;"
 Love-kisses sobbed out 'twixt the rollick and rout,
 And Hope went forth reaping her long-promised treasure :
 What matter, tho' hearts may be breaking without ?
 Their groans are unheard in the palace of Pleasure !

'Twas Christmas Eve ; but the poor ones heard
 No neighbourly welcome—no kind voice of kin !
 They looked at each other, but spoke not a word,—
 While through cranny and crevice the sleet drifted in.
 In a desolate corner, one, hunger-killed, lies !
 And a mother's hot tears are the bosom-babe's food !
 Ah ! wonder, ye Senators, full-fed and wise,—
 Such misery nurseth crime's dark viper-brood !

Men—angel-imaged in Nature's fair mint—
 Oh, where is your God-spark—the signet divine—
 The freedom of soul, Immortality's print ?
 We are tyrants and slaves, bound in one deadly twine :
 That a few like to Gods may stride over the earth,
 Millions, born to heart-murder, are given in pawn !
 Oh, when cometh Liberty's world-cheering birth—
 She who waiteth with eager wings beating the dawn ?

False Priests, dare ye say 'tis the will of your God,
 (And veil Jesu's message in dark sophistry.)
 That these millions of paupers should bow to the sod?
 Up, up, trampled hearts! it's a lie, it's a lie!
 They may carve "State" and "Altar" in characters golden,
 But Tyranny's symbols are ceasing to win!
 Be stirring, O People! your scroll is unfolden—
 Bright, bright, be the deeds ye emblazon therein!

GERALD MASSEY.

BOAT SONG.

I'm in my boat, I'm in my boat,
 Come ply the merry oar;
 Oh, how I love my craft to float
 And hear the ocean roar.
 No land-mark ever meets my eye;
 'Tis noble to be free;
 My heart can never heave a sigh
 When I am on the sea.

The broad sunbeam's reflected gleam
 Protects me in the day;
 The beacon light doth guard the night,
 When danger's in the way.
 And if abroad I spy a sail,
 A welcome friend is she;
 There's love upon the passing gale
 When I am on the sea.

The sea-gull flaunts his wings above,
 The wild duck swims below;
 All feel 'tis free the sea to rove,
 To mark its ebb and flow.
 I woo the sea-gull's flight on high,
 And love his minstrelsy;
 There's music in his ocean cry,
 Because the sound is free.

Oh, tyrant man the earth doth span,
 And names each spot a home;
 Upon its face he claims the chase,
 Forbidding one to roam.
 The broad, blue sea is ever free,
 No despot stems its tide;
 It owns no call, 'tis free to all—
 'Tis Nature's wedded bride.

S. M. KYDD.

CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848-9, AND 1849-50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'

I. THE BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

(Continued from last number.)

Matthew says that Mary, who "was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, was found with child of the Holy Ghost"—that Joseph, "being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily;" but that the angel of the Lord visited him in a dream, and assured him of the divine origin of the child in her womb—and that then Joseph took Mary unto him as his wife, but "knew her not till she had brought forth her first-born son." Luke goes farther back: Gabriel is described as being sent to Mary, the "virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph," and telling her that she shall conceive by the power of the Holy Ghost.

I shall not dwell long on this relation. Nothing but a desire to encourage truthful investigation compels me to touch a subject so unfitted for a public discourse. The legend is unnatural; for a virtuous woman could not have concealed her condition from her betrothed, but would have hastened to inform him of the divine message, in order, at once, to prevent her own humiliation from discovery, and his injurious suspicions. All this was felt by the early Fathers, and they therefore accepted the version of the 'Protevangelion of James,' and the 'Gospel of the Nativity of Mary'—two of the Apocryphal Gospels which have been preserved, and a translation of which was republished by William Hone, a few years ago. These Gospels give the character of protector, instead of husband, to Joseph, and allege that, whilst he was absent on business, Mary was visited by an angel; and that when he returned, found her with child, and called her to an account, *not* as her husband, but as the guardian of her honour, she had forgotten the words of the angel, and protested, with tears, her ignorance of the cause of her pregnancy! That Joseph was perplexed and determined to remove her secretly from under his protection; but an angel appeared to him in a dream and reassured him by an explanation. That the matter was then brought before the priest, and both Joseph and Mary, being charged with incontinence, were condemned to drink the 'bitter water' (described in Numbers v. ch. 18 v.); but, as they remained uninjured by it, they were declared innocent.

However probable all this might appear to the Fathers, it can receive no belief from us. We return to Matthew and Luke, and find ourselves in the same conviction of the unnaturalness of the legends, when taken together; and if separated, Luke does not seem to have known anything of the after appearance of Gabriel to Joseph, nor does Matthew discover any knowledge of the prior appearance of the angel of the Lord to the Virgin. Besides, we have the testimony of the Jews themselves that they brought the names 'Gabriel,' 'Michael,' 'Raphael,' from Babylon, on their return from captivity. Could an idolatrous nation discover truths sooner than the people of God? 'Gabriel that stands in the presence of God,' the Divine Being surrounded with a court of grand officers, like an earthly monarch; and these officers despatched on high messages from the throne! Who does not perceive, in this nineteenth century, that we are *not* dealing with verities here, but with antiquated legends? Well does Strauss observe that "the phenomena in the natural world and the transitions in human life, which were formerly thought to be wrought by God himself through ministering angels, we are now able to explain by natural causes; so that a belief in angels is without a link by which it can attach itself to rightly apprehended modern ideas; and it exists only as a lifeless tradition."

From whence sprung the legend that Jesus was conceived in a supernatural manner? From the belief that the Messiah must fulfil his ancient types: the great mythical idea of the Jewish people. In the Apocryphal Gospel of the Nativity of Mary this idea is so fully expressed, that a quotation will be better than any independent remarks. In this Apocryphal writing, Joachim, the father of Mary, also sees an angel, who informs him that Anna his wife, who was barren, shall bear a child; and the celestial messenger thus reasons with him:—

"For the first mother of your nation, Sarah, was she not barren even till her eightieth year? and yet even in the end of her old age she brought forth Isaac, in whom the promise was made of a blessing to all nations.

"Rachel also, so much in favour with God, and beloved so much by holy Jacob, con-

tinued barren for a long time, yet afterwards was the mother of Joseph, who was not only governor of Egypt, but delivered many nations from perishing with hunger.

"Who, among the judges, was more valiant than Sampson, or more holy than Samuel? And yet both their mothers were barren.

"But if reason will not convince you of the truth of my words, ... therefore Anna your wife shall bring you a daughter, and you shall call her name Mary.

"So in the process of her years, as she shall be, in a miraculous manner, born of one that was barren, so she shall, while yet a virgin, in a way unparalleled, bring forth the Son of the Most High God, who shall be called Jesus, &c."

From the miracle of dispelling barrenness, or renewing extinct capability of parents, there is but one step to the greater miracle of the Virgin's conception; the greater miracle was formed easily by the legendary tendency, especially distinguishing that of the birth of the Messiah. Daniel, too, was believed to have spoken of the future Messiah, not merely as of a man, but as of a superhuman being. Above all, Matthew regarded a passage in Isaiah as relating to the Messiah, and to *his* mind it became impossible that this passage should not have been fulfilled in the conception of Jesus. "Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying"—(the often-recurring phrase)—"Behold a Virgin," &c. We turn to the 7th chapter of Isaiah, and find that in the days of Ahaz, king of Judah, Pekah, king of Israel, and Rezin, king of Syria, the two latter-named monarchs join their forces to attack Ahaz,—but Isaiah is sent to Ahaz to strengthen him with the assurance of the speedy destruction of his enemies, by saying, (verse 14,)

"Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign; Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.

"Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil, and choose the good.

"For before the child shall know to refuse the evil, and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings."

Wondrous consolation such a prophecy must have afforded Ahaz, if, instead of some child being born to fulfil it in his own days,—a child born several hundred years after he should be laid in the grave must fulfil it! We, from our position in this age, see that Isaiah's words could have no possible allusion to the birth of Jesus of Nazareth; but it was not so with a Jew, in the first or second century. He saw *secondary* meanings in the ancient writings of his nation. The mythical spirit led him to seize upon passage after passage, and apply them to the Messiah, often, as it now appears to us, in the strangest manner. But I will quit the subject of the 'miraculous conception.' We cannot persuade ourselves that we are learning the syllables of 'plenary inspiration' in such a narrative. It is *not* the true, but the mythical history of the parentage of Jesus of Nazareth. Let it lie with the records of the old schoolmen who quarrelled about the 'immaculate and perpetual virginity' of Mary, although Matthew (xiii. ch. 55 v.) records her children.

3. A 'decree from Augustus that all the world should be taxed'—is the cause given by Luke only, for the journey of Joseph and Mary from Nazareth to Bethlehem, where the birth of Jesus, he relates, took place. Matthew also speaks of the birth in Bethlehem; but evidently knows nothing of the taxing, nor of the prior residence of Christ's parents in Nazareth. I need not enter into the fruitless controversy respecting the meaning of the phrase "all the world;" for if it be restricted from the larger acceptance of *the Roman world*, to an indication of *the land of Judea*, the minor interpretation will not assist us. "This taxing was first made when Cyrenius (Quirinus, as he is called by the Roman writers) was governor of Syria," says Luke. But Quirinus, as we learn from Josephus,

did not make his census till ten years, at least, after the period assigned by Matthew for Christ's birth. This evangelist places his birth in the reign of Herod the First, and relates that his parents returned with him out of Egypt in the reign of Archelaus. Now, Archelaus reigned ten years, and it was not until his banishment that Quirinus was governor of Syria, and made the census of the population for the taxing. No *taxing of all the world* took place under Augustus: shall we, then, suppose that the writer we call 'Luke' has given us a hint for affixing the true period of the birth,—namely, immediately after the banishment of Archelaus,—and that the other account is wrong?

This would throw the whole chronology of the future life of Jesus into endless difficulties; and, moreover, a Roman census after the banishment of Archelaus would not have taken the parents of Jesus from Nazareth in Galilee to Bethlehem in Judea. It was Judea only, and what belonged before to Archelaus, that was formed into a Roman province, and subject to the census. In Galilee, Herod Antipas reigned, as an allied prince, and none of his subjects dwelling at Nazareth could have been called to Bethlehem by the census. 'Luke' evidently wrote this census story long after the date of Christ's existence,—had a knowledge of the historic fact that Quirinus *had* made a census,—but made an effort to conceive of the undivided kingdom as it was under Herod the First, in order to get a census extending to Galilee. His acquaintance with the political relations of the period is imperfect, and so he produces a narrative of contradictions. For the Romans never removed people from their homes to take a census—they had a little more wisdom in statesmanship; and it is an egregious blunder to describe Mary as journeying to her own city to be inscribed, since, according to Jewish custom, inscriptions had relation to men only.

"The Evangelist, however," says Strauss, "knew perfectly well what Mary had to do at Bethlehem; namely, to fulfil the prophecy of Micah (v. ch. 2 v.) by giving birth, in the city of David, to the Messiah. Now as he set out with the supposition that the habitual abode of the parents of Jesus was Nazareth, so he sought after a lever which should set them in motion towards Bethlehem, at the time of the birth of Jesus. Far and wide nothing presented itself but the celebrated census; he seized it the more unhesitatingly because the obscurity of his own view of the historical relations of that time, veiled from him the many difficulties connected with such a combination: he wished to place Mary in Bethlehem, and therefore times and circumstances were to accommodate themselves to his pleasure.

Thus we have here neither a fixed point for the date of the birth of Jesus, nor an explanation of the occasion which led to his being born precisely at Bethlehem. If then—it may justly be said—no other reason why Jesus should have been born at Bethlehem can be adduced than that given by Luke, we have absolutely no guarantee that Bethlehem was his birth-place."

4. That question, however, will come before us again. Let us next look at the miraculous circumstances related by Matthew and Luke as attending the birth of Jesus.

Luke gives an account of angels appearing to "shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night"—but for what end? To make known the birth of the new-born king, is the most obvious answer; but so little did it avail, that, according to Matthew, it is the Magi who make it known in the neighbouring city of Jerusalem; and in the after-life of Jesus no trace of this appearance of the angels is to be found. Is not this, then, to attribute to God an empty display—the providing of an apparition of angels, which fails of its object, and is unworthy of Him? But Moses was visited, in the field watching his flocks, by a heavenly apparition; and God took David, the forefather of the Messiah, from his sheepfolds at Bethlehem to be the shepherd of his people; and, therefore, in accordance with the Jewish mythical spirit, shepherds must be distinguished as favoured with some heavenly visitation coincident with the birth of the Messiah. Luke

proceeds to describe the circumcision of the child, when "eight days were accomplished,"—the giving of the name Jesus,—his being brought to the temple, with his mother, "when the days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished"—that is, *forty* days (Leviticus, ch. xii. 2 v.); the prophesying of Simeon and Anna;—and finally relates that

"When they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth; and the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him."

Luke, be it noted, knows nothing of the visit of the Magi, nothing of the murderous intent of Herod, nothing of the Flight into Egypt, nothing of the return from thence—several years after. He relates circumstances which could not have occurred, if the Flight took place. But let us observe the account of Matthew more closely, lest we should be asserting what is untrue.

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold there came μάγοι—Magi, from the East to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him?" Herod calls his counsellors together, and they denote the Messiah's birth-place, by pointing to the passage in Micah, already referred to. Herod, whose craft and cruelty were equal, according to history, is, according to Matthew, foolish enough to dismiss the Magi on an errand of search with a command to bring him word of their finding the child—instead of detaining them in Jerusalem, while he sent instruments to perform the bloody act afterwards attributed to him. The Magi go, and find the child, offer him precious gifts, and then, by divine warning, return immediately to their own country. Joseph, by divine warning flees, with the child and its mother into Egypt, "and was there until the death of Herod, that it might be fulfilled," &c. The tragedy of the "Murder of the Innocents" follows from Herod's rage, when he sees that he is "mocked of the wise men;" and then there is fulfilled that which was spoken of Jeremy the prophet saying, "In Rama," &c. Finally, when Herod is dead, an angel appears to Joseph in Egypt and commands him to return: he is proceeding to Judea—evidently, to Bethlehem, is meant—but is afraid to go thither, because of Herod's son, Archelaus, being king; yet has to be divinely warned again, and then goes to dwell in Nazareth.

How is it possible to reconcile the accounts of Matthew and Luke? Did the peaceful circumstances related by Luke occur,—or is he wrong, and is the more tragic and adventurous story of Matthew, the right one? Which writer is possessed of "plenary inspiration"?—for we are compelled to repeat the phrase. Who can consent to be silent about it, when we know that it enslaves thousands, till they dare not look, for themselves, at the manifest contradictions of these legends?

But what were Matthew's impulses for writing *his* story? We thought Astrology had been banished from modern science, and shall leave divines to explain the fact of a revelation to the Magi, by means of a star. Can they explain to us how a star could go before the wise men and stand "over where the young child was"? Some commentators would fain have a meteor—but the Greek word is not with them: ἀστὴρ, a star: it is too palpable. Men of the nineteenth century, who hold that a star is a world, or a sun and centre of worlds, what do you make of such a story? Do you ever see a star change its apparent place? Is this relation worthy of any more credit than the tales of the nursery!

The source of Matthew's "star" is evident. It is to be found in the 'prophecy of Balaam' (Numbers, xxiv. ch. 17 v.) "A star shall come out of Jacob." The legend attributed to Balaam originally referred to some fortunate and victorious ruler of Israel; but Aben Ezra, and many Rabbins, show that the prophecy was applied to the Messiah. The name *Bar-cocheba*, son of a star, assumed by a noted pseudo-Messiah under the emperor Adrian, was chosen with reference to the Messianic interpretation of Balaam's prophecy. It is not only a rabbinical idea that at the time of Messiah's birth, a star will appear in the east and remain for a long time visible; but, in Christ's time, this idea was especially prevalent. The ancient *magus* Balaam, by the spiritual eye, saw the Messianic star, the Jews believed; and its actual appearance must be recognised by the late *magi*. In the 60th chapter of Isaiah, again, Matthew found abundant mythic materials—the "light," and "kings" coming to the "brightness of his rising," with "gifts." Accordingly, the Roman Catholic Church has converted the Magi into the Three Kings. But I will not weary you with farther enlargement on this legend.

The murderous decree of Herod has its mythical origin—for you all know there is no contemporaneous evidence of its being a real event—in the story of Moses. This story, in Christ's time, according to Josephus, was, that Pharaoh was incited to issue his murderous decree by a communication from his interpreters of the sacred writings, who announced to him the birth of an infant destined to succour the Israelites and humble the Egyptians. For an instance of the wildly arbitrary mode in which 'prophecy' was applied to after events, let any one turn to Jeremiah, (xxxi. ch. 15 v.) and see if he can, any way, discover why "A voice was heard in Ramah, &c.," could be used by Matthew for the end to which he applies it, in this imaginary story. In Jeremiah, it refers to the carrying away of the Jews into Babylon.

"Out of Egypt have I called my son"—the passage quoted from Hosea (xi. ch. 1 v.) gives the mythical source of Matthew's legend, at another stage. The passage, if you turn to it, originally alludes to Israel—Jehovah's collective son—a grand type of the Messiah. Messiah—so 'Matthew' decided—must fulfil *that* type; and therefore the 'Flight,' had first to be pictured. This loose manner of applying passages in a *secondary* sense was characteristic of the Jews: abundant instances of it occur in the rabbins; and you have a remarkable one in the Epistle to the Hebrews (i. ch. 5 v.) in which the words—"Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee"—are applied (from Psalm ii. v. 7.) in a mode that, to us, seems utterly unaccountable.

But the appearing of the angel to Joseph in Egypt, commanding him to return—which has to be followed by a second divine revelation, when Joseph arrives nearly at Bethlehem—shocks us with its trifling. A miraculous star, and four visions, in one chapter! Does this legend honour the Deity? So many false interpretations of the Old Testament—are they proofs of "plenary inspiration?" One quotation we cannot verify—the closing sentence in the 2nd chapter of Matthew,—“He shall be called a Nazarene.” There is no such sentence in the Old Testament.

Is it possible, however—to return to the events, so apparently varying, recorded by Matthew and Luke—to bring them into anything like accordance? Matthew ranges in close succession the visit of the Magi and the flight into Egypt. Luke represents the parents of Jesus as returning with

the child, after the presentation in the temple, directly to Nazareth. Could the presentation have taken place *before* the visit of the Magi? How, then, after the scene narrated as having taken place in the temple, could the birth of the Messianic child be so entirely unknown in Jerusalem as the conduct of Herod, on the arrival of the Magi, implies? Did the presentation take place *after* the Magi had seen the child? How incredible that Joseph should be permitted to go to Jerusalem, with the child which Herod had just sought to kill! Still more incredible is it that the parents of Jesus should have returned to Bethlehem after the presentation in the temple. The two narratives are plainly irreconcilable—we have seen that each separate circumstance in them is derived from mythical ideas—and, therefore, can form but one conclusion: that the whole tissue of contradictions has no foundation in real history.

Where is it most probable, Christ was born?—is a question we still cannot forbear to ask; nor can the answer be very doubtful. We have seen that the supposed prophecy in Micah rendered it certain, in the minds of the Jews, that Messiah must be born in Bethlehem; but Nazareth was positively known to have been the residence of Jesus and his parents, when he first came into public life. Matthew assumes that the parents must have originally lived in Bethlehem, and only conducts them to settle down in Nazareth, by divine warning. Luke takes Nazareth to have been, all along, the dwelling-place of Joseph and Mary,—and seizes upon the census of Quirinus as a cause for taking them to Bethlehem, temporarily. Setting aside the mythical necessity existing in the Jewish mind, for the birth of Jesus, as the promised Messiah, in the city of David—we can scarcely fail to conclude that Nazareth was Christ's birth-place. "The Galilean," "the Nazarene," were the epithets constantly applied to Jesus, in early times. As "Jesus of Nazareth," he is introduced (according to John) by Philip to Nathanael, who asks "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" He is known among the populace by this name, and the demoniacs address him by this name. The inscription on the cross gives him this name, and by it the Apostles proclaim him after his supposed resurrection. His disciples, too, were long called "Nazarenes," and it was not until a late period, that that title was exclusively applied to an heretical sect. In a word, Nazareth is again and again mentioned as his country; and it was, most probably, the place where he was born, as well as brought up.

6. Lastly, Matthew is silent about the life of Jesus, from the return out of Egypt to the baptism by John; but Luke gives us an anecdote of Christ's conduct while in his twelfth year. The extraordinary position he fills toward the doctors, in Luke's narrative, is far out-stripped in marvellous details by the Apocryphal Gospels. The state of wonder ascribed to his parents by Luke resembles, however, the pictures in those writings. When Jesus speaks of the House of God, his Father,—they do not understand him; and yet Mary must have understood him, if the angel had ever appeared to her, and told her that her child should be called the 'Son of God';—and if all the supernatural warnings, before related, had ever been given concerning him. But Moses, Samuel, Solomon, and Daniel, all displayed singular wisdom, and received great marks of divine favour, in their twelfth year, according to Josephus, Philo, and the Rabbins. It would, therefore, be a foregone conclusion with the early disciples of Jesus, that, as the Messiah, he could not have been excelled by such remarkable types of himself.

(To be concluded in next number.)

ADVANTAGES OF KNOWLEDGE.—As the power of acquiring knowledge is to be ascribed to reason, so the attainment of it mightily strengthens and improves it, and thereby enables it to enrich itself with further acquisitions. Knowledge in general expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste of pleasure, and opens numerous sources of intellectual enjoyment. By means of it we become less dependent for satisfaction upon the sensitive appetites, the gross pleasures of sense are more easily despised, and we are made to feel the superiority of the spiritual to the material part of our nature. Instead of being continually solicited by the influence and irritation of sensible objects, the mind can retire within herself and expatiate in the cool and quiet walks of contemplation.—*Robert Hall.*

ON THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.—When knowledge, instead of being bound up in books, and kept in libraries and retirement, is obtruded on the public in distinct sheets; when it is canvassed in every assembly, and exposed upon every table, I cannot forbear reflecting upon that passage in the Proverbs: "Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets: she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the opening of the gates. In the city she uttereth her words, saying, how long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scornors delight in their scorning? and fools hate knowledge?"—*Spectator.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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No. 3.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1850. [Price One Penny.

TO LORD DUDLEY STUART, M.P.

"If your demand have reason for its ground,
Why urge your suit with pleadings reasonless?
Reason's a fort which you can ne'er relinquish,
Without your enemy advancing straight
To take possession of that vantage left,
And turning on you your own batteries.
I pray you, captain, storm more soldierly."

Cavaliers and Roundheads.

MY LORD,—You have so long and fearlessly braved the sneers and opposition of your own class, in defence of the exiled Poles,—and your championship of the cause of Hungary was so manly, during her recent struggles,—that no one can doubt your moral courage to maintain, openly and without reserve, any great principles which take a firm hold of your convictions. You, as well as Lord Nugent, have repeatedly declared on the public platform, that you would prefer Manhood, to Household Suffrage; and yet you, also, consent to merge your preference in the smaller rallying cry of the new Reform party. The thousands of the Unfranchised, I repeat, cannot see the consistency of this; and you will fail, therefore, to gain their entire confidence. They may be told, over and over again, that you and others *would* go for Manhood Suffrage at once, only you fear the Middle Classes would not go with you. But their conviction remains, that the Middle Classes might soon be induced to go for Manhood Suffrage, if men like yourself would lead the way, by throwing aside all expediency. Let me entreat you, my lord, to weigh these thoughts of my Order: they are the convictions of thousands of the most thoughtful among them, who have long marked how readily the sharers in property are disposed to be marshalled under names which wear the lustre of rank and station.

A conference of the new Reform party is announced to take place in March. If yourself and the respected and intelligent nobleman I have just mentioned were to introduce a motion into that assembly, for the adoption of Manhood Suffrage, by your Association,—you would, at least, test the sincerity of the *majority* of its council; for it is given out, on every hand, *by members of that council*, that its majority *is* for Manhood Suffrage. Surely, if their professions be sincere, they could not refuse to support such a motion at the conference; and *their* opinions must needs have great weight with the entire assembly of delegates.

Many of us who have borne a part in the struggle against class legislation for some years, cherish a hope that your Association will yet determine to give *UNITY*, which is strength, to the contest for the Franchise in this country. Abroad, as your lordship well knows, Universal or Manhood Suffrage is held by

all true liberals, to be the only proper foundation of a free and popular government. In none of the recent triumphs of freedom on the continent—unhappily so short-lived!—did the people hesitate to achieve less. And who can expect men of any intelligence, in this country, so long the boasted “native home of Liberty,” to be behind the men of the continent in their demands? Who can expect the working-classes who have taught their children to look for the realisation of those free political institutions contended for by Sir William Jones, the Duke of Richmond, and a long line of other illustrious men in the last century; by the upright and persevering Cartwright in the present; and since his time by many whose virtues would, at least, bear a comparison with those of their opponents and oppressors—who can expect the working-classes to give up these hopes? Through weal and woe they have cherished them. They have been driven from employment, they have been proscribed as disturbers, they have been imprisoned as conspirators and sowers of sedition; but their resolution to maintain these hopes is unbroken. They know no other creed in politics that they think *worth* belief; for it seems to them a mockery to talk of “freedom,” if it be not possessed by every honest, upgrown man, in the possession of his senses; and they feel it would be consenting to tyranny and injustice to deny to their equals what they ask for themselves. This is their plain English sense, my lord, and you cannot say their reasonings are far-fetched.

The *Times* is now twitting Reformers with their plurality of ‘Charters,’ and while acknowledging its clear conviction that Parliamentary Reform will be won, sensibly points to our divisions, as ‘Four,’ ‘Five,’ or ‘Six Point’ men, as infallible signs of a prolonged contest for victory. It remains with yourself, and a few other influential names, to bring over the new party to your avowed convictions; and UNITY is gained. The millions in the manufacturing districts must ever form the numerical strength of any great movement for Reform: these are now waiting to hear “Manhood Suffrage” pronounced as the true and only watchword in your councils, and they will re-echo the cry with an instantaneous vigour and united earnestness which will not only make the *Times* change its tone, but will produce a healthy foresight in the advisers of the Crown, as to what is needful to be done. There, again, an argument is suggested why our demand for the Suffrage should not be modified into something less than the People have so long embodied in their ‘Charter.’ It is confidently stated in a paper held to be an authority, that the present Ministry will introduce a measure for the extension of the Franchise at the very opening of the ensuing Session of Parliament,—nay, that the Queen will announce it in her speech from the throne. When the enemy hangs out the flag of capitulation, should the beseigers stipulate for less than they demanded when the beseiged remained resolute in hostility? And has not the present Premier openly declared that *he* would prefer Universal to Household Suffrage? Do not, in the name of common-sense, suffer these presages of approaching success to be turned into a partial defeat,—if earnest persuasion on your part can inspire the new division of the army of Reform to give us UNITY, and, by consequence, speedy victory.

Above all, these indications of concession on the part of those who hold power should, one would think, determine Reformers to spurn the *delay* involved in the ‘Freehold Land’ scheme. Years must pass, even if working-men in the populous districts should be favoured with prosperity, before they could become possessed of the franchise by the purchase of land, in sufficient numbers to return a commanding majority of thorough reformers to the House

of Commons. A depression in trade would lengthen that delay. In the meantime, misgovernment must continue; and the discontent of suffering workingmen must again swell into exasperation,—and that greater than before, because yourself and other men of station have proclaimed that they are wronged, cruelly and unfeelingly wronged.

I would not be understood to intimate anything so false as that workingmen are unfavourable to the scheme of Mr. Taylor of Birmingham (adopted by your Association) as a *land* scheme. On the contrary, the wish to improve their condition by the possession of land is taking root in the universal heart of the working-classes of this country; but these wishes few have the means of gratifying. The thinkers among them object above all to the idea of concession to our opponents which is involved in Mr. Taylor's principle: it concedes, that neither a man's personality as a man,—his possession of reason and volition,—his moral character,—nor, even, the share he already bears of the burthens of the state, and his liability to be called out to fight to maintain its supremacy,—are any sufficient claim for his right to participate in the choice of those who govern him; but that he must establish that claim by purchasing the possession of something that cannot think or fight, and cannot assist him to bear increased burthens of the state, without the exercise of his labour.

I know that *some* Parliamentary Reformers are accustomed to speak slightly of all *natural right* to the Franchise; but this is a doctrine so firmly fixed in the convictions of intelligent workingmen in this country, that they would as soon think of denying their own existence as of denying its truth. If I understood you aright, in one of your speeches in London, you also are to be numbered among the maintainers of this *natural right*; and you will not therefore disapprove the persistent advocacy of

My lord, yours respectfully,
THOMAS COOPER.

Correspondence.

Hulme, Manchester, January 7, 1850.

"No privileged power in existence can withstand your efforts, if they be put forth wisely and determinedly."

MY DEAR SIR,—The above words, taken from your last letter to the Young Men of our Order, are so full of meaning, instruction, and importance, that they deserve, in my opinion, to be printed in bold type, and put over the fire-place, or in the most conspicuous place, in every working man's room. My heart's desire is, that every Toiler may soon learn, through such instrumentality as that of your journal, and those of a kindred interest, to feel and know the real depth and meaning of these words.

You ask—Is it time to attempt the formation of a *Progress Union*? For one, I reply that you seem to propose a clear and excellent plan; and happy should I be to give a helping hand, as far as able, in promoting such a Union. I have long waited to see an announcement that would sufficiently clear the ground, and make ready the space, for the intellectual excavators to prepare the foundation of that moral building, which shall be a nursery for the neglected part of all the sons of toil.

I greatly deplore the splitting up of society into so many sections, whose professed object is alike,—the people's good. If these various sections, or their managing committees, could only be induced, in a few large towns, to sink their differences for six mutual meetings, and discuss this point of Union, I believe the

seventh meeting would be called to elect officers for the *Progress Union*, and to draw up such a code of rules as would be required.

I rejoice greatly at the success of the temperance cause; and if your proposition should (and why not?) meet with its desired success, I think the Temperance Brothers would be the first to hold out the hand of fellowship, and vigorously, earnestly, and manfully do their part for Manhood Freedom. This Union would be able to go to work immediately, and take a census of the male population, not as to number only, but as to education, political opinion, profession or calling, age, and any other desirable or requisite information, by requiring each member to take upon himself the responsibility of performing some portion of the necessary labour. The expense of printing would be very trifling for such a form as would be required; and the distribution and collection would be performed by voluntary labour. The Union would thus be able to show the tyrannical, oppressive Few, and their minions in place and power, the true proportion of Enfranchised and Unenfranchised, the number who require the franchise, and their fitness for its exercise; and thus, for ever, put to silence the arrogant tongue of any Minister of the Crown, who dared to say the people are not prepared to exercise that which he and all his associates, in effect, say is not their right.

Yours, faithfully,

Mr. Thomas Cooper.

JOHN VICKERS.

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London, January 7, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just perused the first number of your journal, with feelings of the most lively interest and satisfaction. Such a periodical was much wanted. There has been much of mere fustian and empty declamation; but, unfortunately, vigorous independent thinking and plain speaking are far from fashionable among public journalists. The most important questions are altogether tabooed, or are considered solely with reference to a foregone conclusion. Orthodoxy is an idol before which men prostrate themselves in slavish adoration.

I am induced to offer these observations by perceiving that you have commenced the publication of your lectures on Strauss's celebrated "*Leben Jesu*,"—the fame of which is far more widely circulated than the knowledge of its contents. In seeking to familiarize the public mind with the profound reasonings of this great thinker, you have determined wisely, and acted manfully. I know there is a prejudice very generally entertained against any such investigations being pursued; more especially in any journal of a political character. But we must take prejudice by the beard, and look it boldly in the face. We can only achieve political freedom by mental emancipation. The expression of thought, upon all subjects, must be free and unfettered. There must be no restriction, no reservation. Theological enquiry is ever the accompaniment of awakened intellect, and strong political excitement. It must necessarily be so: to expect otherwise, is to expect that which is contrary to the universal history of mankind. Theological enquiry cannot be prevented, but it may be wisely directed, and temperately and usefully conducted.

The prejudice, however, against such investigations is not altogether without some foundation. They have been too frequently conducted in a frivolous spirit, and in the most offensive manner. They have been made the vehicle for coarse jokes and vulgar ribaldry. What has been called "free thinking," has often been only *antagonism*: the mere rebound against vulgar superstition. Such conduct may annoy and disgust, but can neither conciliate nor convince. Free-thinkers must establish their claim to a respectful hearing, by treating serious subjects with seriousness. They must respect the feelings of others, and make due allowance for the prejudices of early education.

I will only trespass upon your space by one further observation. *We must endeavour to construct as well as to pull down.* We must not only seek to detect error, but to discover truth. We must conserve whatever is excellent, as well as destroy all that is injurious. We must labour to find out agreements as well as



differences. If this were more frequently done, I believe it would be found that men were mostly agreed upon what was necessary and essential: that they differed only in that which was incidental and comparatively unimportant.

I remain, yours truly,

Mr. Thomas Cooper.

THOMAS PORTER.

London, January 8, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—I was much gratified by your proposal for the formation of a *Progress Union*. With me the idea has long been a favourite one. By my observations on various classes of the community, in different parts of the kingdom, I am convinced that the really thoughtful among the British people are thoroughly democratic.

The upholders of our present system of government may be divided into three classes.—The first class (and the only real believers in its justice and efficiency) are the more uneducated amongst the rural population, who have inherited the ignorance and prejudices of their forefathers. I am happy to add that this class is rapidly decreasing. The second class consists of a portion of the middle-classes, who are usually termed moderate reformers. These men would gladly see a more just and economical form of government; but are too apt to associate ideas of muskets and barricades with thoughts of any radical cure of misgovernment. To these I would say, that their fears are groundless; since resistance on the part of the government would be madness, when that resistance was made to the demands of an united and intelligent people. The third class of our “most loyal” fellow subjects consists of the aristocrats, hereditary pensioners, and sinecurists, of every description,—who are well aware that where the reign of Reason begins, *theirs* ends. They, of course, defend a system in which they are so deeply interested.

But a more important body of men, and those on whose exertions the freedom of the people mainly depends, remains to be noticed. These are the artisans, and other inhabitants of the manufacturing towns, and who are democrats *en masse*. Many will deny my assertion that nearly all the thoughtful of our population are in favour of democratic institutions, and will contend that were such the case, it would be impossible for the monstrous abuses in our present government to exist for a single day. Nor could these abuses exist were the People to adopt the only means by which they can hope to obtain a redress of their grievances: that is to say, a complete organization of the numerous, but now disunited, body of reformers.

The *Progress Union* would go far towards effecting this object; since, if properly conducted, it might, in a short time, comprise the majority of the unfranchised members of the community, and thus be the means of ascertaining their real sentiments on any important question. This, under the present limited parliamentary representation, it is utterly impossible to obtain. I hope you will lose no opportunity of urging upon the attention of your readers the immense advantages of such a *Union*, and the probability of its proving the best means of advancing the “Great Cause.”

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.,

Mr. Thomas Cooper.

A FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE.

RICH AND POOR.—The rich must be convinced, that while they live sumptuously, and while the poor are fed with a few of the *scanty crumbs* which fall from their table, they act quite contrary to the tenor of that gospel which they say they believe. It is not in nature or reason that one man should destroy twenty thousand a-year, and another should be left without the common necessities of life. No; every creature which nature has formed with a mouth and digestive powers, has an equal right to participate of her blessings.—*Candid Philosopher*.

THE HINDOO RELIGION.—The Hindoo religion probably spread over the whole earth. There are signs of it in every northern country, and in almost every system of worship. In England it is obvious; Stonehenge is evidently one of the temples of Boodh; and the arithmetic, astronomy, astrology, the holidays, games, names of the stars and figures of the constellations; the ancient monuments, laws, and coins; the languages of the different nations, bear the strongest marks of the same original. The Brahmins of the sect of Brahma were the true authors of the Ptolemaic system; the Boodhists, followers of Budha, the authors of the Copernican system, as well as of the doctrine of attraction; and probably the established religion of the Greeks, and the Eleusinian mysteries, were only varieties of the two different sects.—*Forbes' Oriental Memoirs*.



## To Correspondents.

\* \* Correspondents will please address, 'Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London.'

J. A., and all Agents are respectfully informed that this Journal will be issued also in Monthly Parts, each part with wrapper to be 4½d., if containing four numbers, and 5½d. if containing five.

'Thoughts from the Inner Circle.'—Notice in next number.

G. T. H., Stockton; 'Operative,' Lambeth; 'Sic Valeas,' and E. W., Liverpool.—Received.

CONSTANT READER, Etruria, Potteries.—I am glad that the 'Eight Letters' have been of so much benefit to him. Whately's 'Logic' is a book of the highest reputation; but perhaps some of the works of G. J. Holyoake would be more suitable, as preparatives, for the writer. I really do not know which is the best late work on book-keeping; and I have forgot the names of the treatises in use when I was a schoolmaster, fourteen years ago.

J. C., Kingsland Road.—I have recommended a class of that kind in the institution named; but without effect. If the Discussion Class failed, let not the writer give up self-improvement. He may meet with more kindred spirits in a little time.

YORK.—The writer under this signature may rest assured that he has given no offence. I wish all the religious world would convey their expostulations in language equally consistent with the injunctions of Him whom they profess to take for their Great Exemplar.

H. A. J.—None of the Secretaries of popular Institutions in London have, as yet, sent me their Quarterly list of Lectures. Robert Owen is to lecture next Sunday morning, at 11, at the Farringdon Hall; and Lloyd Jones in the evening, at 7—on "Socialism; its aims and objects."

**DISTINGUISHED MEN ALWAYS HARD-WORKERS.**—When we read the lives of distinguished men in any department, we find them always celebrated for the amount of labour they could perform. Demosthenes, Julius Cæsar, Henry the Fourth of France, Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Washington, Napoleon,—different as they were in their intellectual and moral qualities,—were all renowned as hard-workers. We read how many days they could support the fatigues of a march: how early they rose; how late they watched; how many hours they spent in the field, in the cabinet, in the court: how many secretaries they kept employed; in short how hard they worked.—*Everett's Discourse.*

**INTEMPERANCE.**—Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance, and an irregular life, do as manifestly kill themselves, as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.—*Sherlock.*

**SUSPICION.**—There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and, therefore, men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.—*Lord Bacon.*

**ECONOMY OF NATURE.**—Nothing could be more desirable to creatures mortal (as we are by the necessary condition of terrestrial matter) and obnoxious to miseries, than to be born after such a manner, as in the first part of life, while we are tender, unacquainted with things, and put under the guardianship of others, to enjoy the sweets without the care; in the middle, to please ourselves as much in taking care of others; and in the decrepit, feeble age, to be assisted in our turn by others whom we have educated.—*King's Origin of Evil.*

**INDUSTRY.**—Excellence is never granted to man, but as the reward of labour. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in the habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages, which, like the hand of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

**THE MIND THE STANDARD OF MAN.**—It was said by Charles XII. of Sweden, that he who was ignorant of the arithmetical art was but half a man. With how much greater force may a similar expression be applied to him who carries to his grave the neglected and unprofitable seeds of faculties, which it depended on himself to have reared to maturity, and of which the fruits bring accessions to human happiness—more precious than all the gratifications which power or wealth can command.—*Dugald Stewart.*

**HISTORIANS.**—We find but few historians of all ages, who have been diligent enough in their search for truth; it is their common method to take on trust what they distribute to the public, by which means, a falsehood once received from a famed writer becomes traditional to posterity.—*Dryden.*

**DUTY OF PARENTS.**—The last duty of parents to their children is that of giving them an education suitable to their station in life; a duty pointed out by reason and for the greatest importance of any. For, as Puffendorf very justly observes, it is not easy to imagine or allow, that a parent has conferred any considerable benefit on his child by bringing him into the world, if he afterwards entirely neglects his culture and education, and suffers him to grow up like a beast, to lead a life useless to others and shameful to himself.—*J. Blackstone.*



## THINKINGS, FROM WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

**PUNISHMENT OF DEATH UNJUST.**—Whatever is worthy to be loved for any thing, is worthy of preservation. A wise and dispassionate legislator, if any such should ever arise among men, will not condemn to death him who has done or is likely to do more service than injury to society. Blocks and gibbets are the dearest objects with legislators, and their business is never with hopes or with virtues.

**MERCY ENFORCED BY THE DOCTRINE OF NECESSITY.**—Should we be less merciful to our fellow creatures than to our domestic animals? Before we deliver them to be killed, we weigh their services against their inconveniences. On the foundation of policy (when we have no better) let us erect the trophies of humanity: let us consider that, educated in the same manner, and situated in the same position, we ourselves might have acted as reprovably. Abolish that for ever which must else for ever generate abuses; and attribute the faults of the man to the office, not the faults of the office to the man.

**CAUSE OF NATIONAL MISERY.**—If men consider the happiness of others, or their own; in fewer words, if they were wise, no state would be depopulated, no city pillaged, not a village would be laid in ashes, not a farm deserted. But there always have been, and always will be, men about the despot, who persuade him that terror is better than esteem; that no one knows whether he is revered or not, but that he who is dreaded has indubitable proofs of it, and is regarded by mortals as a god. By pampering this foible in the prince, they are permitted to come closer and closer to him; and from the indulgence of his corrupted humours they derive their wealth and influence.

**THE CIVIL LAWS OF ENGLAND.**—The Laws of England have been the subject of eulogy to many sagacious and learned men. I have read them repeatedly, and pondered them attentively. I find them often dilatory, often uncertain, often contradictory, often cruel, often ruinous. Whenever they find a man down, they keep him so, and the more pertinaciously the more earnestly he appeals to them. Like tilers, in mending one hole, they always make another. There is no country in which they move with such velocity where life is at stake, or, where property is to be defended, so slowly. Can it be wondered, that upon a bench, under so rotten an effigy of justice, sat a Scroggs, a Jeffreys, a Finch, and a Page! Law has become in England not only the most expensive, but the most rapacious and dishonest of trades.

**INTERCOURSE OF MIND.**—If men would permit their minds, like their children, to associate *freely* together—if they could agree to meet one another with smiles and frankness, instead of suspicion and defiance, the common stock of wisdom and of happiness would be centupled.—Probably those very two men who hate each other most, and whose best husbandry is to sow briars and thistles in each other's path, would, if they had ever met and conversed familiarly, have been ardent and inseparable friends.

**GOODNESS.**—Goodness does not more certainly make men happy, than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity; for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment; the course is then over, the wheel turns round but once; while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual.

**LEARNING.**—Although our learning raiseth up against us many enemies among the low, and more among the powerful, yet doth it invest us with grand and glorious privileges, and grant to us a largess of beatitude. We enter our studies, and enjoy a society which we alone can bring together. We raise no jealousy by conversing with one in preference to another; we give no offence to the most illustrious, by questioning him as long as he will, and leaving as abruptly. Diversity of opinion raises no tumult in our presence; each interlocutor stands before us, speaks or is silent, and we adjourn or decide the business at our leisure. Nothing is past which we desire to be present; and we enjoy by anticipation somewhat like the power which I imagine we shall possess hereafter, of sailing on a wish from world to world.



## "TRUTH IS GROWING."

(AIR—*Leicester Chartist Chant.*)

Truth is growing :—Hearts are glowing  
 With the flame of Liberty :  
 Light is breaking :—Thrones are quaking :—  
 Hark !—the trumpet of the Free !  
 Long, in lowly whispers breathing,  
 Freedom wander'd drearily :—  
 Still in faith her laurel wreathing  
 For the day when there should be  
 Freemen shouting—"Victory !"

Now she seeketh him that speaketh  
 Fearlessly of lawless Might,—  
 And she speedeth him that leadeth  
 Brethren on to win the Right.  
 Soon, the slave shall cease to sorrow—  
 Cease to toil in agony :—  
 Yea, the cry may swell to-morrow  
 Over land and over sea—  
 'Brethren, shout—ye all are free !'

Freedom bringeth Joy that singeth  
 All-day long and never tires :  
 No more sadness !—all is gladness  
 In the hearts that she inspires :  
 For she breathes a soft compassion  
 Where the tyrant kindled rage ;—  
 And she saith to every nation—  
 'Brethren, cease wild war to wage :  
 Earth is your blest heritage !'

Though kings render their defender  
 Titles, gold, and splendour gay,—  
 Lo ! thy glory,—warrior gory,—  
 Like a dream shall fade away !  
 Gentle Peace her balm of healing  
 On the bleeding world shall pour ;  
 Brethren, love for brethren feeling,  
 Shall proclaim from shore to shore—  
 'Shout—the sword shall slay no more !'

THOMAS COOPER.

## "THE TIME SHALL COME."

(AIR—*Canadian Boat Song.*)

The time shall come when Wrong shall end,  
 When Peasant to Peer no more shall bend ;  
 When the lordly Few shall lose their sway,  
 And the Many no more their frown obey :  
 Toil, brothers, toil,—till the work is done,—  
 Till bondage is o'er, and Freedom's won !

The time shall come when the artisan  
 Shall homage no more the titled man ;  
 When the moiling men who delve the mine,  
 By Mammon's decree no more shall pine :  
 Toil, brothers, toil,—till the work is done,—  
 Till bondage is o'er, and Freedom's won.

The time shall come when the weavers' band  
 Shall hunger no more in their fatherland ;  
 When the factory child can sleep till day,  
 And smile while it dreams of sport and play :  
 Toil, brothers, toil,—till the work is done,—  
 Till bondage is o'er, and Freedom's won !

The time shall come when Man shall hold  
 His brother more dear than sordid gold ;  
 When the Negro's stain his freeborn mind  
 Shall sever no more from humankind :  
 Toil, brothers, toil,—till the world is free ;  
 Till Justice and Love hold jubilee !

The time shall come when kingly crown  
 And mitre for toys of the Past are shown ;  
 When the Fierce and False, alike, shall fall,  
 And Mercy and Truth encircle all :  
 Toil, brothers, toil,—till the world is free—  
 Till Mercy and Truth hold jubilee !

The time shall come when earth shall be  
 A garden of joy from sea to sea ;  
 When the slaughterous sword is drawn no more,  
 And Goodness exults from shore to shore :  
 Toil, brothers, toil,—till the world is free—  
 Till Goodness shall hold high jubilee !

THOMAS COOPER.

## THE PEASANT'S EPITAPH.

Hard by lieth Timothy Clow ;  
 Confirmed was his fental vow !  
 Alway to his "pastors," and eke to his "masters,"  
 Through life he made, "duly," his bow.

At *ten*, with plough and with wain,  
 He worked on the shelterless plain,  
 'Mid rain and sleet, till his hands and feet  
 Were covered with boil and blain !

At *twenty*, Love's pleasing smart  
 Throbb'd keen through his simple heart ;  
 So he married—and, then, went whistling again  
 O'er the hill, with his humdrum cart.

At *thirty*, when sorely rack'd  
 With rheum, and his children lack'd  
 Both raiment and food, his "pastor," so good,  
 For charity, gave him—a *tract* !

At *forty*,—lo ! dull decay  
 Came on, and his locks grew grey ;  
 So his "master," at length, in whose service his strength  
 He had wasted—*turned him away* !

At *fifty*, when sorrow gave  
 To Death the poor worn-out slave,  
 For his worth they allowed him—a *Bastile shroud* !  
 For his bones—a *parish grave* !

Leicester.

WILLIAM JONES.

## CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES ; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848-9, AND 1849-50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

*Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'*

## I. THE BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

*(Concluded from last number.)*

To judge of the Gospel history as we judge of other histories, we cannot come to the decision that we have a narrative of reality in these portions of Matthew and Luke which profess to describe the events of the birth and childhood of Jesus of Nazareth. Yet that such an *unreal* narrative was formed, is not wondrous.

"If," remarks Strauss, "we consider the firm conviction of his disciples, that all which had been prophesied in the Old Testament of the Messiah must necessarily have been fulfilled in the person of their master ; and, moreover, that there were many blank spaces in the history of Christ ; we shall see that it was impossible to have happened otherwise than that these ideas should have embodied themselves, and thus the myths have arisen which we find. Even if a more correct representation of the life of Jesus had been possible by means of tradition, this conviction of the disciples must have been strong enough to triumph over it."

But who, and what *was* Jesus of Nazareth, that these profound convictions should have been infixed in the minds of his followers respecting him ? "Is not this the carpenter's son ?" is the question of the inhabitants of



Nazareth, concerning him, according to Matthew; or, "Is not this the carpenter?" according to Mark. The Jewish custom prescribed even to one destined to a learned career, or in general to any spiritual occupation, the acquisition of some handicraft. Thus Paul, who was "brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, the learned rabbin, was also a tent-maker. We know nothing *historical* of extraordinary expectations or plans on the part of the parents of Jesus in relation to their son, and therefore nothing is more natural than the supposition that Jesus early practised the trade of his father. But his intellectual development must have been of the grandest order. He was one of those lowly born, but gloriously endowed children of Nature, which she brings forth at seasons, few and far between, to exercise a commanding influence upon mankind. His enemies assert (John, vii ch., 15 v.) that he had never learned letters; and he does not contradict them. His townsmen being astonished to find so much wisdom in him, we are compelled to infer that he had not, to their knowledge, been a student. Yet he is called 'Rabbi,' and 'Rabboni,' by his disciples; but these were salutations often bestowed on teachers who had not received a rabbinical education. And the intimate acquaintance which Jesus exhibits with doctrinal traditions, and the abuses and superstitions of the Rabbins, especially in the Sermon on the Mount, and in the anti-pharisaic discourse in Matthew (ch. xxiii) he might acquire from the numerous discourses of the Pharisees to the people, without going through a course of study under them. The annual visits of his parents to Jerusalem—for that is to be supposed of them, as pious Israelites, and that he would accompany them to the feast of the Passover—undoubtedly were the grand occasions for his acquirement of enlarged views. From his twelfth year—for such was the national custom—we may conjecture that Jesus availed himself of this excellent opportunity for mingling with the concourse of Jews and Jewish proselytes of all countries and opinions; and that he would thus form his mind, become acquainted with the doctrines of various sects, and, approve or reject them, learn the real condition of the people, and, perhaps, extend his mental survey beyond the narrow limits and prejudices of Palestine.

At the Passover, Jesus would meet Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes—members of the three great religious sects of his age and country; and among the foreign visitants would be Alexandrian Jews, even then beginning to be noted for their attachment to the doctrines of Plato. His transcendent intellect could not fail to enrich itself by observation of these varieties of religionists. With the Pharisees, he had evidently no sympathy, except in his belief of a future state: their sanctimonious hypocrisy and ceremonious trifling disgusted him. With the Sadducees he had, perhaps, scarcely any communion; for the members of that sceptical sect were only to be found among the ruling classes, and the high religious cast of his mind would find no proper food in their materialism. With the Essenes, consisting chiefly of the toiling classes, Jesus must have felt a strong sympathy—yet not sufficient unity with them to destroy his mental independence.

Josephus—a cotemporary of Christ, be it remembered, if the date assigned for the birth of Jesus be the true one—gives some striking details of the manners and customs of the Essenes; assuring us that they cherished mutual love beyond other men—that they rejected pleasure as evil, and regarded temperance and a conquest over the passions as the greatest virtue—that, without condemning marriage, they preferred celibacy, and received and educated the children of others, as their own—that they de-



spised riches—that none were to be found among them more wealthy than the rest, it being a law among them that those who joined their order should distribute their possessions among the members, the property of each being added to that of the rest, as being all brethren—that they appointed stewards to superintend the common interest, and that these had no other employment than to consult the good of each member without distinction—that the sect was not confined to one city, but many of them dwelt in every city, and if any of their sect came from other places, what they had lay open to them, just as if it were their own; and that they went in to the dwellings of such even as they had never known before, as if they had been ever so long acquainted with them—that they carried nothing with them when they travelled into remote parts, except weapons, for fear of thieves—that they neither bought nor sold anything to one another, but every one of them was accustomed to give of what he had to him that wanted it, and to receive in lieu of it what might be convenient to himself.

Such were the practices of these Jewish Communists, according to Josephus; and his description of their religious doctrines and customs is of equal importance to us, while we are considering what were the influences to which Jesus was exposed from those around him. The Essenes, this writer further observes, believed firmly in the immortality of the soul, and esteemed that the rewards of righteousness were to be earnestly striven for: they adhered inflexibly to truth and chastity, exercised strict justice towards all men, forbad theft and taking of oaths, restrained anger, and if any of their members fell into immorality, they immediately disowned them. His description, in other respects, reminds us of the Monkish orders—for he tells us that they clothed themselves in white, sat down to eat in solemn silence, each with one sort of food placed before him, that their washings were frequent—in brief, that they manifested zeal for much which, we learn from the Gospels, that Jesus regarded as unimportant.

Philo, another writer, confirms the account of the Essenes given by Josephus,—says that they numbered 4,000, and that their name signified ‘holy,’ for that they had attained the highest holiness in the worship of God, not by sacrificing animals, but by cultivating purity of heart—that none among them manufactured darts, arrows or weapons of war—that they declined trade, commerce, and navigation, as incentives to covetousness—that they had no slaves among them, but all were free, and all in their turn ministered to others; and that they condemned the owners of slaves, as tyrants who violate the principles of justice and equality—that they despised logic and metaphysics, but eagerly studied moral philosophy—that in reading and interpreting the Scriptures, they chiefly sought for rules to guide them to the love of God, the love of virtue, and the love of man—that they diligently attended to the sick, and ministered to the aged with reverence, as parents are attended to by affectionate children—that they were fiercely persecuted by the powerful, and *by whole flocks* were often cruelly butchered, though none could impeach the innocence of their lives. Philo also describes a peculiar sect of the Essenes, called ‘Therapeuts’ or healers, who especially cultivated the art of healing; and says there was a considerable settlement of this branch in “Egypt, about Alexandria, and beyond the lake Maria.”

From the view given by both these writers of the Essenes, we see that, among “the common people,” with whom Jesus delighted to associate, his mind would be able to gather many of his clearest perceptions of moral truth and purity. Yet the strict sabbatical observances, and many ascetic



practices, described by both Josephus and Philo, as characteristic of the Essenes, found no favour with the strong intellect of the young Galilean.

It is to the peculiar National hopes of the peculiar people among whom he was born, however, that we must look for the source of his deepest motives, and for the ruling enthusiasm of his pure and lofty character. The Jews, by all the associations of their national history, held themselves to be the chosen people of Jehovah. They had been punished for their disobedience; but their old bards, or prophets, had foretold that their Theocracy—the “kingdom of God,” or “kingdom of Heaven,”—should be restored with exultant triumph. These foretellings have never yet been realised; but, in the time of Christ, and while in subjugation to the Romans, the fervent hope of a glorious restoration was national. When Cyrenius, or Quirinus, that Roman governor of whom we have already had a glimpse from the confused story of Luke, imposed an extraordinary taxation on the Jewish people, (and this would be in, or about, the tenth year of Jesus, if his birth is to be considered as fixed at the common era,) Josephus relates that a Galilean named Judas, raised an insurrection against the Romans, and asserted that God only, was to be the ruler and lord of the Jewish people. This is the person mentioned by Gamaliel, in the ‘Acts’ (v. c. 37 v.) “Judas who rose up in the days of the taxing, and drew away much people after him: he also perished.” Josephus tells us that the nation was never thoroughly settled after the appearance of this insurrectionist—that he founded a fourth sect, who, like himself promoted innovations in the Mosaic customs, insomuch that the strict Pharisees exclaimed against the new heresy. Other pretenders rose up who taught the people to look for deliverance from the Romans, not by arms, but by the miraculous intervention promised by the prophets. And one of these is depicted by Josephus as leading a multitude out to Mount Gerizim, and promising to shew them there the sacred vessels hidden in that mountain by Moses; but that Pilate violently dispersed them. John the Baptist is afterwards introduced by Josephus, and spoken of with respect as a teacher of virtue. The Gospels describe him as preaching the “kingdom of heaven,” but we must reserve till the second discourse, any discussion of the probable influence exercised by him upon the character of Jesus.

We have seen that the moral and patriotic influences of his time were powerful. They must have stirred his gifted mind; and when moved, it could not fail to make an impression upon his countrymen. Like a true patriot he glowed with the desire to see his country freed from the Roman yoke; but like a true philanthropist he shrank from the thought of bloodshed. And, above all, his highly religious mind, had drank in the doctrine of “the kingdom of Heaven.” He possessed a firm conviction that a new state of things was to be brought about by a great moral change,—and that that change was to be operated by Divine power. His large heart yearned over the sufferings of the poor, and the inequality among men. His idea of the Divinity was sublimated into the tenderest conception of Him as the great ‘Father.’ He knew that he himself would make the whole world happy, at once, if he possessed the power, and therefore he conceived that his ‘Father,’ the Father of all, would speedily make it happy. The “kingdom of Heaven” was at hand! A great regeneration of mankind was about to be wrought by the Almighty! The Prophets had foretold that the Messiah should be sent to effect this. He felt his own mental elevation over those around him; he felt that this thought filled up his whole being; and he began to conceive that he

himself was to be the Prophet and Prince like unto Moses who should fill the restored throne of David.

But in all this there was no vulgar aspiration. There were no longings for the tinsel and glitter of royalty. His burning love for mankind, his zeal for purity, his ardent attachment to justice, his pity for the oppressed—filled his expansive heart, and stimulated his intellect. It was impossible for such a character to remain all his life a carpenter at Nazareth. His mission must be begun. It was not only begun, but wrought out, and consummated by a martyrdom, which transcends, in the spirit manifested by the sufferer, all that is recorded of the great and good in all ages. Before reaching that closing part of the gospel narratives, however, we shall have to thread our way through much difficulty. Legend and wonder will meet us on every hand. But, after our difficult work is accomplished, to every mind that loves moral beauty, the character of Christ will augment in loveableness. We shall be constrained to say, if all the world were like Christ, it would be a happy world : we shall see him to be so worthy of love and reverence, when divested of the legends that deform and mar his transcendent excellence, as to wish that, daily and hourly, we may be like him.

### Reviews.

*Mons. Guizot ; or, Democracy, Oligarchy, and Monarchy.* By C. LÆLIUS.  
C. Fox, Paternoster-Row.

THIS is a very spirited castigation of that distinguished tool of tyranny, M. Guizot ; and is apparently, the work of one of the intelligent exiles for liberty, now resident in our country. No minister ever fell more signally, than the author of the great treatise on ‘ Civilisation.’ His book seemed to be a complete revelation of the secret of avoiding revolutions, by yielding in proper time—and yet, M. Guizot was the very dullest scholar in practising his own lessons, when the exact time came for shewing that he himself had thoroughly learned what his book taught ! So true it is, that clever men may be first-rate theorists, but fools in practice.

The fallen minister, it is well known, has been quite unrepentant of his errors, and worse than idle, during his exile—having published one of the most hollow and hypocritical books ever written by a politician. It is this work which M. Lælius has undertaken (in a half-crown volume) to anatomize. Here is an example of his mode of using the knife :—

“What can be more *hypocritical*,—more *profane*,—more *detestable* than the following quotation ; the christian religion is either designed to be the infallable guide of human conduct, equally, or it lays under the suspicion of being a human invention. Here however are the words of M. Guizot, ‘The poor and humble would be submissive to the will of God and the laws of society. They would seek the satisfaction of their wants in regular and assiduous labour, the improvement of their condition in good conduct and provident habits, and consolation and hope in the futurity promised to man.’

“Can any language be employed more monstrously hypocritical and abusive, and even derisive of human nature and the will of God, than that the industrious poor and humble only should be submissive to God’s will and the laws of society ? A law or will emanating from an infinite cause, whether intelligent or nonintelligent, must be of a universal nature ; there can be no exceptions, no exemptions ; rich and poor, learned and illiterate, all must be equally humble and submissive to the will of God and the laws of society. An humble king, an humble aristocracy or hierarchy, who submit themselves to the will of God and the laws of society, would indeed be a miracle ! Conceited pride, insufferable arrogance, and unmitigated rapacity,



according to the will of God and the laws of society, convert the deity into a capricious war-approving being, an instrument for tyrants, which induces men to infer that religion connected with states is only a powerful engine invented for the subjugation of the human race. It is thus that man is reduced, humiliated to a mere biped; even the dogmas of religion are beyond his understanding, incomprehensible to his little shrivelled soul, and he seeks in vain the satisfaction of his animal wants by regular and assiduous labour, and consolation in his wretchedness in the hope of the futurity promised to him by a luxurious, a sullenly voluptuous priesthood, who labour not in holiness, but to convert doctrines attributed to God into invisible, spiritual, potent instruments to build up institutions of oppression, cruelty and war."

The author, however, is not a mere critic upon M. Guizot's sentences. The following passage shews, that his mind has been drawn towards devising a cure for the social evils which surround us on every side; and all who object to communism would do well to 'mark, learn, and inwardly digest' his sensible doctrines on the right of private property.

"The mind of the people in all countries is directed to the land. Why does this phenomenon present itself to our contemplation, in the present age, in the midst of 'the immense services which capital has rendered to civilization?' Is it not, that labour is seeking for a loophole to escape from those immense services, of the civilizing energies of capital? or rather from that social system, which is deteriorating alike, both the physical and mental energies and social condition of those, against whose collective interests it is in continual antagonism? The mud-hut and the princely palace of the *haughty Lord*, or the more arrogant, lordly capitalist, stand in no more dreary contrast than the really civilized human being with the out-cast who tenants that mud-hut,—or than the filthy and wretched human beings who dwell in the equally filthy and wretched habitations, streets, and courts of our populous towns and cities. Great numbers, however, of the people are looking round for means of escape from this hopeless condition. Intelligence, even in a small degree, and entire dependence cannot much longer hang together. The uncertainty of,—the mental torture attendant upon man's well-being, pending upon the capricious will of another, not often the most considerate or humane, drives them to look with hope to the land, which offers to them independence, constant, and remunerative employment, and the means of escape from the tyranny of capital, and the more capricious tyranny of the capitalist.

"There are, in the present age, two schemes of proposed social improvement, openly and avowedly launched before the public, the one small landed possessions with individual interests,—the other landed possessions, or land united with manufactures with a community of interests. The right of individual possession is now one of the fundamental laws of civil order; and no number of men, not even the majority of a nation, can annul without the greatest injustice, the right of private property, without, if required, giving an equivalent in value. Laws, prescriptions, and monopolies, either of private individuals, classes, or orders, may be abolished; but to seize and appropriate private property, would be a complete disruption of society, would carry out those principles so much complained of and censured, and which have wrought out so many evils, those of force and duplicity being the only standard of right. For the people to settle upon the land, in their own right, on either of the schemes propounded, must be a social movement; governments or communities must purchase the land; for even if the absolute will of a nation were to decree, that all individual or personal possessions should cease, another government, backed by power, might decree, that what was held by the nation of communities should belong to individuals, and force as hitherto, would be the only acknowledged standard of right. If reason is to displace force,—social war to give place to social peace;—not one portion, the smallest, to govern a nation by martial establishments, and thus keep up perpetual warfare,—new arrangements must be made, and new principles must animate the governors, legislators, and the governed. The latter must be elevated, the former purified. This will indeed be the triumph of science and civilization; injurious to none, beneficial to all. And we may predict of labour, as M. Guizot has done, changing the purport of his words, when he says, 'It may be confidently predicted, that if, as I hope, social order triumphs over its insane or depraved enemies' (the present rulers of Europe) 'the attacks and robberies of which labour, *the property of the labourer*, is now the object, and the dangers with which it is threatened, will, in the end, enhance its preponderance in society.' (p. 42.) This will, this must be done, either with or without communities; for I am not pleading for any particular order, or social scheme.

"Man naturally longs for and values independence, not independence from labour, but from the caprices, insults, and injustice of his fellow-man. 'By what fatality,' then, asks M. Guizot, 'has it happened that the word *labour*, so honourable to modern civilization, is become the war-cry and a source of disasters in France?' and it may be added in England and in the whole of Europe? Is it not that society is a cloak for a great and pernicious lie? Labour may be honourable to modern civilization, but is neither hon-



oured nor guarded. Civilization has never reached out a friendly hand towards it, never acknowledged it as a friend, or as existing as an integral part of society, or as standing within the circle of fraternity. Labour then, like an omnipotent principle, exerts itself, to shake off the artificial manacles with which it is bound, and to make itself free. Land is the natural home of man. There he breathes a free, a purer air; when once in possession of it, his house is his castle. But even there, and every where, his person must be his claim to equal interests and equal rights. The variations and uncertainty of the seasons,—the calm of the summer's evening,—the glorious rise of the god of day,—the thunder storm and the whirlwind,—spring and autumn, all fill the mind with awe or gratitude, and teach man humility and dependance. But these feelings,—this awe, may and will exist in the human being without servile fear, or reverence of men, perhaps not equal to himself. And although Descartes and Bacon, Locke, La Place, and Newton, have enlightened England and France, and Europe, if it had not been for the ingenious and industrious mechanics, this light would have been like the rays of the solar light, that slightly touch the periphery of the earth's atmosphere, but never illuminate those human beings who walk its surface; but pass onwards without enlightening their darkness into the infinity of space. Watt, Colbert, Arkwright, and other inventors, may have laid the foundations of the nation's prosperity, but the foundations would have been of little value, had not industry and practical skill built the wondrous superstructure.

“In what country has labour attained that ground, in the glorious path of civilization, on which it has acquired its proper rank and dignity? (p. 48.) Has it not everywhere to submit to the supercilious contempt and insolence of wealth, and of pretended dignities; the most absurd and preposterous pretensions known to man? These are not the mysterious laws of God, or the inevitable results of the freewill of man. They are the arbitrary impositions and impostures of governments and nations.”

At the risk of extending this notice beyond the length at first intended, the piquant *finale* of M. Lælius must be given. It is a choice morsel to a democrat:—

“Civilization has hitherto been like the oasis, or sacred spring in some desert, guarded from and prohibited the people. Yet it triumphs,—triumphs over antagonistic governments. As is the intelligence of a nation, so is the industry, where industry is free. Nature furnishes the material, intellectual industry the creative skill. Labour and industry are linked together, they are distinctly directive and creative; but as great an amount of intellect is demanded to construct the hive, to gather and deposit the store, as to design and direct. They are however twins, born of nature and at one birth; the one cannot despise the other without suffering itself. Ignorance encumbers the soul of a nation, as much as a putrifying corpse bound by iron bonds to the living body. It is true slaves are more obedient from necessity, but the same inevitable necessity reduces the slave beneath the human being; a nation of unconditional slaves was never industrious, rich, brave, or prosperous; distinguished for art, science, or literature. Slavery obscures to darkness the collective intellect of a people. In the degree that a people are free, they ascend to eminence among the nations of the earth; are distinguished for all that is estimable in man, useful or ornamental to society, or consistent with the being, attributes, and nature of God.

“All that is thus advanced, or pleaded for, on behalf of the people, contend their political and social adversaries, *is of the spirit of evil or metaphor*. Hence Louis Paul Courier has prayed, ‘May the Lord preserve us from the evil spirit and from *Metaphor*.’ When these are correctly stated and understood, every individual favourable to humanity, and to the advancement of social and governmental science, may unite in the prayer. French and English society have been governed, no, not governed, but oppressed and abused by the spirit of evil and metaphor; the evil spirit of war and martial establishments; by metaphors the most pernicious, delusive of the ignorant, and generative of an unbounded spirit of vanity; metaphors that transform men and women into beings something inferior to their race. Here are the metaphors, and metaphors only, shrouding the spirit of evil from the gaze and abhorrence of the people; these are the ornaments of the funeral pall, or of the sepulchre of European liberty. What a spirit of evil! What *Metaphors*! My Lord! Your grace! Your highness! (do not cry baby). Your holiness! Your Majesty!! Perhaps insane; what a *metaphor*!! The Reverend; and the Right Reverend Father in God!!! His holiness the Pope—kiss his toe!! Poor mortals, and still poorer mortals, who are thus blinded by the glitter of the tinsel of society, gorgeously covering the spirit of evil, and *metaphors*! May the Lord deliver and preserve us from the spirit of evil and *these metaphors*! And let all the people say, men!”



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No. 4.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1850. [Price One Penny.

## PROBABLE WHIG TACTICS FOR 1850.

"The thieves now fight, said the beggar with tears,  
But I never shall get back my gown :  
Take heart, said his fellow, and banish thy fears—  
Take heart,—for when rogues fall out by the ears,  
Then honest men come by their own !"

*Old Ballad.*

THE landlords are stark mad with defeat. They have been beaten, with a vengeance, by the manufacturers. Their forebodings, during the Corn-Law Repeal Agitation, are woefully realised. They know that they must lower their rents, if they cannot regain 'Protection'; and they are, manifestly determined to do battle vengefully, for regaining it. All the prophetic declarations of Peel will not deter them; and the defiance of Cobden only irritates them the more. The battle must come, and will come; and if the Minister will not yield, they will 'move heaven and earth'—court influence and obstinate farmers—to obtain a dissolution of Parliament, with a view to try all their strength at a new general election. Already, farmers, in several counties, are dismissing labourers and crowding them upon the unions for relief, to increase the discontent in the agricultural districts.

On the other hand, Free Trade has failed to give the increased demand for English manufactures that was anticipated; and manufacturers know that a restoration of the tax on foreign corn would renew the still deeper difficulties of past years. What they won with such an enormous and unrelaxing expenditure of struggle, they will not, therefore, tamely give up. The 'Protectionists' will be met, hand to hand, and knife's point to knife's point—to use a strong figure; and while they din the ears of the Minister for 'relief' according to their interpretation—the manufacturers will be equally loud for 'Financial Reform.' To support this last cry, however, they know that they must unite it with another that will win the support of the masses—the Franchise.

What are the Whig Ministers to do, in such a whirlwind of difficulty? They have an old dodge ready: the pet-measure of the family—throwing out a tub to the whale, and then quitting the ship hastily to get into the boats, and plying all their tackle to capture the monster. A Bill to 'extend the Franchise' is to be brought into the Commons. They will speechify upon it with most magnanimous patriotism—will valorously declare that they will stand by 'the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill,' and that they will *dissolve*, if it be rejected by 'the other House,' as it was called in Cromwell's days. It will be passed by the Commons—it *will* be rejected by 'the other House'—the *dissolution* will take place—and the Whigs will go down to their constituencies to be re-elected, as ill-used and most virtuous patriots—confident, on the strength of their *new* 'whole Bill,' to be sent back to Parliament with a commanding majority to give them *firm* possession of office on a renewed lease.



I do not set this down *positively*—for ‘I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet;’ but I think it to be most probable. And if it come to pass, what will the ‘Parliamentary and Financial Reformers’ do? Back up the Whigs, I fear,—even if the Russell proposition should fall far short of their proposed ‘Household Suffrage.’ Unless some powerful influence be brought to bear upon their March Conference, and they can be persuaded to declare for *Manhood Suffrage*.

But what should the Unfranchised, what should all true Democrats do, if the Whigs take the course I have presumed to set down as probable? *Unite*, with vigorous resolution, to do all in their power towards securing the return of candidates who bind themselves *without reserve* to introduce and vote for a Bill, in the opening session of the new Parliament, comprising all the provisions of ‘The People’s Charter’—as the only effectual step towards obtaining means for ameliorating the condition of the working-classes; for relieving shopkeepers and tradesmen, farmers and poorer manufacturers of the weight of taxation which now oppresses them; for abolishing sinecures and undeserved pensions; for lessening the expense of armed bands, kept for slaughter, or for idleness. *And the opportunity for doing this successfully, may be such as never occurred before.*

THOMAS COOPER.

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### FRANCE: THE CHAOS OF “ORDER.”

THE party of ORDER—a bundle of rods of all length and sizes, bound together by the chains of FEAR—has been for eighteen months triumphant in France. And what has been the result? Has France enjoyed peace, contentment, and equal laws, under its rule? Has the administration of internal affairs been characterised by wisdom, equity, and purity? Has the maintenance of relations with foreign states been just, or generous, or truthful?—Let facts answer.

Many of the founders of the republic are in exile: the props of the monarchy are in France. The founders of the republic who remain, are exposed to pitiless persecution: the props of the monarchy are promoted to the highest offices. The prefects—those janissaries of the presidential ministry—planted in every department of France, exercise absolute power. Local government, the basis of true republican institutions, is in ‘abeyance:’ central government, the curse of nations, penetrates into every village of the republic.

To the prefects has been confided the task of repressing democratic, and uprooting socialist, opinions. Removable at pleasure; chosen for their docility to the dictates of authority; or, for the eminent services they rendered under the monarchy of July, or, for the tact and resolution they displayed in carrying out that system of corruption and intimidation, which has made the reign of Louis Philippe only another expression for infamy;—the prefects who from necessity have, can have, and must have, no political principles, are at once the fitting spies and the willing instruments of the central government. It is theirs to watch the suspected; it is theirs to control the press; to pursue, arrest, imprison, and fine the hawkers of socialist and democratic publications; to instruct the men of law whom to proceed against; to spy into the privacy of citizens who are supposed to have a copy of this or that prohibited publication; to direct the armed police to invade, on the slightest pretext, the homes of Frenchmen; to romage among their papers, to read their letters, to force their bureaus. It is theirs to dismiss every public functionary under their



orders from his post, who is suspected of republicanism ; it is theirs, in fine, to play the petty despot over the whole territory of France, certain that dismissal attends on moderation alone, and reward on severity and oppression.

Lately, the majority of the assembly—the party of ORDER—has thought fit to place in the hands of these men the entire control of the education of the People. As the laws against the Press originated by the Cavaignac Ministry in 1848, surpassed in rigour the laws of September, originated by M. Thiers,—so the new law upon public instruction, originated by the ministry of Louis Napoleon, exceeds in severity that of M. Guizot passed in 1833 ! And these are the guarantees of ‘ Order ! ’ Guarantees ? It is written in the world’s history that such guarantees are the progenitors of revolutions and the destroyers of thrones !

And foreign relations ? Without waste of words they may be described in one sentence : the nephew of Napoleon, the King-dethroner, the King-maker, and the King-compeller, veils his plumed hat before the thrones, and places the sword of France at the disposal of the Red Monarchies of Europe : and his policy comes within the compass of two words—*treachery* and *impotence*.

It is *chaos* which the boasted victory of the party of “ Order ” has brought forth. It is chaos—*disorder*—which is the fruit of their labour. The tranquillity of France is specious. The policy which has called up this apparition never founded anything. Laws of repression, exacted by circumstances ; measures of vengeance, provoked by hatred, and carried out by vindictiveness ; temporary expedients, engendered in the extremity of fear,—never yet produced ought but forced submission and deceptive security. Power which attempts to perpetuate itself by the sword, forges bolts for its own destruction. Power, which builds its palace upon foundations cemented by corruption, digs its own grave. Power, which reposes upon a legislative majority composed of warring interests, opposing ideas, and incompatible factions, bound together, for the moment, by fear, needs only time and accident to effect its overthrow. Such are the characteristics of the power at present existing in France ; such are the elements upon whose coherent operation our destiny depends. Coherent operation ! But what can it operate ? Nothing but what we have before stated :—injustice, tyranny, uncertainty, repression—in one word,—*chaos*.

For our own part—say all true democrats—if we were disposed to look upon these things from a cynical point of view, and were prepared to root out our sympathies for suffering humanity ; if we could obliterate from our moral sense the hatred we feel for injustice, under every form, we should be disposed to rejoice in the present measures pursued by the legislative and executive powers in France. For these measures only try the people, though after a fashion in which no people ought ever to be tried. They only test the strength of the faith which is in the French democracy ; though after a fashion in which no faith ought ever to be tested. They only furnish fresh and stinging incitements to exertion and resistance ; for suffering is—like strong drink to the strong—a source of terrible strength. These measures only impose upon true democrats, as a point of honour, a dictate of duty,—the necessity of conquering *power*, by physical or moral means : by physical, if the domination of priest and prefect becomes unbearable ; by moral, if republican endurance can wear out that domination. Which of these two means shall be employed, depends upon the conduct of the ruling *power*. If the party of “ Order ” should continue in the ways of Guizot, and perist in the “ policy of resistance,” they will force the



adoption of *that policy* upon the people. If, on the contrary, they relax their "system of resistance;" put away the abomination of prefects; or at least abridge their authority,—making them guardians of the peace instead of arbiters of opinion;—and give thought and speech free scope; then, moral means will restore the Republic to republicans; freedom, justice, and humanity, for a perpetuity to France; and, through the example of France, at length, to Europe.

GEORGE HOOPER.

### Correspondence.

10, Buckingham Road, Kingsland, London, Jan. 15, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—I hail with earnest joy your proposal to form a *Progress Union* that shall gradually spread itself over the length and width of the kingdom. I have waited anxiously for some such proposal from an accredited teacher of the People. You shall have my cordial support to the utmost of my ability and means. I can also promise you that of a few earnest friends,—men who do not fall sick at shadows, or tremble at the lowering of a cloud, however great the storm it portends. I am a young man, but I may say that I have not been idle. I assisted, with a few artizans, in forming and establishing the Institution of Progress at Chelsea; and have since gathered a few young men together to form a Discussion Class in Aldgate, which may, perhaps, be the nucleus to another Institution.

If the *Progress Union* were formed, what power would be obtained by artizans! Instead of a few isolated institutions, and exertions confined within the narrow sphere of their own locality, we should have every district ready to assist others, and by an honourable emulation in the work of regeneration, preventing any of them from being crushed by the bigotry of priests, or tyranny of authority.

Yours, in the cause of Progress,

Mr. Thomas Cooper.

C. F. NICHOLLS.

34, Temple-street, St. George's Road, Southwark, Jan. 14, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—It is with sincere pleasure I address you in reference to your proposed *Progress Union*. Being the son of a working man, and of the same class myself, I know how fearfully ignorance prevails among my order. I also know the misery produced by it. Hence I infer that intelligence would be a good thing for the working man. Among what class is intelligence so necessary? The most oppressed should not only know that they are oppressed, but they should know how to rid themselves of that oppression. He who cannot help himself should know how to carry out the principles of union, so that the weak, united, may become strong by the support of numbers. They who, by their various trades and employments, are obliged to keep their bodies in unhealthy positions, or to inhale noxious gases arising from the materials on which they labour, ought to understand the principles of physiology and chemistry, so that they may ward off the evils which, like a pestilence, hang over certain trades and employments.

I therefore hailed with joy the proposal for a *Progress Union*, and as soon as possible consulted with the Committee of the "Working Men's Institute," meeting in the South London Chartist Hall, and of which I am a member, and find they are willing to co-operate in any way which may be deemed expedient.

Mr. Thomas Cooper.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

JAMES BENNY.

Lambeth, January 12, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—Having read with pleasure your proposal with regard to forming a *Progress Union* for the working classes, I mentioned it to several of my shopmates, and it meets with the approbation of many men that are now really kept back from politics from no other cause but a dislike to exaggeration and violence. The existing Mechanics' Institutions are not what mechanics, under present circumstances, really want. Their best scientific lectures have no charm for workingmen. We are not fairly remunerated for the talent we have already acquired. Then, is it not disheartening for us to study machinery, merely to supply *masters* with the fruit of our invention, *gratis*?



I assure you, Sir, that the generality of mechanics lament that the genius of their ancestors has been abused by selfish capitalists already, and we feel convinced that to open the eyes of employers still more wide upon machinery, would be to rob the next generation more than what we are robbed ourselves.

My opinion is that there is no chance for the workingmen remaining, if it be not found in their own perseverance and union; and I do not stand alone in this opinion. We cannot begin the *Progress Union* ourselves; but trust that you, and a few of your philanthropic friends, will be able to find time to place the wheel upon its axis, and we will willingly put a shoulder to it. *Masters are strict*, and I therefore subscribe myself,

Mr. Thomas Cooper.

AN OPERATIVE.

52, Bond-street, Liverpool, Jan. 14, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am glad to witness you once more amongst us in spirit, and rejoice that once a-week we shall have the opportunity of reading the product of your thought, and that those manly sentiments of self-dependence uttered in the "Plain Speaker," will be once more issued from the Press, by one who is an instance of what may be done in overcoming difficulties, and of what victories may be achieved by a determined will.

I write more particularly in reference to your appeal for a *Progress Union*. The idea I think a grand one. Why should we not have a People's League? Unions are even now in operation. Temperance Associations are already in existence, with itinerant lecturers who visit our towns and villages, stimulating to thought and additional efforts. In Liverpool I doubt not but that some will be found ready to welcome the proposed idea. I have spoken to some young men and they are favourably disposed, and some assistance can be depended upon from at least one class of young men, who are associated together for "Mutual Improvement."

I remain, faithfully yours,

Mr. Thomas Cooper.

E. WILSON.

Methley, near Wakefield, January 12, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—I am an agricultural labourer's son; and it was with great pleasure I read your proposition for the formation of a *Progress Union*. The want of one has long been felt, not only in the manufacturing, but also in the agricultural districts. I feel quite sure that a hearty response will be made throughout the country, should you commence the movement in London. There are in every large town thousands, and in every village hundreds, who are desirous of having real intellectual food, but cannot have it, now, either at the Sunday Schools, Chapels, Churches, or Mechanics' Institutes.

"Though lowly my lot, and poor my estate," I shall be glad to give all my spare time to the carrying out of so great an object. I remain, yours respectfully,

Mr. Thomas Cooper.

WILLIAM MIDDLETON.

Olive-street, Leicester, January 15, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am heartily glad to see you again at your old post, giving us your counsel and guidance week by week. You will be gratified to learn that we are making some little progress here. A few of us, all workingmen, commenced a Discussion Class last Saturday night in the All-Saints' Open Room—that cradle of Leicester Chartism. We made a very fair start, and are choosing our subjects from the list that you gave in one of the back numbers of the "Plain Speaker." I like your opening letter very much. Such a *Union for Progress*, as that which you propose, I have long desired to see brought about. It has often struck me as being a strange anomaly, that our numerous Societies, having for their objects Reform and Progress, should be so disunited and make so little progress, when, if their efforts were conjoined, they might all in turn speedily gain their various ends. I trust that this plan will not share the fate of most good plans, which are just acknowledged to be good, approved of, and then forgotten. Leicester, surely, will do its part; though, I dare say, others will correspond with you who can speak to this point better than I can. Our little Improvement Class, being but just formed, is, as yet, too weak to do much in this matter.

Mr. Thomas Cooper.

Yours faithfully,

WM. WHITMORE.



### To Correspondents.

\* \* Correspondents will please address "Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London."

G. W., MARGATE.—Much obliged by his favour, and shall be glad to hear from him again. The 'Eight Letters' are already collected, and republished, at sixpence. He will observe the advertisement on the last page of the present number.

W. T., and 'SIC VALEAS.'—This Journal is published in London every Tuesday afternoon, in time for the despatch of parcels to country Agents; and plenty of posters are always supplied to the London Agents.

F. R., Islington.—The song is not perfect enough for insertion. The writer may rely upon it that so far from being an objection, his muse would recommend itself to *me*, by the fact of his being "only a poor shoemaker." Let him not be discouraged. '*Excelsior!*'

W. H., Gateshead.—If 'America' had been counted for one of the 'four quarters of the world,' in a writing attributed to Irenæus, (A. D. 180,) it would amount to an argument against the authenticity of such writing; but the genuineness of the writings of Irenæus is not questioned. Some of the ancients divided the world into—Europe, Africa, and the Greater and Lesser Asia; others into—Europe, Asia, Africa, and Libya.

'Osmond Martin;' 'X. Y. Z.;' 'Homo;' 'S. R.;' and several other correspondents, are most respectfully informed that their letters on the proposed PROGRESS UNION are omitted for want of room. Even the letters inserted in this number have been, unavoidably, abbreviated. I am obliged to *all* for their communications; but they must allow me to make such selections as will afford variety.

'Slave of the Last,' Chesterfield. Am glad to hear of your beginning. Go on, and prosper.

N.B.—The letter in last number signed 'Thomas Porter,' should have borne the signature of 'Thomas Shorter.'

'Crime: its causes and cure,' by D. Maginnis—received.

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### Lectures, in London, for the present and ensuing Week.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 23, at half-past 8: Mech. Inst., Gould-sq., Crutched Friars: 'Raleigh, and the Age of Elizabeth'—Thomas Cooper.

SUNDAY, Jan. 27, at 11: Farringdon Hall: a Lecture—Robert Owen. At 7: 'Causes and Consequences of European Revolutions' R. Buchanan. At 7: Literary Inst., John-street, Fitzroy-sq., 'The Commonwealth, and Oliver Cromwell'—Thomas Cooper. At 7: Hall of Science, City Road: a Lecture—Thomas Shorter.

MONDAY, Jan. 28, at a quarter to 9: Finsbury Hall, 66, Bunhill Row: 'Primeval Human History'—G. Hedger. At 8: Temperance Hall, Broadway, Westminster: 'The Wrongs of Ireland'—Thomas Cooper. At half-past 8: Mech. Inst., Gould-sq.: 'Astronomy'—Albert Pennington.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 30, at half-past 8: Mech. Inst., Gould-sq.: 'Life and Character of Sir Isaac Newton'—Thomas Cooper.

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CARD PLAYING.—It is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of his species complaining that life is short?—*Spectator*.

CARDS.—I have seen melancholy overspread a whole family at the disappointment of a party for cards: and when, after the proposal of a thousand schemes, and the dispatch of footmen upon a hundred messages, they have submitted with gloomy resignation to the misfortune of passing one evening in conversation with each other, on a sudden (such are the revolutions of the world) an unexpected visitor has brought them relief, acceptable as provisions to a starving city, and enabled them to hold out till the next day.—*Johnson*.

PREJUDICES AND HABITS.—The confirmed prejudices of a thoughtful life are as hard to change as the confirmed habits of an indolent life; and as some must trifle away age because they trifled away youth, others must labour on in a maze of error because they have wandered there too long to find their way out.—*Bolingbroke*.



## THINKINGS, FROM DR. JOHNSON.

**MARRIAGES.**—When we see the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables and their beds, without any inquiry but after farms and money ; or the giddy and thoughtless uniting themselves for life to those whom they have only seen by the light of tapers ; when parents make articles for children without inquiring after their consent ; when some marry for heirs to disappoint their brothers ; and others throw themselves into the arms of those whom they do not love, because they found themselves rejected where they were more solicitous to please : when some marry because their servants cheat them ; some because they squander their own money ; some because their houses are pestered with company ; some because they will live like other people ; and some because they are sick of themselves ; we are not so much inclined to wonder that marriage is sometimes unhappy, as that it appears so little loaded with calamity ; and cannot but conclude, that society hath something in itself eminently agreeable to human nature, when we find its pleasures so great, that even the ill choice of a companion can hardly overbalance them.—These therefore, of the above description, that should rail against matrimony, should be informed, that they are neither to wonder, or repine, that a contract begun on such principles has ended in disappointment.

**ANGER.**—It is told by Prior, in a panegyric on the Earl of Dorset, that his servants used to put themselves in his way when he was angry, because he was sure to recompense them for any indignities he made them suffer. This is the round of a passionate man's life ; he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to discharge at the return of reason. He spends his time in outrage and acknowledgment, injury and reparation. Or, if there be any who hardens himself in oppression, and justifies the wrong because he has done it, his insensibility can make small part of his praise or his happiness : he only adds deliberate to hasty folly, aggravates petulance by contumacy, and destroys the only plea that he can offer for the tenderness and patience of mankind.

Yet, even this degree of depravity we may be content to pity, because it seldom wants a punishment equal to its guilt. Nothing is more despicable or more miserable than the old age of a passionate man. When the vigour of youth fails him, and his amusements pall with frequent repetition, his occasional rage sinks by decay of strength into peevishness ; that peevishness, for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual ; the world falls off from around him : and he is left, as Homer expresses it, to devour his own heart in solitude and contempt.

**THE VALUE OF TIME.**—The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us, that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is prodigality of life ; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that time was his estate : an estate indeed, that will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be over-run by noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

**ON THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.**—Whosoever shall review his life, will generally find that the whole tenor of his conduct has been terminated by some accident of no apparent moment, or by a combination of inconsiderable circumstances, acting when his imagination was unoccupied, and his judgment unsettled ; and that his principles and actions have taken their colour from some secret infusion, mingled without design in the current of his ideas. The desires that predominate in our hearts are instilled by imperceptible communications, at the same time we look upon the various scenes of the world, and the different employments of men, with the neutrality of inexperience ; and we come forth from the nursery of the school, invariably destined to the pursuit of great acquisitions or petty accomplishments.



## TO MAZZINI AND KOSSUTH.

'Twas the old story ! Liberty uprose  
 And gloriously her world-wide march begun—  
 But to be crushed again by banded foes.  
 Yet though now baffled, seemingly undone,  
 Ye have, transcendant heroes, our age won  
 From tame degeneracy ; your life-deeds give  
 Assurance that the hopes of ages gone,—  
 Rienzi's, Koscuisko's souls,—yet live ;  
 And with them are your names, though now maligned,  
 In man's deep heart of hearts, Fame's noblest temple, shrined !

Ay, and your cause its failure shall retrieve !  
 Kossuth, droop not, the Magyar's strength matures :  
 Mazzini, to thy life's Idea still cleave !  
 Triumph for Right the coming time assures ;  
 The patriot flame, ye kindled, yet endures ;  
 And though awhile it smoulder, soon elate,—  
 Consuming all Time's rubbish, pomps, throned powers,  
 Corruptions,—'twill the nations renovate.  
 The phoenix, Freedom, aye will spring replete  
 With fresh life-vigour from the ashes of defeat !

Leicester.

WILLIAM WHITMORE.

## TO LITTLE LELIA E. . . .

My pretty, tiny maid, with wondering eyes—  
 Glancing around their questionings eloquent—  
 Superbly as the stars, thy gaze is bent  
 On me, on all, in pleasantest surprise :  
 Is it that thou, fresh comer from the skies,  
 Dost not remember how of yore we went  
 Plucking immortal wreaths in deep content,  
 And singing richly-blended harmonies  
 In Heaven ? Alas, how few months on this earth  
 Have chased all ancient memories from thy brain !  
 What ! laughing ? Well, thy chirping, dimpling mirth  
 Is still a trace which Heaven hath left behind ;  
 And we must thankful be that thy sweet eyes  
 Retain the limpid lustre of the skies.

EUGENE.

## A CALL TO THE PEOPLE.

Sons of old England, from the sod  
 Uplift each noble brow !  
 Gold apes a mightier power than God,  
 And fiends are worshipped, now !  
 In all these toil-ennobled lands  
 Ye have no heritage :  
 They snatch the fruits of youthful hands,  
 The staff from weary age !  
 Oh, tell them in their palaces—  
 These Lords of Land and Money—  
 They shall not kill the poor like bees,  
 To rob them of life's honey !  
 Through long dark years of blood and tears,  
 We've toiled, like branded slaves,  
 Till Power's red hand hath made a land  
 Of paupers—prisons—graves !  
 But our meek sufferance endeth now !  
 Within the souls of men

The bursting buds of promise blow,  
 And Freedom lives again !  
 Oh, listen in your palaces,  
 Proud Lords of Land and Money—  
 Ye shall not kill the poor like bees,  
 To rob them of Life's honey !  
 Too long have Labour's nobles knelt  
 Before exalted "rank" :  
 Within our souls the iron's felt—  
 We hear our fetters clank !  
 A glorious voice goes throbbing forth,  
 From millions stirring now,  
 Who, yet, before these gods of earth  
 Shall stand with unblenched brow.  
 Your day—our day of reck'ning comes,  
 Proud Lords of Land and Money—  
 Ye shall no longer wreck our homes,  
 Nor rob us of Life's honey !

GERALD MASSEY.

## THE RED INDIAN.

HARK! our war-chief calls—' Away, away,'  
 Now the battle has begun :  
 Great Spirit, to the Red-man give the fray,  
 Ere the deep surge hides the sun !  
 Why here doth the stranger White-man come?  
 With bloody intent to chase  
 The wild Red-skin from his golden home;  
 Or, to cancel the untamed race ?  
 Ah ! White-man, you smoked the pipe of peace,  
 And pressed the Indian's hand;  
 And proffered a brother's dear caress,  
 And settled on our land.  
 And now with the sword and gun, you try  
 Our wigwams to remove  
 From the graves of our fathers ; we vainly cry—  
 ' Is this the White-man's love ?'  
 Back, back, to your wigwam, proud White-man—  
 Our mighty warriors dread !  
 For the Great Spirit shields our hallowed clan,  
 And the earth of our kindred dead.  
 Our blood on their sacred dust shall fall,  
 All fondness shall flee away ;  
 Ere basely the Red-skin bends to thrall,  
 His bosom shall press the clay !  
 Back, or my war-axe shall deal the blow !—  
 So did the warrior rave,  
 When a murderous ball laid the Red-skin low ;  
 And he rests with the band of the brave !

EDWARD SMITH.

## CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES ; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848—9, AND 1849—50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

*Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'*

## II. THE BAPTISM AND TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

WHY would you disturb the faith of any in those points of belief which it has been so long customary to regard as sacred in the land of our birth? What good can you expect to do by your attempts,—and what good have any done who have made the same attempts before you? Are you not afraid you will rather do harm than good? Do you not perceive it to be dangerous to shake people's belief in established principles? Are you not likely to shake their attachment to morality while doing that, and so effect an injury which can never be repaired?

These are serious questions which I can readily suppose to be in the minds of thinking, earnest, and conscientious hearers ; and I am not disposed to treat them lightly. I think that such objections deserve the most serious consideration ; and from me they shall have it.

What good has been done, and what good can be done by disturbing the faith of any one in points of belief, which it has long been customary to hold sacred? I answer—if the good is not immediately seen, it is always most surely done, by separating Truth from fable ; and by shewing that the Truth is not dependent on the fable, but is infinitely more glorious and worshipful when divested of it. If the legends of the Four



Gospels, (such as the miraculous conception of the Virgin Mary, and the annunciation of the Birth of Christ by the choral assembly of the angels, or by the star that guided the Wise Men from the East and went and 'stood over where the young child was') be of a character equally fanciful and foreign to fact with the legends of old Egypt, India, and Greece—what strength can the understanding receive by prostrating itself to the imagination in the one case, any more than in the other? The lessons of every truly great philosopher in the past, as well as of our Bacon and Locke and Reid and Brown and Dugald Stewart, in modern times, are thrown away, if we do not learn by their teachings to subject the imagination to the reason, and to cast off resolutely, though with deep consideration, a slavish belief in what is clearly imaginary—when we have clearly discerned to be so.

Did a reverence for the fables of the past guide the founders of any great system of Truth discovered in modern times? Did Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of blood, take for his guides the blundering fables of the old physicians? Was he not on the contrary, assailed with malevolence and persecution as a rash innovator and a dangerous disturber of the system of medicine established by the practice of physicians through hundreds of years? And yet who doubts the circulation of the blood now? and who doubts that the first necessary step of a physician in a serious disorder is to feel the pulse and ascertain the state of the circulation of the vital fluid? 'Laissez-faire!'—the indolent, and the fearful, and the interested, cried then, as they cry now with regard to the fables in the Gospels—'Let it alone!—people have been cured according to the old system of medicine, although many have been killed: let it alone! what good do your new-fangled discoveries do? We have the same chance to be killed or cured as our forefathers had!' 'Laissez-faire!' cry the people who are fearful of thinking about legends in religion—fearful of suspecting that there can be any. 'Let it alone!'—Our forefathers believed in the miraculous conception, and in the miraculous star, and all that; and, so far as we can find, they were many of them better and nobler men than the majority of men now-a-days. Just so: but the question is whether their belief in the miraculous conception and the miraculous star, and the stories of angels and devils in the four Gospels, had any influence in making them good and noble men, or whether they would not have been much better and nobler men without such a belief.

This brings us to the more important question we supposed to be hinted in the minds of some hearers, at the outset: 'Is it not dangerous to shake people's belief in established principles? Are you not likely to shake their attachment to morality while doing that, and to effect an injury which can never be repaired?'

I shall not answer here as some may suppose I should. I tell you, with the deepest sense of my own responsibility—that I *do* see danger, and that I *am* fearful of shaking the attachment of any young mind, especially, to morality. And under a deep impression of this responsibility, I am sure you will bear me witness, I have always spoken in this place and elsewhere. There is no thinking man who has mixed with the mass of the people but knows how closely many of them,—more especially those who have been all their lives under the guidance of priests of one sect or other,—connect morality with a belief in the *whole* Bible, ay, *every line of it*, as divinely and unerringly inspired. Their simple and earnest hearts ask, at once, when you throw doubt upon any part of it—'Where is our rule of life, then?—what have we to depend upon as an unerring guide, if we give

up the *full* and *entire* faith in this, that we have been taught to be necessary to our salvation? If this book be not *entirely* true, what certainty have we for the foundations of morality,—and why should we care how we live? “Let us eat and drink,” as the book says, “for to-morrow we die.”

It is true that these are the questions chiefly of the peasantry in the agricultural districts, and of the uneducated or sectarianly-educated in towns:—while in the manufacturing districts thousands of men whose haggard frames and pale and thoughtful faces tell you that starvation has coerced them into self-education, assert the dignity of reason and tell you that they no longer look for the sanctions of morality in the legends of an old book; but in the utility of acts—and in the influence which every thought they cherish, and every word they speak, and every deed they perform, has upon the happiness of themselves and upon the rest of mankind.

It is this great doctrine of *utility* as the grand sanction of morality which I have ever sought to set before *you*. I am not speaking, *now*, to uneducated persons. Hundreds of *you* have long used your reason too well, to dread the destruction of morality by the annihilation of a belief in legends. But for the welfare of those who have been less sternly disciplined, the utmost caution ought to be used. Our duty to each other demands that Truth be so advocated as to prevent the Liberty of the Mind from degenerating into licentiousness. Once let the love and worship of moral beauty be lost in the Mind, and all is lost: the character of a man will be worthless then: his own selfish gratification will be his rule; and he will care neither who starves, who weeps, who cries out in agony, nor who sinks in shame, so long as that vile gratification can be had.

But come, now, tell me, while you think, and think deeply, what principle of morality have we shaken in presenting to you the fact of the contradiction between the genealogies of Matthew and Luke?—or, to begin earlier,—by unfolding the fact that we know not, for a certainty, whether Matthew or Luke wrote these gospels? What intelligent and sincere man can possibly become less moral, by discovering the legendary nature of the stories concerning the birth and childhood of the great and good Jesus of Nazareth, related in the gospels which bear the names of Matthew and Luke? If you feel, with me, that truth and uprightness, goodness and kindness, are still deeply attractive to your heart and mind, notwithstanding your conviction of the mythical nature and origin of these earlier parts of the Gospel records, let us pursue our enquiry—with the same spirit of earnest and candid investigation, that, I hope, has hitherto characterised our review. Premising that we are again to be aided by the great German analyst, I enter on the next stage of our enquiry.—Whether, and how far, the Gospel accounts of the Baptism and Temptation of Jesus are to be regarded as true or legendary?

We are thrown into the mythical element again when we open the story of the birth of John the Baptist, as given by Luke. The barrenness of Elizabeth, the apparition and prediction of the angel Gabriel, the sudden dumbness and as sudden recovery of Zacharias, the naming of the child, the journey of Mary to the house of her cousin Elizabeth, the leaping of the babe in Elizabeth's womb, with the ‘songs’ of Mary and Zacharias,—all bear such evident marks of legend, that we need not stay to distinguish them more minutely. Parts of the histories of the birth of Ishmael, Isaac, Samuel and Samson, are here remodelled, and woven into one marvellous narrative; and the hymn of Mary is but a partial copy of Hannah's song of praise. (Compare Luke, i. ch. 47 v. with 1 Samuel, ii. ch. 1 v. Luke



49 v. with Samuel, 2 v. Luke, 51 v. with Samuel, 3 and 4 vs. Luke, 52 v. with Samuel, 8 v. Luke, 53 v. with Samuel, 5, v.) From a story so manifestly formed upon the pattern of more ancient legends, we can derive no confidence for regarding as *historical* facts, the statements that John the Baptist was only half a year older than Jesus; that the two mothers were related; or that any intimacy subsisted between the two families. Indeed the contrary rather will be found substantiated in the course of our critical investigations.

(To be continued.)

## TESTIMONY TO THE VALUE OF MESMERISM.

WHEN a discovery which is of inestimable value to mankind, is scouted by the prejudiced and self-interested, it becomes every one, however humble in position or circumstances, who is convinced of its truth, to bear his conscientious testimony to it. I feel it to be a duty to state, thus publicly, that the practice of mesmerism was recommended to me, by Drs. Elliotson and Ashburner, in the case of my beloved wife, who has undergone many long periods of affliction; and that, in her case, I have had the most indubitable proofs of its efficacy. I cannot report anything in the shape of a 'miraculous cure'; but I have daily proofs of the power of mesmerism to assuage pain and dispel nervous suffering, and to give relief and increased strength to a frame worn and weakened by years of affliction.

I must candidly confess that I felt so strongly sceptical as to the possibility of affecting the human system beneficially, by pointing with the fingers towards the eyes, until they closed,—and afterwards making passes with the hand,—that I entered on the operation, nearly two years ago, with unwillingness—nay, I may say with repugnance, from the persuasion or prejudice, that all this was little better than trifling. And had not my conversations with the two eminent medical men above-named, rendered me deeply sensible of their strong native intelligence, their profound scientific skill, and their high culture as it regards general knowledge,—I should, certainly, have treated their recommendations with little respect. But I felt myself to be but a child, on many subjects, while conversing with them; and I began, at length, to be sensible that it would, therefore, be the most condemnable arrogance in me, to slight their judgment on matters pertaining to the very profession to which they had devoted their lives, and in which they were so distinguished. As a mesmerist, I began, now, to be in earnest; and I have continued to mesmerize daily—unless from home, or too unwell—for several months past.

My operation is, simply, as follows. I commence (standing by my reclining patient) by laying the palm of my right hand on her forehead—taking it off, five or six times, and applying it again, until about so many minutes have passed. I then point, with the fingers divided in the middle of the hand, towards the eyes, until they close—which they did, at first, in the course of ten or fifteen minutes, but now, often in three minutes, and sometimes even in one minute. I then make slow passes with the open hand—at first, from the top of the forehead to the throat, but, at length, to the feet. The patient, if I am well, and my nerves at ease, falls into a refreshing slumber; but if I am under nervous irritability, or in ill health, the sleep is only imperfect—that is to say, the patient does not become unconscious.



When the magnetism has been attended to at a certain hour in the afternoon, for several days regularly, and the slumber been as regularly induced, my wife sensibly increases in strength, and pain is little felt—though no medicine be taken. Whenever the mesmerism is unavoidably neglected, pain and weakness return—which no medicine ever yet prescribed for her, can do more than imperfectly relieve.

That some persons possess greater mesmeric power than others, is certain. In the January number of the 'Zoist,' (a publication edited by Dr. Elliotson,) there is a list of ten cures performed by Mr. Capern, of Tiverton, so wondrous, that nothing in the history of what is called 'Miracle' surpasses them. I select four, out of the list, with the wish to draw attention to Mesmerism *as a fact*—and I do this the more determinedly, since a large portion of the Public Press of this country, and a clique of physicians and reverends, are evidently doing all in their power to suppress information on this most important subject:—

"George Candy, lime burner, Ellmore, Tiverton, aged 55 years, was subject, from his twentieth year, to frequent attacks of rheumatism, suffering much pain and often disabled from following his occupation. On one of those occasions he had been three weeks on crutches, when he happened accidentally to meet with Mr. Capern, near a public house above a quarter of a mile from his own residence. He requested Mr. Capern to try whether he could do him any good. Mr. C. consented, and went with him into the parlour of the public house, and commenced the usual passes. He felt some immediate relief whilst this was being done, and, as he was proceeding homewards, he recovered suddenly the full use of his limbs, and was able to walk with ease and comfort to his own house, carrying his crutches in triumph over his shoulders. He contracted a cold in consequence of imprudent exposure, and had a return of the pain in his ancles, and was entirely confined to his bed for five or six weeks, unable to lift a limb owing to the great suffering caused by the least motion. He was under constant medical treatment, but experienced little or no relief from the remedies employed. His bill for medicines and attendances amounted to £5 14s. At the end of the period named, he again had recourse to Mr. Capern, and, after several operations, his health was entirely restored, and he has never had a return of the complaint since, with the exception of a slight pain in the knee, immediately removed by a few passes from Mr. Capern. He is now quite well, and to all appearance a hale, healthy, and exceedingly active man. It is nearly three years since the first cure was effected, and about four or five months since he was the second time relieved."

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"Mrs. Mary Tapp, aged 60, was afflicted upwards of fifteen years with violent pains in the head, and severe rheumatic pains in the arms, hips, and thighs. During the whole of this period, she was never entirely free from pain. She was often unable to obtain any rest at night, in consequence of her sufferings, which were, at times, so severe as to oblige her to leave her bed, and endeavour to find relief in motion or change of position. She was rendered altogether incapable of any laborious exertion, and was unable to take any active part in the management of her farm-yard. Sometimes, for weeks together, she suffered so much that she was unable to comb her hair or lace her stays without assistance. Happening to be accidentally at Mr. Capern's on some business when one of Mr. C's. patients was being mesmerised, and seeing the great relief afforded by the passes, she was induced to ask Mr. Capern to try what he could do for her. She had very little expectation of receiving benefit from his exertions, since, from her advanced age and the long duration of her sufferings, she had been led to look upon her case as hopeless. The first operation was followed by the almost entire disappearance of the pain in the limbs. She did not see Mr. Capern again until after an interval of some weeks, when, by the passes being made over the head, the pains in that part were almost entirely removed. Afterwards she was mesmerised three or four times, the passes being continued about ten or twelve minutes each time. She now considers herself cured. She takes the active management of the farm-yard, performing the operation of milking her cows, which for many years she was totally unable to do. She works and suffers no inconvenience from the exertion. There is still a certain degree of stiffness in the fingers and elbow-joint on the side which was principally affected. At most times, she is entirely free from pain, and although, when the weather is unfavourable, her old complaint does now and then return, the attacks are so slight that they do not interfere with



her work, and she thinks little or nothing of them. It is now three years since the cure was effected."

"William Isaacs, carpenter, West Exe, Tiverton, in the employ of Messrs. Heathcoat, & Co. He was suddenly seized in the autumn of 1847, while employed at the bench, with severe pains in the groin, that immediately extended to the foot. The pain near the knee was excruciating. He thought at first that it was caused by a splinter, but on examination it was proved that this was not the case. He was carried home by two men and put to bed: two surgeons were immediately called in, who advised his removal to the hospital. The agonies he endured were fearful; on one occasion, an attempt being made to move his bed, he fainted with the pain. The leg and foot were enormously swelled, so much so that when he extended his leg straight before him he was unable to see his toes. This continued several weeks. The surgeons, believing there was a formation of matter, made an incision a little below the knee (or in the limb near the knee); a small quantity of matter then issued from the wound, but the operation afforded him no relief whatever. He was confined to his bed for nearly two months, during which time the pain was most excruciating. He had no rest whatever, he was nearly worn out for want of sleep, his appetite was gone, and he was reduced to a state of great weakness, despairing of obtaining any relief from the surgeons; and, being strongly advised by his friends to apply to Mr. Capern, he procured a pair of new crutches, and left his home for the purpose of going to Mr. Capern's residence. He was unable to put his foot to the ground, and it was only with great difficulty that he could manage to get along. Happening to meet Mr. Capern on the Exe bridge, he stated his object; Mr. C. invited him to turn back, and accompany him to the Swan—an inn not far from his own home. At the very first pass some sensations were experienced, and in less than five minutes he was entirely free from pain: he was delighted, and shouldered his crutches; and was so amazed at his sudden cure, that, without even awaiting to thank Mr. Capern, he ran off to the workshop, where he made his appearance to the great astonishment of his fellow-workmen, who knew the state to which he had been reduced. From his workshop he proceeded to the club-house, where he gave notice of his intention to relinquish his sick pay. This was on a Friday, and on the following Monday he was in full work. He has never had a return of the pain, or lost a day's work since. At the time of his application to Mr. Capern, he had no faith whatever in mesmerism."

"Mr Samuel Doble, whitesmith, Gold Street, about 24 years since received a blow on the left leg by a heavy sledge hammer wielded by one of his fellow-workmen. The small bone of the leg was broken, and inflammation of the part subsequently began: a few months after he was attacked by pains in the same limb; the attack came on quite suddenly. He continued subject to these attacks ten or twelve times a year; they always came on without previous warning, sometimes when he was walking in the street, or engaged in his usual occupation, so that he was obliged to be assisted home. On one occasion he was suddenly attacked whilst on a ladder engaged in carrying up about 20 pounds of soda in a state of fusion, which he was compelled to throw down, and had to be assisted to the ground by some of his fellow-workmen. The attack sometimes lasted two or three weeks, and the pain was very severe; he was disabled during their continuance from attending to his work, and was generally confined to his house and frequently to his bed. He never had any medical advice, but tried a variety of remedies without improvement. He had once been engaged on heavy work all night, when Mr. Capern, on going to him in the morning, found him in great pain, hardly able to go about the house, and offered to operate upon him. Contact passes with the flat of the hand being made down the affected limb, he found immediate relief; there was a strong sensation of warmth and a pricking like that caused by the stinging of nettles in the soles of the feet: in less than five minutes the pain had entirely ceased, and did not return for nearly three years.

"About six weeks ago Mr. Capern accidentally met him in the street, and, hearing that he was suffering from a slight return of his old pain in consequence of a cold, offered to make the passes over him; and in a few minutes entirely relieved him, and the pain has not returned."

What is the real nature of this curative power—is a question of the greatest moment. The work of Baron von Reichenbach—a translation of which, with notes, by Dr. Ashburner, is speedily to be published—is said to throw great light upon this enquiry. I leave the subject, for the present; but shall return to it, in a future number.

THOMAS COOPER.

## Reviews.

*Thoughts from the Inner Circle.* By J. ALFRED LANGFORD, W. HARRIS, and H. LATHAM. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THIS is a shilling pamphlet of poetry, very beautifully got up, and containing some very beautiful verse, the rival composition of three Birmingham friends. Their muse breathes liberality and progress, in every stanza, and on such themes as 'The Age,' 'The Railway,' 'Truth,' 'Italy,' 'The Future,' 'Knowledge.' It is difficult to pick out the *gem*, in this threefold string of pearls: the following—the composition of Mr. Langford—is almost selected at random.

THERE is a light that beams from heaven,  
Upon the earth below ;  
And all beneath its grateful power,  
It gladdens with its glow :  
Nor sun, nor moon, nor host of night,  
So clear, so calm, so pure, and bright.  
To every heart that's clean and pure,  
That loves the just and true ;  
To all who strive the good to know,  
And knowing it, to do ;  
To all who seek to free the soul  
From mazy error's dark control ;  
To every heart that nobly bears  
Earth's sorrow, care, and strife ;  
Who leads, amidst unholy scenes,  
A high and holy life ;  
To every heart with anguish riven,  
That looks from earth with hope to heaven ;  
In every land that's trodden been  
By foot of human kind ;  
From frigid zone of ice and snow,  
To strength-destroying Ind ;  
To prudent age, and sanguine youth ;  
That Light is free—the Light of Truth !

It was the fire Prometheus stole,  
From Jupiter of old ;  
And sought to give our suffering race  
A better Age of Gold  
Than that which bards, in idle rhyme,  
Have given to an olden time.  
Where'er it beams, all wandering thoughts,  
All errors pass away ;  
Pass like the dews of early morn,  
Before the coming day :  
Nor time, nor space, nor depth, nor height,  
Escape its all-pervading light.  
Though for a time it seem obscure,  
And clouds of darkness lower,—  
Bide thou thy time ; its day is near,  
Near its triumphing hour :  
For spite of all 'twill victor be,  
Sublimely bright, sublimely free.  
Though sophist-art in error's path  
May lead the trusting mind ;  
And hopes and fears to naked truth  
The seeker's eye may blind ;  
Yet battle bravely ; onward press,  
And Truth at last thy zeal shall bless.

*The Spirit ; or, a Dream in the Woodlands.* By WILLIAM JONES. John Chapman, Strand.

MR. JONES is a Leicester framework-knitter, the remembrance of whose intelligent friendship is endeared to me by many pleasing recollections. His muse has been cultivated in adversity ; but she has neither become wrinkled nor decrepit by the disadvantages of her training. This Poem was written, as the author tells, in his preface, "during the dreadful crisis of '47 and '48,"—when he was "thrown like hundreds of his fellow-townsmen, out of employment," and when, "in utter abhorrence of the degrading influences of the stone-yard and Bastile-mill—the tests of pauperism in Leicester—he betook him to the woods, to think." And there *is* thinking, in every page in the poem, as well as examples of rich harmony. I wish I could afford room for a larger extract than the following most beautiful lyric :

"Beautiful, beautiful is the day !  
Come, my love, now each path is gay,  
Tender the foliage and rich the bloom,  
Let us wander forth to the woodlands, come !  
We'll linger where streams the purest flow,  
Where flowers all fair and fragrant blow ;  
And gentlest winds, like angels blest  
That whisper of heaven, shall fan thy breast.

"Beautiful, beautiful is the day !  
The lark is up and the lamb at play ;  
Linnets are blithe in their bloomy home—  
Let us wander forth to the woodlands, come !

"Beautiful, beautiful is the sky !  
There the soft cloud in peace doth lie,  
Like a babe in its cradle-bed at rest,  
Or a bark on the sea's unruffled breast.  
We'll stay beneath those quiet shades  
Where Grief's sad echo ne'er invades ;  
Where spirits pure unseen repose—  
And Health shall renew thy cheek's sweet rose !

"Beautiful, beautiful is the day !  
Come then, love, while the laughing May  
Softly descendeth on rosy plume—  
Let us wander forth to the woodlands, come !"



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# COOPER'S JOURNAL:

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"AND though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple! Who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a *free and open* encounter?"—*Milton's Areopagitica*.

No. 5.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1850. [Price One Penny.

## TO EARL TALBOT.

"The earl he doubled his dainty fists,  
And vowed he'd be their master;  
But the cobblers pelted him out of the town,  
And he ran thicker and faster!

OLD SONG.

MY LORD,—A man with your vulgar mind could scarcely be expected to act otherwise than you did, at the recent 'Protection' meeting at Stafford. But as dull as your intellect is naturally, I have no doubt, that the impression made upon your 'seat of honour,' by the kicks of the shoemakers, will have had some effect in sharpening your understanding.

You thought that the iron rule so long attempted over the people of Staffordshire, by your order, with the brutal assistance of their tenantry,—had rendered you an object of terror, rather than of hate; of fear, rather than of contempt. You imagined that he whose nod to the foreman of the jury was so potential, when poor innocent Ellis was sent over sea for twenty-one years,—had but to express his will on any subject in the Shire Hall of Stafford, and no workingman, at any rate, would dare to gainsay it. Unwarned by the frequent social convulsions of Staffordshire during the last few years, you believed that the numerous hangings had intimidated the people, or that the new immense fortified gaol overawed them.

You were deceived. Your attempt to suppress free opinion at your 'Protection' meeting, and the hounding of the truncheon blues upon the people to enforce your vulgar will, were met with the sturdy spirit of Englishmen. The bread-taxing propensities of yourself and co-magnates were thwarted; your hirelings were thoroughly beaten; and as for *you*—you were treated as if the shoemakers believed a lord was worse than live lumber! They rivalled each other in visiting your right honourable person most vigorously, in the very quarter where the visitation would inflict the greatest indignity! They pelted you, at last, out of the town!

It seems, then, that *you* can cause riots, in Staffordshire. It has, now, come to be *your* turn. Your order feel their power is going; and you care little about breaking the peace, if you can frighten the Queen and little Lord John, by your display of energy, into a restoration of the Corn Laws.

A few poor men addressed the Staffordshire people seven years ago, on their grievances, and a riot took place,—when those who delivered the addresses, although they had no share either in plotting or enacting the violence,—were either imprisoned or transported. *You* can be permitted to raise violence, and to 'floor' your men in the open street, (for they say you fisted it valiantly!)—and *you* are to escape simply with black eyes and a little kicking. By my fay, but shares are not fairly dealt in this world?



The world is changing, however, in England, my lord Talbot. You may wince ; but you cannot have your Bread-tax again. And this is but the *beginning* of mortifications for your order. A few more years and mortgagees will foreclose, and take possession of many of their estates. You are in "a fix," and cannot avoid this. The lowering of rents will only hasten it ; and yet you *must* lower your rents.

Your 'little hearts' may shrink at the prospect ; but why have not your clergy enlightened your minds ? They have always been earnest in teaching my order, that humility was a virtue :—why did they not teach yours, that there is a sure and dread retribution which, sooner or later, overtakes the evil doer ?

I am, my lord, yours, with real pity,

THOMAS COOPER.

## Letters to Lords Spiritual.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD HARRY OF EXETER.

"Beneath his shadow broad and ample  
The slender oaklings sprout ;  
Encouraged by his tall example,  
No oakling hath a doubt  
That he shall upward and still upward climb,  
Till he have reached the sire-oak's height sublime !"

*Peter Pindarries.*

MY DEAR BISHOP,—May you live a thousand years ! How glorious is your image ! how worthily the lesser shepherds of your fold strive to become like you ! You are the grand mirror in which true churchmen view their features, and thus become satisfied that they wear the correct visage of orthodoxy.

I give you joy, once more, of the success with which you set forth an example so abounding in virtues. Do not forget, however, to nurture with preferment, this your excellent imitator, the Rector of St. Stephen's, Exeter. He has grown up under your own eye, is your own spiritual child, and you ought to care for him, most tenderly.

The wicked world, you are sure, my dear bishop, will say it was an infamous act to turn the poor boy out of the charity school for carrying round, to his employer's subscribers, the *Weekly Dispatch* and the *Western Times*—especially since he was a boy well-behaved and of good character. What impiety ? How could the boy's character be good, if he carried such naughty papers to people's doors, the very prints in which *you* have been so often maltreated ? And then, the lad's mother, having seven children to support, told the Rector and the Committee, that, if it were wrong for her child to do such errands, she was very willing that he should give over—only, she hoped some of the gentlemen would get him another place. What unreasonable impudence ! Only think, my dear bishop, how abominably brass-faced the poor will become, if they be not checked. The young varlet had two shillings due to him ; but he did not get the money : they turned him out, and said he should not have it. Glorious work, my dear bishop ! And his two sisters—the young hussies !—they were turned out, too ; and their linsey-woolsey charity gowns stripped off their backs. Serve 'em right ! For although they had carried no naughty papers round, of course it was very wicked of them to be related to *such* a wicked boy !



Cleave to the Rector of St. Stephen's, my darling bishop,—for he is a spiritual diamond of the first water. He understands *your* christianity: he is deep in the very marrow of it. A vulgar dissenter saucily observed, the other day, that Christ would not have done such a shabby thing as this excellent scholar of yours had done. But I told him he was an ignorant heretic and a jackanapes; and that if *you* could have the schooling of him for a few weeks you would open his eyes.

I congratulate you on the growth of orthodoxy around you, as evinced by heart-cheering incidents like these. It must be a comfort to you, now you are mortified by the vexing delay of the Privy Council, in giving judgment between your right reverend self and that fellow, Gorham.

I am, my beloved bishop, yours, ever lovingly,

THOMAS COOPER.

### PEN-AND-INK SKETCH OF LIFE.

(Written at Holmfirth, March 16th, 1849.)

WHERE I now write, I listen to the continuous clank of the weaver's shuttle, from five in the morning until ten at night; and, from Monday to Saturday, do husband and wife toil on—claiming no intermissions except those that are imperative from physical necessities, and she, poor wan wretch! struggling between the wants of a child at the breast, and the hunger-pinched importunities of three other hungry children. These two are a sober frugal family; and, in their situation, are thought well off. Three times a day they mess on porridge; and on Sunday are looked for at church or chapel. Must not this continued toilsomeness unrewarded, this continual wasting of the frame of man and woman, sicken the heart, and dry up the soul?

These poor weavers, too, are producers; and Labour and Land are the sources of capital. The Labour is the property in man; the Land is from nature, the field of man's exercise. Capital exists because of labourers; yet have they no possessions. There are county halls and libraries; a young lady has just lectured on poetry at the Mechanics' Institution; there is a newly built Gothic church on the rising hill; and an installed pastor. Very good things, perhaps, all of them. But when will sweet sounds from ladies' lips reach the poor weaver's home? What will the *well-spoken* prayers do for the poor man's children? Of what value is your library to that white, and tortured mother?

There is a numerous class of human beings endowed with every natural capacity for mental and physical enjoyments, who are never reached by these *liberal* institutions; and have no means of reaching them. The building society, the benefit club, the saving's bank, may be all useful and hopeful for the better-paid operatives, or rich man's menial; but are non-existent, practically, to the weavers. Their life is a blank; or, what is worse, a continued struggle of ebbing life, only cheered by the hope of a procrastinated death!

I know that all this will be lost on men of naturally weak morality, who are unacquainted with poverty, and yet pride themselves on the exactness of their views. They will say, "It is all improvidence." Or, perhaps, they will speak a few unmeaning words and end with, "It is the will of God!" There is a disposition among well-to-do men to shun poverty. In their



sunshine, they flutter like the butterflies in our gardens, and alight now and then on rare flowers, to return to their companions and talk of what they have seen. Such visitors are only acquainted with misery *by name*. They can form no really correct idea of the sufferings and wants of the poor.

I complain of this disposition in English society: it shuts us out from each other, and makes us a talking, doubting race. We do not know each other. Our novelists and artists give us pictures of life; but they are caricatures: not real transcripts of existence. And when workingmen write,—they write of what is most distant from them. They desire relief, and cannot write of misery. Their songs are even sometimes heroic. Our divines preach in their books, exhort, threaten, save or damn by turns. They are priests—mere priests, *not* jesuits—but mere priests of the temple. The book of the loom will be a short sad book. Such a book as the late William Thom could have written.

It is this moral inability to know and feel misery, that disqualifies even the well-intentioned rich to judge of the poor. I think it was M. Arago who was told by a workman at the barricades, that he had never felt hunger, and could not think for workingmen. The speech of that French operative was true; a brief, but great speech. It was the long stifled voice of hunger: more piercing than lightning!

Rich cynic, cast aside thy fine linen and sumptuous table! turn out from thy soft carpetted rooms, and be changed in all things,—which you cannot be,—but, make the trial!—endeavour to have no past but misery—no present but want—no future but woe—no ambition but death; and even then thou wilt not “feel what wretches feel!”

SAMUEL M. KYDD.

## Correspondence.

44, High Street, Dundee, 15th January, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—I trust you will not deem it impertinent in me, to direct your attention to what seems an oversight, in your article entitled “Critical Exegesis of Gospel History,” in the first No. of your Journal; and which might perhaps be corrected in a new impression. I need not remind you that you will need to look well to your positions in that article, for, depend upon it, they will be severely criticised. I have no doubt but you are right in anticipating that many will censure you for the publication of these discourses, but I am not of those who will do so. Fervently do I long to see the history of Jesus of Nazareth—“the most perfect exponent of the Absolute Religion,” as Theodore Parker calls it—stripped of all improbable and impossible legends, and made credible on the ordinary principles of human judgment. This, I believe, you will aid to accomplish by your Critical Exegesis. The oversight I refer to, is that in the table of genealogy, the fourth name on page 14, is misprinted; ‘Amariah:’ it should be *Amaziah*. Also, in the list from Luke, *Melchi*, is omitted from between, ‘Addi’ and ‘Neri.’ Its insertion will make the number of Luke’s generations *twenty* instead of nineteen—opposed to Matthew’s *eleven*.

It is not very clear from Chronicles whether Salathiel was grandfather or uncle of Zorobabel. I rather think he was the latter. It seems clear, however, that the Nathan mentioned in Luke is *not* the prophet of that name, as you have assumed; but a son of David, who is mentioned in 2 Sam. 5 ch. 14 v., and 1 Chron. 3 ch., 5 v., and, perhaps, in Zechariah 12 ch., 12 v. It would, I think, tend to prevent cavil, were the sentence on page 14, commencing “Test this scheme” and concluding “for a crime”—changed to something like the following:—“Test this scheme of explanation, and it is destroyed as soon as you commence; for we know from the Old Testament (2 Sam. 14, v. and 1 Chron. iii.5) that Solomon and

Nathan are two distinct personages—brothers, no doubt, by the same mother, Bathsheba, but of very unequal fortune—the one being the magnificent king who succeeded David, their father; and the other so ‘unknown to fame’ as scarcely to be again mentioned in Hebrew history.”

If you think the above any improvement, I shall think myself honoured by your adopting it in any new impression of the Journal, or in any separate publication of the discourses. Wishing you every success in your endeavours to benefit your fellow men,

I remain, Dear Sir, yours respectfully,  
Mr. Thomas Cooper.

JAMES M'DONALD.

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North Shields, January 21, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—There has been a meeting of Progressionists in the Lecture Room of the “Working Men’s Association,” Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to consider the most suitable plan for organizing the reformers of the different districts in the county. A provisional committee was elected to construct a plan, and to aid in carrying out the political emancipation, and social, moral, and intellectual elevation of the people. It is probable that a *Progress Union* will be formed. Further information upon this subject, will be forwarded in a short time. Hoping you will enjoy good health to enable you to continue your useful labour for the realization of the times, “when the Many shall cease their slavery to the Few,”

I remain, Dear Sir, yours very respectfully,
Mr. Thomas Cooper.

J. BLACK.

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London, January 21, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—Your proposal for a *Progress Union*, must, I think, commend itself to every intelligent Reformer, for its clearness, not less than for its broad, straightforward, and comprehensive character. It requires no cumbrous and complicated machinery: it seeks no party triumph, no narrow or sectarian object. It proposes the union of all honest and true men, to act as a lever for the elevation of the national mind and character; and it purposes to accomplish this without involving any compromise of principle. Surely, at the present day, when the power to be derived from union, has passed into a proverb, when it is used as a rhetorical flourish by the orator, and serves to round the periods of the scribe,—to insist upon its utility or necessity for popular purposes, such as you have indicated, would appear superfluous. Men co-operate to construct canals, build bridges, establish railways,—why should not men of Progress also co-operate to build bridges for thought, railways for intelligence, and aid the growth of Institutions for the formation of higher and better characters? It will be a great and glorious day for our beloved country when the best and noblest spirits of our land shall band themselves together,—heart, hand, and intellect, in a determined crusade against every form of error, injustice, and oppression: men prepared and eager for the conflict, who will spare no “venerable wrong,” who will not bow the knee to Baal, who will disregard all conventionalism, and sham respectability, proclaiming in the spirit of one of the heroes of the Reformation—“Here I stand to preach the truth, let them hear who list!” We want more such men:—men sustained by faith in their principles; who will enter into their work with Apostolic zeal, and animated with the heroic spirit of the Martyr. Men whose truthful, earnest words, and burning eloquence, shall arouse the dormant energies, awaken the slumbering intellect of the masses, and stimulate them to useful action. Men who will teach that the temple of true liberty can only be based upon a secure foundation, in the virtue and intelligence of the people; that by these alone they will win their rights, and be able to preserve those men who will appeal especially to the *young*, upon whom the future destinies of England mainly depend; who will seek to guide their aspirations, and enlist their sympathies, hopes, and active exertions, in behalf of this great movement. Men who will make them not only more fully acquainted with the struggles of the present, but familiarize their minds with the treasured wisdom of the past—and with the lives of the wise and good of all ages and countries,—that, guided by the light of their example, they may strive to attain to



similar excellence. Let every facility be afforded to enable such men to exercise their due influence upon public opinion, and thus create a veritable "Young England," and our "Dear, dear Land"—"This precious stone set in the silver sea"—will be made worthy of the great names, and the illustrious memories with which it is consecrated. We may realize that which has hitherto been little more than a vain and empty boast: we have but to resolve it, and England may truly teach the Nations how to live, and become the "Admiration of the World." I heartily concur in the scheme which you have propounded: and if my humble efforts can be of any assistance, will cordially co-operate for its promotion.

Mr. Thomas Cooper.

Yours truly,

THOMAS SHORTER.

### To Correspondents.

\* \* Correspondents will please address, "Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London."

J. ROFF.—Will this writer have the kindness to favour me with his full address?

A. TOZER.—I will use what little influence I possess, privately; but the purposes of this periodical do not permit me to employ it, in assisting him.

JOSHUA WOOD, Stockport.—His request concerning the 'Apocryphal Gospels' shall have due consideration.

T. G. M.—The 'Red' Lyric is *too red*, in its present form. Will the writer favour me with his address?

SHEFFIELDIENSIS.—Obliged by all his good wishes. I hope to visit Sheffield in the course of the year; but my engagements in London render that impossible before next June. The poetry is respectfully declined.

VON GOETHE.—The writer is undoubtedly correct; but, if he will *think*, he will see the necessity of agitating for Manhood Suffrage, *as a right* nevertheless; *that* is a part of education.

JAMES CAMERON.—Robertson's History of Scotland only treats of the later period: but it *must* be read. 'Latin without a Master'—a very cheap pamphlet, to be had of any bookseller,—will answer his purpose. The poetry is respectfully declined.

'WORKING MAN.'—The writer has, in several instances, misunderstood my meaning! and I, most affectionately entreat him to weigh the question deeply within his own mind—whether he writes in the spirit of Him whose disciple he professes himself to be?

T. W. G. Leicester; HENRY SMITH.—J. M. J.—D. C. Carlisle.—Their poetry is respectfully declined.

"Constant Reader." Etruria, Potteries. The Messrs. Chambers have issued 'Book-keeping by Single and Double Entry,' at 2s. It is said to be an excellent book.

L. and H. Wakefield; H. R. York; W. G. Ipswich. Much obliged: some handbills shall be sent, as directed, very soon.

F. G. Shelton; W. J. Leicester; J. A. L. Birmingham; T. J. C. Wolverhampton. Favours received, insertion next week.

### Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

SUNDAY, Feb. 3, at 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square) City Road. "Gospel History: the Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus"—Thomas Cooper. At 7, Literary Institution, John-street, Fitzroy Square. "Celebration of the Birthday of Thomas Paine." (See Advt. on last page.)

MONDAY, Feb. 4, at half-past 8, Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars. "Life and Genius of Oliver Goldsmith"—T. H. Rees. At a quarter to 9, Finsbury Hall, 66, Bunhill Row: same subject—same lecturer. (People who like *short* discourses should hear these!) At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenæum, 17, Chapel-street. "Chemistry, with Experiments"—A. G. Rix.

WEDNES., Feb. 6, at half-past 8, Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square. "Life and Genius of Sir William Jones"—Thomas Cooper.

SOURCE OF VICE.—It is the fashion to charge all our ills on the corruption of human nature; it would have been correct to charge them upon the vice of social institutions. Look around you! how much capacity do you see kept out of its proper place, and therefore depraved; how much activity degrading itself into turbulence from the want of a legitimate and natural object to pursue. The passions are constrained to pass through an impure medium, and there they become changed. Is there anything surprising in this? If you place a healthy man in an infected atmosphere, he will inhale death.—*Louis Blanc.*



## THINKINGS, FROM LAWRENCE STERNE.

**AFFECTED GRAVITY.**—Observe that man—with what an inflexible sanctitude of deportment he sustains himself as he advances—every line in his face writes abstinence ; every stride looks like a check upon his desires ; see, I beseech you, how he is cloaked up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments ; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose ; he has armour at least ; why does he put it on ? Is there no serving God without all this ? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of its rending ? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret ; and what is that ? That the saint has no religion at all !

**PRIDE.**—With regard to the provocations and offences, which are unavoidably happening to a man in his commerce with the world, take it as a rule—as a man's pride is, so is always his displeasure ; as the opinion of himself rises, so does the injury, so does his resentment : 'tis this which gives edge and force to the instrument which has struck him, and excites that heat in the wound which renders it incurable. The proud man,—see ! he is sore all over : touch him, you put him to pain : though, of all others, he acts as if every mortal was void of sense and feeling, yet he is possessed with so nice and exquisite a one himself, that the slights, the little neglects, and instances of disesteem, which would scarce be felt by another man, are perpetually wounding him, and oft times piercing him to his very heart.

Pride is a vice which grows up in society so insensibly ; steals in unobserved upon the heart upon so many occasions ; forms itself upon such strange pretensions ; and, when it has done, veils itself under such a variety of unsuspected appearances, sometimes even under that of humility itself ; in all which cases, self-love, like a false friend, instead of checking, most treacherously feeds this humour, points out some excellence in every soul to make him vain, and thinks more highly of himself than he ought to think ;—that, upon the whole, there is no one weakness into which the heart of man is more easily betrayed, or which requires greater helps of good sense and good principles to guard against.

**FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.**—It is the mild and quiet half of the world, who are generally outraged and borne down by the other half of it ; but in this they have the advantage ; whatever be the sense of their wrongs, that pride stands not so watchful a sentinel over their forgiveness, as it does in the fierce and froward ; we should, all of us, I believe, be more forgiving than we are, would the world but give us leave ; but it is apt to interpose its ill offices in remissions, especially of this kind : the truth is, it has its laws, to which the heart is not always a party ; and acts so like an unfeeling engine in all cases without distinction, that it requires all the firmness of the most settled humanity to bear up against it.

**PITY.**—In benevolent natures, the impulse to pity is so sudden, that, like instruments of music which obey the touch, the objects which are fitted to excite such impressions, work so instantaneous an effect, that you would think the will was scarce concerned, and that the mind was altogether passive in the sympathy which her own goodness has excited. The truth is, the soul is generally in such cases so busily taken up, and wholly engrossed by the object of pity, that she does not attend to her operations, or take leisure to examine the principles on which she acts.

**BEAUTY.**—Beauty has so many charms, one knows not how to speak against it ; and when it happens that a graceful figure is the habitation of a virtuous soul, when the beauty of the face speaks out the modesty and humility of the mind, and the justness of the proportion raises our thoughts up to the heart and wisdom of the great Creator, something may be allowed it, and something to the embellishment which sets it off ; and yet, when the whole apology is read, it will be found at last, that beauty, like truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.

**INDOLENCE.**—Inconsistent soul that man is !—languishing under wounds which he has power to heal !—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge !—his reason, that precious gift of God to him—(instead of pouring in oil) serving but to sharpen his sensibilities, to multiply his pains, and render him more melancholy and uneasy under them !—Poor unhappy creature, that he should do so ! Are not the necessary causes of misery in this life enow, but he must add voluntary ones to his stock of sorrow : struggle against evils which cannot be avoided, and submit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him, would remove from his heart for ever ?



## COOPER'S JOURNAL.

THE THREE VOICES.

A WAILING Voice comes up a desolate road  
Drearily,—  
Where mankind hath trodden the byeway of blood  
Wearily,—  
Like a sound from the Dead Sea shrouded in glooms,  
With breaking of hearts, chains clanking, men groaning,  
Or chorus of ravens that croak among tombs,  
It comes with a mournful moaning,  
Crying, "Weep !"  
Yoke-fellows listen,  
Till your tearful eyes glisten :  
'Tis the voice of the Past—the dark, guilty Past,  
Sad as the shriek of the midnight blast.  
Weep tears, to wash out the red, red stains,  
Where earth was fatted  
By brave hearts that rotted,  
And life ran a deluge of hot bloody rains :  
Weep, weep, weep !

There cometh a voice from the millions that bend  
Tearfully,—  
From hearts which the scourges of slavery rend  
Fearfully,—  
From many a worn, noble spirit, that breaks  
In the world's solemn shadows, deep down in life's vallies ;  
From mine, forge, and loom, trumpet-tongued it awakes  
On the soul wherein Liberty rallies,—  
Crying, " Work !"  
Yoke-fellows listen,  
Till your earnest eyes glisten :  
'Tis the voice of the Present ! It bids us, my brothers,  
Be free !—and then work for the freedom of others ;—  
For the Many—a holocaust, long, to the Few,  
O work while ye may,—  
O work while 'tis day,—  
And cling to each other, united and true :  
Work, work, work !

There cometh another voice sweetest of all,  
Cheerily,—  
And the heart leapeth up to its god-like call,  
Merrily,—  
It comes, like the touch of the soft Spring, unwarping  
The thrall of Oppression that bound us ;  
It comes like a choir of the seraphim harping  
Their gladsoonest music around us—  
Singing, “ Hope ! ”  
Yoke-fellows listen,  
Till your gleeful eyes glisten,  
To the voice of the Future, the sweetest of all,  
That makes the heart leap to its god-like call :  
Brothers, step forth in the Future's van,—  
For the worst is past,—  
Truth conquers at last,—  
And a better day dawns upon suffering man,  
Hope, hope, hope !

GERALD MASSEY.

OF GREATNESS.—If I am asked who is the *greatest* man? I answer the *best*; and if I am required to say who is the best? I reply he that has deserved most of his fellow-creatures. Whether we deserve better of mankind by the cultivation of letters, by obscure and inglorious attainments, by intellectual pursuits calculated rather to amuse than inform, than by strenuous exertions in speaking and acting, let those consider who bury themselves in studies unproductive of any benefit to their country or fellow-citizens. I think not.—*Sir William Jones.*

## CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848—9, AND 1849—50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

*Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'*

## II. THE BAPTISM AND TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

*(Continued from last number.)*

It has already been remarked that we have other historical evidence—(that of Josephus)—for the existence and ministry of John the Baptist, besides the narratives of the Four Evangelists. John is termed a Nazarite, by Matthew and Luke; but the religious rite he administered marks him as evidently one of the Essenes,—of whose frequent lustrations, or purifications by water, you will remember, something was said in the first discourse. These practices were apparently founded on some figurative expressions of the prophets, which came to be understood literally: God therein requiring from the Israelites a washing and a purification from their iniquity, and promising that HE will himself cleanse them with water. (Isaiah, i. 16; Ezekiel, xxxvi. 25; Jeremiah, ii. 22.) The prevailing idea of the Jews was, that Messiah would not appear until his people repented; and forth came John, filled with religious enthusiasm, crying 'Repent, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand'—believing that in those times of commotion he discerned sure signs of Messiah's coming—and calling on the people to shew their 'repentance' by conforming to the external act of purification, as an open confession that they intended, thenceforth, to live a new and holy life.

According to our Gospels, the coming of the 'kingdom of heaven' was associated, by John, with a Messianic individual who would 'baptise with the Holy Ghost and with fire;' and the first *three* Gospels state the case as if John the Baptist understood this Messianic individual to be Jesus of Nazareth. But what doubts arise within us as to the *fact* that John proclaimed Jesus to be the Messiah, when we compare the first *three* Gospels with the *fourth*!

Be it remembered that, according to Luke, the mothers of John and Jesus were cousins, and made supernaturally aware of the destination of their sons; and the Baptist, while in the womb, seemed to acknowledge the greatness of Jesus. Matthew says nothing of their family acquaintance; but he would seem to have some latent knowledge of it, since he says,—"John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptised of thee; and comest thou to me?" The baptism takes place; and then the spirit of God is described as descending upon Jesus, in the form of a dove. But how different is this to the relation in the *fourth* Gospel!—"And John bare record, saying, I saw the spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him. *And I knew him not*: (verse 33, and see the same expression in verse 31: John i. ch.) but he that sent me to baptise with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see, &c. And I saw, and bare record, &c."

How is it possible to reconcile these varying statements? If the Baptist did not know Jesus, either personally or as the Messiah, until the sign was given of 'the spirit descending from heaven like a dove'—of what value were all the supernatural communications made to the mothers of the two? What expenditure of means without purpose, has been attributed to the Almighty, in Luke's narrative; what an utter ignorance of every part of



it relating to the birth of the Baptist is manifested by John! Do we not see that we are *not* reading the records of 'plenary inspiration' here? Have we anything more than the contradictions of different legends?

But the difficulties increase,—for in the 11th chapter of Matthew, (v. 2,) and in the 7th chapter of Luke, (v. 18,) we are told that, considerably after Christ's baptism and all the supernatural signs attending it,—John hearing of the ministry of Jesus, sends some of his disciples to him to ask if he were the Messiah! How strange is this, after what has gone before! Nay, does not the conduct of the Baptist look like rivalry and seem to manifest a wish to detain men from following the Messiah,—since he continues to baptise, and to retain his primitive character, *after* he has declared Jesus to be the Messiah? Such conduct is not consistent with the statement that he had made that declaration. He *cannot* have made it; for if he had, he would have attached himself to Jesus. That no such attachment existed is most probable, if the characters of the Baptist and Jesus be contemplated. The reflections of Strauss on this subject are so sagacious that I cannot forbear to quote them:—

"How could the man of the wilderness, the stern ascetic, who fed on locusts and wild honey, and prescribed severe fasts to his disciples, the gloomy, threatening preacher of repentance, animated with the spirit of Elias—how could he form a friendship with Jesus, in every thing his opposite? He must assuredly, with his disciples, have stumbled at the liberal manners of Jesus, and have been hindered by them from recognizing him as a Messiah. Nothing is more unbending than ascetic prejudice; he who, like the Baptist, esteems it piety to fast and mortify the body, will never assign a high grade in things divine to him who disregards such asceticism. A mind with narrow views can never comprehend one whose vision takes a wider range, although the latter may know how to do justice to its inferior; hence Jesus could value and sanction John in his proper place, but the Baptist could never give the precedence to Jesus, as he is reported to have done in the Fourth Gospel. The declaration of the Baptist (John iii. 30.), that he must decrease, but Jesus must increase, is frequently praised as an example of the noblest and sublimest resignation. The beauty of this representation we grant; but not its truth. The instance would be a solitary one, if a man whose life had its influence on the world's history, had so readily yielded the ascendant, in its own æra, to one who came to eclipse him and render him superfluous. Such a step is not less difficult for individuals than for nations, and that not from any vice, as egotism or ambition, so that an exception might be presumed (though not without prejudice) in the case of a man like the Baptist; it is a consequence of that blameless limitation which, as we have already remarked, is proper to a low point of view in relation to a higher, and which is all the more obstinately maintained if the inferior individual is, like John, of a coarse, rugged nature."

But, if we cannot receive as historical the statement that John the Baptist declared Jesus to be the Messiah, do the gospel narratives permit us to regard the Baptism itself, of Jesus by John, as an historical fact? To conceive the incident as a real one, a cultivated and reflecting mind must feel to be very difficult. How is it reconcileable with the idea of the Holy spirit as the divine, all-pervading Power, that he should move from one place to another, like a finite being, and embody himself in the form of a dove? And then, the idea that the visible heavens must divide themselves, to allow of his descent from his accustomed seat—evidently belongs to the unscientific time when the dwelling-place of Deity was imagined to be above the vault of heaven. The ancients' 'heavens,' what are they? The atmosphere of the moderns. And who, in our age, can entertain such a notion as that of the Deity uttering articulate tones, in Syriac or Hebrew, or in the peculiar speech of any nation?

It is true that some of the more philosophic Fathers, such as Origen and Theodore of Mopsuestia, contended that the aggregate of supernatural circumstances here presented, were to be regarded as "a vision, and not a reality." But the statement of Luke, especially, does not admit of such



an interpretation: his words, *it came to pass—was opened—and descended—in a bodily shape—and a voice came*, are literal renderings from the Greek, in our translation; and such phrases pretermitt the possibility of our understanding him to be relating the circumstances of “a vision,” or something that has no *external* existence. We are left then, to conclude that the narrative is but a legend. As Samuel anointed David the forerunner of Messiah, there was an adequate inducement for the Jewish Christians to assume this consecration of Jesus by the Baptist, even if no baptism of Jesus by John ever took place. Malachi, too had foretold that Elias should appear to announce Messiah—at least, the Jews so interpreted the passage (Mal. 3 ch. 1 v.;) though, to *our* understanding, Jehovah does not therein speak of sending a messenger before the Messiah, but before himself: for the *New Testament* quotation “Behold I send my messenger before *thy* face, which shall prepare *thy* way before *thee*”—is a startling variation from the *Old*, “Behold I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before *me*!” The *New Testament* passage is put into the mouth of Christ, by both Matthew and Luke; but from true reverence for his understanding, I must express a doubt that Jesus ever made the quotation. Whether Jesus, in any degree, owed his Messianic idea to the announcement of John the Baptist, that the Messiah was about to appear, these accounts do not enable us to determine: if he ever were baptised by John, the baptism must have taken place without any striking occurrences; and Jesus, in no way announced by it as the Baptist’s superior, *might* continue for some time to demean himself as his disciple. Strauss seems undetermined on this point; but I must confess that, to my own mind, the evidence for Christ’s independence of the Baptist preponderates.

There is one more remark that must be made before we leave this narrative of the Baptism; and that is,—that it plunges us into a difficulty as it regards its purpose, when we remember what has gone before in the legend. If Jesus was the ‘Son of God’ by the miraculous conception,—if the ‘Logos,’ or Divine ‘Word,’ was ‘made flesh, in him, from the beginning of his earthly existence,—why did he yet need, at his baptism, a special intromission of the πνεῦμα ἅγιον—the Holy Spirit? Modern expositors have endeavoured, in vain, to answer this question. A little reflection must convince us, that, like the genealogies, this narrative of the Baptism must have been formed in a region of ideas foreign to that in which the story of the miraculous conception arose. And, in Epiphanius, we have the historic testimony that the Ebionites, a sect of the First Centuries,—(as well as Cerinthus, *against* whom, it is said, the preface to John’s Gospel was written)—held that Jesus was really human, and that the Holy Spirit was *first* united to him at his baptism; indeed, in the Gospel of the Ebionites, the same writer informs us, it was written that the Spirit in the form of a dove descended upon him, but “entering into him became Christ in him.” This progressive formation—this retaining of contradictory elements—we shall find common to all legends; and Strauss describes its naturalness with his characteristic acuteness:—

“The development of these ideas seems to have been the following. When the messianic dignity of Jesus began to be acknowledged among the Jews, it was thought appropriate to connect his coming into possession of the requisite gifts, with the epoch from which he was in some degree known, and which, from the ceremony that marked it, was also best adapted to represent that anointing with the Holy Spirit, expected by the Jews for their Messiah: and from this point of view was formed the legend of the occurrences at the baptism. But as reverence for Jesus was heightened, and men appeared in the Christian church who were acquainted with more exalted messianic ideas, this tardy manifestation of messiahship was no longer sufficient; his relation with the Holy Spirit was referred to his conception: and from this point of view was formed the tradi-



tion of the supernatural conception of Jesus. By this latter representation, however, the earlier one was by no means supplanted, but on the contrary, tradition and her records being large-hearted, both narratives—that of the miracles of the baptism, and that of the supernatural conception, or the indwelling of the *Logos* in Jesus\* from the commencement of his life, although, strictly, they excluded each other, went forth peaceably side by side, and so were depicted by our evangelists, not excepting even the fourth. Just as in the case of the genealogies: the narrative of the imparting of the Spirit at the baptism could not arise after the formation of the idea that Jesus was engendered by the Spirit; but it might be retained as a supplement, because tradition is ever unwilling to renounce any of its acquired treasures.”

(To be continued.)

## Reviews.

*History of the French Revolution of 1848.* By A. DE LAMARTINE.—

(Translated.) H. G. Bohn.

LAMARTINE has prevented misconstruction of his true character, either by his friends or his foes, by writing this ‘history.’ We have now his own open confession that he is *not* an ultra democrat; and yet it is impossible to read this record without a deep admiration of his enlarged humanity. Every young man ought to purchase the book, if possible,—and young men should club to buy it, where they have not, individually, the means to purchase it. Nothing can surpass the graphic power of Lamartine’s writing. It is truly a power of painting by words.

It cannot be expected, now the ‘moderate’ character of Lamartine is fully known, that his views of the character of Barbès, Blanqui, and other fervid democrats should be very favourable. But one thing is very gratifying: namely, that Lamartine has fully cleared Louis Blanc of the vile charges so often repeated by the ‘Times,’ with regard to the National Workshops—repeated, too in spite of all the denials Louis Blanc sent to that paper.

The following passage is valuable, not only for its containing this confirmation of Louis Blanc’s repeated denial; but, also, for a confession, on the part of Lamartine—who, nevertheless, is *not* a communist—that the Provisional government’s great error was delay in forming agricultural colonies in France. Let English workingmen, especially, note this confession, while thinking of the desirableness of obtaining possession of the 15 millions of Waste Lands in these islands:—

“At this time, when all trade was suspended, the task of soothing and mitigating the distress of the industrial classes devolved on M. Bethmont, the minister of the departments of commerce and agriculture. No man could be better fitted for this office. His disposition was patient, serene, and resigned; he was gifted with eloquence, and he possessed a heart overflowing with compassion for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures. M. Bethmont reflected on the republic that character for probity, solicitude, and sympathy, which belonged to himself personally. He was regular and attentive in his presence at the sittings, and he profited by his intervals of respite from official duties, to assist at the government council. There he invariably took the side of republican moderation, law, and order, on the model of the great magistrates of the assembly of 1790. His post should have been at the head of the magistracy.

“M. Marie, who possessed a more active temperament, greater boldness of conception, and who took a wider and more enterprising range in matters of business, temporized with the public works, which were too much protracted, and kept up with too much routine. One of the political and social solutions of the crisis would have been, in the opinion of certain members of the government, a vast body of unemployed men, suddenly occupied in some great public works for the fertilization of the French soil. Lamartine shared this opinion. Some of the Socialists, then moderate and prudent, though afterwards violent and factious, urged the government to take a first step in furtherance of this scheme. A great campaign, in the interior of France, with agricultural implements for arms, like the campaigns undertaken by the Romans or the Egyptians for digging canals or draining the Pontine marshes, appeared to these persons to be the course marked out for a republic desirous of continuing at peace, and of sav-



ing property, by protecting and raising up the proletarian class. This was the idea of the hour. The appointment of a ministerial department for the administration of public works on a vast scale would have been the policy appropriate to the situation of affairs. *One of the great errors of the government was postponing too long the realization of these ideas.* During this postponement, the national workshops, crowded by misery and idleness, became day by day more burthen-some, more unproductive, and more menacing to order.

"In the outset, however, they exhibited no alarming character. They were merely an expedient for restoring order; a rough plan of public assistance contrived on the morrow of a revolution, by the necessity of furnishing food for the populace, and yet not maintaining them in idleness, for fear of the disorders to which that idleness would lead. M. Marie manifested considerable intelligence in his manner of organizing these labourers, though their work was unattended by any useful result in the way of production; he formed them into brigades, to each of which a chief was appointed, and he inspired them with a spirit of discipline and order. From being a force at the mercy of the Socialists and the insurgents, M. Marie transformed them, in the space of four months, into a prætorian force. They were, it is true, an idle body of men, but they were commanded and directed by chiefs, who secretly shared the anti-socialist opinions of the government. Until the convocation of the National Assembly, these workshops formed a counterpoise to the sectarian assemblages at the Luxembourg and the seditious meetings in the clubs. They were offensive to the eyes of the Parisians, by reason of their vast magnitude, and the inutility of their labours, yet they several times protected and saved Paris, though that fact was not known to the inhabitants of the capital. *So far from being in the pay of Louis Blanc, as was alleged, the workmen were inspired by the spirit of his adversaries.*

"At first they numbered only twenty thousand, but every day brought a fresh reinforcement of poverty or idleness. The fortification works, commenced so improvidently and precipitately, had drawn to Paris a mass of about forty thousand workmen, who being once established in the capital, would not leave it. These men who were for the most part carpenters and masons, had none of the conditions of a resident population. The republic was thus doomed to expiate the imprudence of the monarchy. Those branches of industry which supply the demands of luxury, and which are naturally the first to suffer in political convulsions, were suddenly suspended throughout Paris. The savings of the work-people too became exhausted, and their families were reduced to severe privation. Some of the more wealthy manufacturers, from a generous desire to assist their work-people, retained a portion of them for half-wages. In certain manufactories, one-half of the workpeople, instead of being employed throughout the whole week, worked only four days, whilst the other half were idle; then those who had been employed left off work, in their turn, for the sake of making way for their comrades. But from week to week large establishments were successively closed; and the consequence was, that two hundred thousand artisans of Paris gradually enrolled themselves in the temporary army which occupied the national workshops.

"To these artisans were speedily joined numerous professors of the liberal arts, whose last resources were likewise exhausted. These consisted of artists, designers, correctors of the press, booksellers' clerks, literary men, actors, &c. Persons whose occupations had heretofore been confined to the pen or the graver, now presented themselves at the national workshops courageously asking for pickaxes or spades, wherewith to dig the earth in the Champ de Mars; or requesting to be sent to any carpenter's yard where labour might be assigned to them.

"Every morning, on the boulevards, in the Champs Elysees, and in the faubourgs, parties of from twenty to a hundred men, of all ages and in all sorts of attire, might be seen proceeding to their work,—each party being preceded by a flag and headed by a brigadier. The countenances of these men wore a melancholy, but earnest and patient expression. It was evident that they felt an honourable conviction of the sad duty they had to fulfil to their families; but it was also evident that they were fully sensible of the duties which the government was fulfilling towards them, in aiding them by means of labour. Owing to the defective way in which that labour was organized, it was unfortunately but a semblance of public assistance—an expedient dictated by the urgency of the moment, with the view of providing against want, trouble, and despair. Every evening these men returned in the same order to their respective quarters. They themselves performed their own police duties, and kept up a voluntary system of discipline among themselves. Their wages were paid to them every Saturday. This was not a government organization, as was subsequently endeavoured to be shown; it was a sacred and indispensable distribution of alms on the part of the state, and honoured by the semblance of labour. These workshops of Paris (and the same necessity caused similar ones to be instinctively organized in all the manufacturing towns) had certainly the effect of weaning many workmen from the habit of serious labour; but they rescued the masses from starvation and despair, saved society from tumult, and property from pillage.



"The government committed one grand error in the outset. It was that of neglecting to apply the labour of these workshops to great works of public utility, and of not dispersing them at certain distances from Paris and other great cities, which were the nurseries of sedition. When this dispersion was found to be desirable, it was too late to effect it. Another army would have been required to enforce the evacuation of the capital. Humanity as well as necessity caused the workshops to be tolerated until such time as the revolutionary crisis having passed over, these elements were re-absorbed by private labour, and their overflowing stemmed by restored public energy.

"So much for the national workshops, which have been represented as a system, but which were merely a transient expedient terrible, but necessary. Those members of the government possessed of most foresight looked forward with apprehension to the moment when sedition would creep into this nucleus of misery and idleness, and when it might be found necessary to dissolve it either by gentle means or by force. However, sedition did not find its way into those workshops until after the meeting of the National Assembly in Paris. They were the rock on which the first regular government of the republic seemed destined to split."

---

*The Garland of Gratitude.* By JOSEPH DARE. John Chapman, 142, Strand.

THIS is a very precious volume of poetry. Time was, when its appearance would have made the author's name a favourite in every tasteful periodical; but *our* age is too matter-of-fact and mechanical to place good poetry at its due price. Mr. Dare is, at present, a schoolmaster in Leicester; but many of these poems were written when he was pursuing manual labour, and under the endurance of severe poverty. Indeed, it is evident, from the polish of his composition, that he did not acquire the art and mystery of verse-writing only yesterday; while the solid reflection which abounds in his volume, proves that he has been taught to think, and think deeply, by hard experience. The book is very beautifully got up: though every real lover of poetry would have felt that its interior sparkled with the jewels of genius, even if the cover had been coarse. The following six sonnets are extracted from their inviting and correlative subjects, as well as for their poetic excellence.

ON SEEING A PORTRAIT OF HAZLITT.

Hazlitt! not thus I deemed thy spirit looked;  
 Yet, looking thus, I deem thee more divine:  
 What deepened thoughts are marked on every line  
 Of those sweet features, as but ill they brooked  
 The sneers of pride, whilst thou didst feel a sense  
 Of inward greatness, scorning time and death.  
 That eye is filled with gentlest influence;  
 Those lips speak blessings, pure as Love's own breath;  
 Yet on thy brow a patient agony  
 Seems throned in sadness—such as angels feel  
 When mourning for the lost—that men should be  
 But slaves or tyrants, making hope unreal.  
 They could not quench thy truth-like energy,  
 Nor turn thy heart-strings into strings of steel!

---

TO SHELLEY.

O, dove-like Eagle! bear me on thy wings,  
 Far from the rage and scorn of passing things;  
 And teach me what I long have sought to know—  
 Deep hate of tyrants, and the eternal glow  
 Of sympathetic love for all mankind,  
 And ceaseless toil to aid them, till they find  
 Truth, love, and glory,—and the all-seeing sun,  
 From his heaven-girdling path, beholds no spot  
 That owns a slave or tyrant, cell or throne,  
 Or chain, or prison-house, except to rot:  
 And by the lake, lone wood, and solemn sea,  
 Pour out thy music—sow the solitude  
 With thoughts, to spring in actions that shall free  
 Earth from its sweat and gore—man made one brotherhood.

"HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRITTEN IN WATER."

—*Keats' Epitaph.*

No ! not "in water writ,"—but in the heart,  
 Deep in the heart, and evermore to be  
 The household word of fondest memory;  
 Thy name shall show, in spite of critic art,  
 How genius, love, and passion can impart  
 Eternal might, making for thine and thee  
 The Bard's sure dower, immortality;  
 For thy meek death destroyed the censor's dart.  
 No ! not "in water writ," whilst on the night  
 "Endymion" gazes, and the "Nightingale"  
 Fills the old forest with such dear delight,  
 That we must hear to feel, or whilst the gale  
 Wafts to thy tomb lorn pilgrims from all skies,—  
 For "not in water writ !" each fondly drooping cries.

---

WRITTEN IN CLIFTON GROVE, THE WELL-KNOWN FAVORITE  
 HAUNT OF KIRKE WHITE.

Oh, 'tis poetic ground ! the very scene  
 Of rapturous feeling and exalted thought;  
 Here the sweet bard, with holy musings fraught,  
 Retired to meditate—alone, unseen.  
 The lengthened lawn, the tall tree's shadowy limb,  
 The wild bird starting into fitful songs,  
 And the dark Trent that ever rolls along,  
 Were thought, devotion, ecstasy to him !  
 Ah, *he* is gone ! yet still his mind shall live  
 Embodied in these shades: the lonely grove  
 Still speaks of him ; the river waves revive  
 His numbers, for they sing of nature—love.  
 Young Bard ! I sigh o'er thy untimely doom ;  
 Green be the shades thou lovedst, and quiet be thy tomb !

---

ON SHOWING MY BOY EBENEZER ELLIOTT'S PORTRAIT.

Scorn to the scorner—to the sneerer sneers—  
 Hate to the tyrant—to the basely proud  
 Voiceless contempt ;—but Pity's gentlest tears,  
 Falling like dew or rain from summer's cloud,  
 On fainting flowers, for grief too deeply bowed,  
 And sighs breathed like the rose's fragrance forth :  
 Nay, like earth-shaking thunder, that on earth  
 Men should enslave God's image—mocking God :  
 But trust in truth, and hope in final good,  
 Firm as the centred hill ; and quenchless love  
 Of nature—fountained-valley, field and grove,  
 And twilight violet-scented, violet-hued,—  
 These, spite of toil and tax, he bravely won  
 Whom now thou view'st—Oh, be his mantle thine, my Son !

---

"AND WHATSOEVER SHALL BEFAL, TO-NIGHT I'LL VISIT YOU."

—*Hamlet.*

Shakspeare ! unlike the moody sons of rhyme,  
 I name not thy loved name in pompous lays—  
 Only thine own can be thy proper praise,  
 In which all hearts, all minds, throughout all time,  
 Utter their hope, their fear, their love, hate, crime !—  
 Enough for me, I can enjoy thy plays,  
 And oft-times, at the close of toilsome days,  
 I snatch thee to my heart, and, rapt, sublime  
 Forget in thine the soulless scenes of earth ;  
 Whiles now I melt with grief, now shake with fear,  
 Now burst with laughter at the madcap mirth,  
 Or wipe unseen the slowly trickling tear,  
 And feel a proud pre-eminence to be  
 In spirit bearing thine community !



## Notice.—The Purchasers of “Cooper’s Journal”

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A TEA PARTY to commemorate the Birth-day of the immortal THOMAS PAINE, will be held in the Hall of the Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square, on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 3rd, at 5 o’clock. Mr. JAMES WATSON, in the Chair.

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# COOPER'S JOURNAL:

OR, UNFETTERED THINKER AND PLAIN SPEAKER FOR  
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"AND though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple! Who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?"—*Milton's Arcopagitica.*

No. 6.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1850. [Price One Penny.

## TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

### LETTER 2. NEW SERIES.

"He knew not what he would be at. So we  
Made plain our wills; and wondrously it helped  
His judgment. Straight, he vowed he always meant  
What we had spoken, saw what we had seen,  
And ever aimed to reach the same great ends.  
Thus men throw up their straws to learn which way  
The wind blows.

*The Statesman.*

MEN OF THE FUTURE,—The concluding paragraphs of the Queen's Speech merely confirm the report that it would *allude* to the Ministerial purpose of altering the law relative to the Franchise. It leaves us entirely in the dark as to what kind of alteration is intended, and how far it will be an *extension*. The Delphic oracle was never more enigmatical.

"The favour of Divine Providence has hitherto preserved this kingdom from the wars and convulsions which during the last two years have shaken so many of the states of the Continent of Europe. It is her Majesty's hope and belief that by combining liberty with order, by preserving what is valuable, and amending what is defective, you will sustain the fabric of our institutions, as the abode and the shelter of a free and happy people."

If the *Weekly Chronicle*, professing to have official sources of information, had not told us that "an extension of the Franchise" would be unfolded in the Royal Speech, as a Ministerial intention,—if Admiral Dundas, a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, had not assured his constituents at Greenwich, that the Government he served would most positively introduce a measure for the extension of the Franchise, this session,—if expectation and belief had not thus been created,—who could have ventured to interpret the peroration of the Queen's Speech as having any such substantial meaning? Lord John, during the recess, has evidently been studying Herodotus,—perhaps, in Mr. Bohn's newly translated edition, for one cannot give him credit for much Greek scholarship,—and has noted the slippery skill with which the priestess was wont to give her replies from the tripod. "Combining liberty with order," and "preserving what is valuable, and amending what is defective"—may mean *not* attempting the suspension of *Habeas Corpus*, or any other curtailment of English liberty, temporary or permanent,—that is to say, *doing nothing* relative to the Franchise; or, it may be explained, in the course of the Session, to mean the abolition of the Ratepaying Clauses in the Reform Bill of 1832, or almost any other peddling "improvement." In short, the last sentence of the Queen's Speech, is a very pretty stroke of Whiggery, and may be made to mean anything that Ministers may be compelled to propose, in order to keep their seats—or, if the Protection threat should turn out



bluster, and the Financial Reformers prove as "decorous" as in the last Session, it can be shewn to mean the "preservation of our venerable Constitution," by simply *letting it alone*.

If this be not undervaluing the worth of the speech Ministers have written for the Queen, there is the greater need that *you*, on whom the progress of healthful democracy so greatly depends, should, for the ensuing three months especially, exert yourselves in organising the getting up of Individual Petitions for the Franchise—according to the plan I presumed to recommend to you, in the Letter which is now classed as the *eighth*, in the pamphlet composed of a selection from the 'Plain Speaker.' I cannot forbear to express confidence that pouring into the House of Commons of a commanding number of individual petitions, each bearing the name, age, trade, and residence, of the petitioners, would have an effect, never yet produced upon that House. It would be such a powerful and unquestionable way of backing up the demand made for the Franchise, *in the House*, that no Minister could have the effrontery again to repeat that there was no desire for the Franchise *out of it*.

And with how little trouble can you young men arrange the machinery for forming companies of 100 Petitioners, or fewer, as the state of population in your localities may demand,—or for collecting 100 Petitions in a comparatively silent way, should circumstances premit a more public procedure. The holding of public meetings is, however, the more adviseable plan, if you mean your petitioning to have its full effect on all around you, as well as on Parliament. If large meetings cannot be held to propose this plan, a number of smaller meetings might be held, in one town, to advocate it. At such meetings, every young man who is a good penman, possessed of some intelligence, and is willing to perform the little labour which I have before pointed out as necessary to be discharged by the secretary of 100 Petitioners, should offer himself for such service. All who are willing to assist should, then and there, declare themselves; and this, with the speeches which would be delivered in maintenance of the right of every upgrown man to the Franchise, and the open declaration that you meant to persevere in this, and every other legal method of struggling for it, *until it was won*—would infuse spirit into your undertaking, and convince the listless, or the opposers, that their coldness or aversion would speedily become disgraceful to them.

Again: if you think that there is something substantial in the Speech,—if you think that by the recommendation of "*amending what is defective*," and the sugared phrase "*free and happy people*,"—there really is ground for concluding that *something* is intended by the Whig Administration,—why, then, you have the stronger motive for exertion. Only by such decided demands being made for the Franchise that they cannot, without more than their proverbial impudence, trifle with them and pretend ignorance of them,—can these Whigs be driven to make their ambiguous *something*, a palpable reality. This their child—if it be actually conceived—is yet unborn, at any rate; and *you*, by energetic endeavour, may help to give a bolder outline to its features, ere it quits the equivocal matrix of Whig contrivance; and may even influence its parents to give it a name that shall have some meaning in it.

I will not dwell, now, on other motives for your exertion in carrying out this plan of organizing the presentation of individual petitions. What new changes in continental affairs may take place this year, we cannot tell,—or what influence they may have on England. Be in the field of patriotic



exertion, and you will be prepared to take advantage of every opportunity that may present itself for advancing our beloved country's liberties. I had intended to address you, this week, in continuance of the hints already given on intellectual culture; but it seemed to me that I could not neglect to remind you of this political duty, at the present juncture, without blame.

THOMAS COOPER.

### A POLITICAL LESSON FROM THE 'VASTY DEEP.'

THE REV. W. Kirby, in the Seventh Bridgewater Treatise, which treats of the habits and instincts of animals, gives an account of a curious little creature of the shell-fish tribe, called the *stoneborer*. Having spoken of several of the stone species, he thus continues:—"While each of these creatures has a particular and individual end in view, in its several proceedings, its own accommodation, and appropriate nutriment and defence; the Creator, who has gifted them accordingly, makes use of them as instruments, which by their combined agency, though each, as it were, by a different process, accomplish, usually by slow degrees, His general purposes. This object, in the present instance, as well as in numerous others, seems to be *to remove obstacles that stand in the way*, and prevent certain changes willed by Providence, in the sea-line of any country, from taking place. Rocks may be regarded as so many munitions of a coast, which prevent the encroachment of the ocean, but nothing can more effectually prepare the way for the removal of this safeguard, than its being, as it were, *honey-combed by numberless stoneborers*, that make it their habitation, *thus it must be gradually rendered weaker*, till it is no longer able to resist the impetus of the waves; *the process is very slow, but it is sure*; and it is worthy of remark by what *a seemingly weak organ most of these animals are enabled to effect this purpose*: a fleshy foot, strengthened by no internal bone or gristle, but upon which they can turn as upon a pivot, and so in due time effect their destined purpose."

There is a moral to be drawn from this quotation. There is a moral involved in it which addresses itself to every section and party of political reformers. From it may be learned how great a work may be accomplished by the persevering efforts of united powers, although each individual power may be insignificant, and to all appearance unworthy of notice. It preaches to us in the words of Faith and Hope—in the sublimest of eloquence, the outpourings of Nature's heart. It proclaims to man that the humblest atom in the sphere of creation has still some influence, direct or indirect, on the destiny of the universe. Motion and mutability are eternal laws of the world. There is no such thing as rest. Change is at work on all sides: on the earth, in the earth, and "in the waters under the earth." We can predicate of no existing being that it is a cipher. Nobody, nothing, is absolutely and necessarily a cipher. Everybody, everything, is in its nature a unit. Every unit is a *power*, slight perhaps, and scarcely discernable, but nevertheless a *power*. The multiplication of these units multiplies the power, increases its force, renders it more and more an important agent for good or evil. The Atlantic ocean is merely a conglomeration of drops, every drop of water is an ocean in miniature. Despair not, then, O man, of thy weak brother! Weak as he is whilst he draws the breath of life, he stands the centre of an active social circle. Weak as he is indivi-



dually, let him join hand in hand with others no stronger than himself, and he shall generate a strength which shall remove mountains. Let the forces unite and concentrate their efforts upon the fortress, however well garrisoned it be, and at last the beseigers shall carry it.

The various factions of radical reformers in the country, more or less numerous as the case may be, are *powers*, which to produce a grand result, requires consolidation and an unswerving determination to fulfil their designs. They want combination and judicious direction. They are the *stone-borers* of society—the political pioneers “to remove obstacles that stand in the way” of popular progress. And there are many “rocks” to be thoroughly “honey-combed” and ultimately demolished, before the channel is clear for the ocean-tide of democratic liberty and constitutional regeneration to break through and find its level. “The process is very slow, but it is sure.” Aristocratic obstinacy is a “rock” that must yield eventually to the influence of the “numberless stone-borers.” The tyranny of wealth is another “rock” which the political “stone-borer” must utterly destroy, ere social peace and happiness can be attained. Religious bigotry and narrow-minded prejudice against the people are monstrous “rocks” that education and general advancement will finally dissipate. But the “stone-borers” must work together hand and heart, nor be diverted from their task by the jesuitry of governments, ministers, and monarchs; and then in due time they will “effect their destined purpose.”

FRANK GRANT.

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## MARRIAGE SKETCHES.

“The hearts of old gave hands;  
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.”—SHAKSPERE.

UPON few subjects are there more erroneous opinions afloat amongst mankind, than on that of marriage. The vitiating notions of rank and wealth intrude themselves into this and every other subject.

A couple, each possessing a competency of wealth, are united together in wedlock, and, though their dispositions are totally different, the whole parish declares, “It is a capital good match!” A young woman, possessing no property, nor likely to inherit any, but rich in feeling and intellect, is led to the hymeneal altar by a man of wealth,—one well to do in worldly substance, “dressed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day;” but whose mind is as uncultivated as his own barren heaths, and whose heart at best is but a *bog*, whence nought valuable was ever known to spring: and all the relatives and acquaintances of this poor prostituted young woman declare, that “Maria has done well!” A young heiress is caught by a *lover of her fortune*; the priest declares that “they twain are one flesh;” and their neighbours exclaim to each other, in presence of their children—“What a happy man Mr. Reckless is!” thus poisoning the ductile minds of the rising generation with false notions of human happiness. An old baronet’s only daughter marries with an honest tradesman, and is disowned by her parents, who invariably look upon her as guilty of some heinous offence. “She has disgraced her family!” say they, “we will never look at her again.” As though she had ceased to be their daughter; or God had not “made of one blood all the nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth,” and the courageous eloquence of St. Paul, on Mar’s Hill, before the Areopagites, was a mere democratic lie!

Again, a nobleman marries the blooming daughter of an upright working farmer; and a wealthy country squire allies himself "in holy matrimony" to the fair sister of some poor peasant; and they are excluded for ever from what is termed "polite society." They have married beneath their rank; they have degraded their order! The noble blood of the patrician must not be polluted by mixing with the puddle that flows in plebeian veins!!! With regard, however, to the union of hearts—the sameness of manners—the congeniality of mind—and the relationship of spirit, all is mute as Death—as silent as the grave. The moral and intellectual fitness of the espoused pair, is considered as a thing of trifling or no importance.

True, that mighty master of the human heart, the player Shakspeare, has told us that—

" Marriage is a matter of more worth,  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.  
For what is wedlock forced, but a Hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife?  
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,  
And is a pattern of celestial peace."

And Saul of Tarsus, writing to the Corinthian disciples of Christ, says—"Be ye not unequally yoked together:" not, mark ye, reader, in worldly gear, but as regards the more important elements of man's happiness on earth, the thoughts of the mind, and the feelings of the throbbing heart. Yet that many are "unequally yoked together," the domestic strifes and miseries daily to be seen, bear awful witness: whilst the tyrant, Custom, proscribes the choice of both man and maid to that circle, or caste of society, in which some lucky or unlucky accident may have placed them.

Did people but well consider that the marriage tie is one for life; that upon it, in no small measure, depends their happiness and prosperity; we think that more consideration would be bestowed upon this important subject than is usually the case. What are riches? what is rank; nay, what is beauty itself compared to the enlightened mind, and the kind and gentle heart? Is not the poor, but careful, industrious, honest, well-behaved damsel, without one farthing in her purse, and with scarce a change of raiment for her Sunday's dress in all her wardrobe; is not such an one—(poor in pocket but a dowry in herself)—worth fifty thousand idle, ignorant, proud, extravagant, and ill-natured coquettes, though they be possessed of the wealth of Cræsus, and his rank to boot? But such, however, is the corrupt state of public morals, to which the unhallowed systems of monopoly and competition have reduced the human race, that marriages are regarded as mere marketable bargains, to gratify the animal passions of mankind. Even the pulpit, whose especial province it *should* be to attend to the morals of mankind, seems on this alarming evil to be entirely mute.

It is true, some noble minds will always be found, to whom such fetters of Custom are as mere spider's threads to bind an elephant. The noble of Nature is not to be bound by the slavish chains of *caste*, or station. He walks erect in the dignity of manhood, in the paths of Knowledge and Integrity; and wealth, and rank, and power, are to him as nothing. The "iron opinions" of the world, and its arbitrary customs, cannot bow his mind, nor bend his spirit to its will. But so long as these mock-marriages continue in vogue—these weddings of wealth, and not of heart, of rank and title, not of mutual love—every species of vice, every species of misery, will undoubtedly prevail: for legal prostitutions are they, and not true marriages, where the two hearts have never melted into one.

May the onward march of mind—that sure pioneer of Virtue—speedily



sweep this, and all other vices, from our pleasant earth, and bury them deep in the dark abyss of Eternal Oblivion.

"Then let us pray, that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree, and a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet for a' that,  
That man to man the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that."

So wrote and sung glorious Robert Burns, Scotia's inspired plough-boy, and the immortal poet of all humanity.

Stokesley.

GEORGE TWEDDELL.

### To Correspondents.

\* \* Correspondents will please address, "Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London."

L. M.—It was by an error in the printing that the "Baron's Yule Feast" was advertised at 1s., on the last page of No. 4 of this journal.

'Chartist of Sixteen'—Patience! and your *first* request shall be realised. Your *second* depends on yourself and other young men: *one* Discussion Class in London would be only a drop in the ocean; they ought to be formed in hundreds of districts throughout the metropolis.

F. A. W., Clerkenwell; J. D., Leicester; J. W., Northampton; J. R., Barnsley; W. B., Birmingham. Their poetry is respectfully declined.

C. HOWARD.—I have no knowledge of the 'Poetical Effusion of Wrath, bearing the title of Little Horn.' It must have been either mis-directed, or lost in the Post-office.

CHARLES LANGLEY.—Exceedingly obliged by his communication. He will see, in time, that its hints are not slighted.

'Young Mechanic,' Ashford, Kent. Get *any* system of Arithmetic—Walkinghame's or any other you can find in a shop in Ashford. Nothing is easier than self-instruction in Arithmetic. 'Latin without a Master' is very cheap; and any bookseller can procure it for you.

M. D., WILTIE.—He had better consult one of the two eminent medical men I named: either of them would attend to the case with the greatest kindness.

M. PATTINSON.—I am surprised by what he states, and cannot help thinking that his informant was not correct. It would be something unexampled in this country.

J. BLACK, North Shields.—The biographies he mentions must, surely, be found in some Mechanics' Institute Library, in his neighbourhood. Bernard Gilpin's Life has been often issued.

PROGRESS UNION.—Letters from the Secretary of the "Cambridge Mental Improvement Society"—Joseph Clark, Islington—R. Ramsay, of Hough Hall—Frederick Bell, Potteries, and numerous others, offering co-operation if the Union can be formed, are received; but since there is nothing new in their contents, I do not think it advisable to occupy space by the insertion of them.

J. A., Coventry: Rest assured that George Fox's Journal is an old acquaintance.

Chas. Andrews, Soho. So soon as the 'Critical Exegesis' is completed, I purpose inserting, not only the Orations on the Commonwealth, to which he alludes, but many others.

Pamphlets received. "The Secular, the Religious, and the Theological"—'What is Competition?'

PHONOPEN. As a system of shorthand it is unrivalled; but, for etymological reasons, I am not an entire convert to Phonetic Printing and Phonography.

J. JONES, Newark. Thanks for his communication; but he will see, in the course of a few more numbers, why it should not be inserted.

### Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

SUNDAY, Feb. 10, at 7, Literary Institution, John-street, Fitzroy Square. "Perseverance, and Independence of Character, as exemplified in the life-struggle of Daniel Defoe, the author of 'Robinson Crusoe'"—Thomas Cooper. At 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square, City Road.) "Vindication of Carlyle and Taylor against the imputations of the 'Westminster Review'"—G. J. Holyoake. South London Hall, Webber-street, Blackfriars: Southwark Debating Club—Question: "Which is the most important period of British History?"

MONDAY, Feb. 11, at half-past 8, Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars. "Chemistry of the Gases"—R. Williamson. At a quarter to 9, Finsbury Hall, 66, Bunhill Row. "Medical Aspect of Temperance and Total Abstinence"—Dr. Carpenter, F.R.S. At 8, Temperance Hall, Broadway, Westminster. "The Wrongs of England"—G. J. Holyoake. At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenæum, 17, Chapel-street. "Combination, the Progress of Society, &c., &c."—Richard Hart.

WEDNES., Feb. 13, at 8, Hackney Literary and Scientific Institution. "Shakspeare's Hamlet"—T. J. Serle.



THINKINGS, FROM JAMES BURGH,  
(*Author of "The Dignity of Human Nature."*)

THE PEOPLE THE SOURCE OF POWER.—All lawful authority, legislative, and executive, originates from the people. Power in the people is like light in the sun—native, original, inherent, and unlimited by any thing human. In governors, it may be compared to the reflected light of the moon; for it is only borrowed, delegated, and limited by the intention of the people, whose it is and to whom governors are to consider themselves as responsible, while the people are answerable only to God; themselves being the losers, if they pursue a false scheme of politics. As the people are the fountain of power, so are they the object of government, in such manner, that where the people are safe, the ends of government are answered, and where the people are sufferers by their governors, those governors have failed in the main design of their institution, and it is of no importance what other ends they may have answered. As the people are the fountain of power, and the object of government, so are they the last resource when governors betray their trust; and happy is that people, who originally have so principled their constitution, that they themselves can, without violence to it, lay hold of its power, wield it as they please, and turn it (when necessary) against those to whom it was entrusted, and who have exerted it to the prejudice of the original proprietors.

ON RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.—As on the one hand it is odious for a man of an overgrown fortune to go on in business to a great age, still striving to increase a heap already larger than is necessary, to the prejudice of younger people, who ought to have a clear stage and opportunity of making their way in life; so it is vain for a person, who has spent his days in an active sphere, to think of enjoying retirement, before the time of retirement is come. He who resolves at once to change his way of life from action to retirement, or from one state to another directly contrary, without being prepared for it by proper age and habit, for some continuance of time, will find, that he will no sooner have quitted his former way of life, than he will desire to be in it again.

It is on this, as well as other accounts, of great advantage, that a man have acquired some turn for reading, and the more sober entertainments of life, in his earlier days. There is not a much more deplorable sort of existence than that which is dragged on by an old man, whose mind is destitute of the materials proper for yielding him some entertainment suitable to the more sedate time of life; I mean, useful knowledge. For the remembrance of fifty years spent in scraping of money, or in pursuing pleasure, or in indulging vicious inclinations, must yield but poor entertainment at a time of life, when a man can at best say, *he has been*.

THE VIRTUES PRACTISED BY THE HEATHENS.—There is not a virtue which the Heathens have not shown to be practicable. Do not pretend that it is impossible for a Christian to forgive injuries, when we know, that Phocion, going to suffer death unjustly, charged it upon his son, with his last breath, that he should show no resentment against his father's persecutors. Do not excuse yourself in giving up the truth, through fear of offending those on whom you depend, when you know that Attilius Regulus gave himself up to tortures, and death, rather than falsify his word even to his enemies. Do not excuse yourself from a little expense, trouble, or hazard of ill-will, for the general good, when you know, that a Leonidas, a Calpurnius Flamma, the Decii, and hundreds more, voluntarily devoted themselves to destruction, to save their country. If you pretend to be a Christian, that is, to profess the most pure and most sublime principles in the world, do not infamously fall short of the perfection of unenlightened Heathens.

TIMES AND OPPORTUNITIES.—As we ought to be more frugal of our time than our money, the one being infinitely more valuable than the other, so ought we to be particularly watchful of opportunities. There are times and seasons proper for every purpose of life; and a very material part of prudence it is to judge rightly of them, and make the best of them. If you have, for example, a favour to ask of a phlegmatic, gloomy man, take him, if you can, over his bottle. If you want to deal with a covetous man, by no means propose your business to him immediately after he has been paying away money, but rather after he has been receiving. If you know a person, for whose interest you have occasion, who is unhappy in his family, put yourself in his way abroad, rather than wait on him at his own house.



## "OH, GIVE US REST."

Oh! give us rest! the idler cries,  
 Why all this turmoil, all this din?  
 This useless work? Our energies  
 Are vain; removeless is the sin.  
 Come let us rest, why moil and toil;  
 Too many weeds choke up the soil.  
 Come, let us rest; the coward's tongue  
 Re-echoes back the craven cry;  
 Improveless is the vulgar throng;  
*That* let the wild enthusiast try.  
 Yes, let us rest; I have no pride,  
 In stemming thus against the tide.  
 Come let us rest, the despot says,  
 And freely joins the dulcet strain;  
 O give us rest! few are our days;  
 Why lessen them with needless pain?  
 Come sit thee down, the easiest way,  
 Is, still unquestioned, to obey.  
 Birmingham.

Ay, let us rest! the traitor's voice  
 Then swells the burden of the song.  
 Come eat and drink, laugh and rejoice;  
 For man is weak, and death is strong.  
 Let dreamers prate of race and kind,  
 And labour on, while rest we find.  
 Rest! rest! O God, that such there are,  
 Who ask for rest upon this earth!  
 While wealth exists with want and woe,  
 And every hour new crimes have birth.  
 Oh, rest not! till removed each wrong!  
 The weak yet suffer from the strong.  
 'Tis sacrilege to talk of rest,  
 While man's humanity is stained;  
 While still oppressors and oppress,  
 Against each other are arraigned.  
 On such an earth no rest I crave,  
 Until I sleep within the grave.

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

## FEBRUARY.

Ungenia! as thou art, O February!  
 Thine is the short'ning of the shadows bleak.  
 Oft, too, is seen, as thy cold features vary,  
 The vernal tinge, full-rosy, on thy cheek.  
 Now, waft thee hither, little lightsome fairy!  
 Each op'ning bud which rainbow beamlets streak;  
 Chase through earth's pores the vegetable sap;  
 And wake the myriad tribes that dose in Torpor's lap.

I love ye, vales, when spring's first influence  
 Quickens the moss-beds; and the feeble bleat  
 Of lamb is heard; and, round decaying fence,  
 Young peasant children, gathering fuel, meet:  
 I love ye, hills, in wild magnificence,  
 When the dark storm-cloud, rising from its seat,  
 O'ershadoweth all below, its tow'ring crest  
 In azure lost—oh, then, I feel enraptured, blest!

When green leaves grace, or, withered, strow the bowers—  
 From baleful factory far, to roam among  
 Thy scenes, old Charnwood, musing lone for hours;  
 To give each season, as it rolls, a song;  
 To mark thy trees, rocks, ruins, fern and flowers—  
 'Tis bliss for which a cloistered saint might long;  
 Ay, 'tis the silken thread whose soft consistence  
 Binds, beautifies the woof of my else dark existence!

O February, fickle as a child!  
 On the pale primrose, first-born of the spring,  
 Thou smil'st as sweet as love on beauty smiled,  
 Ere the fond boy and girl knew suffering!  
 Now dark as Noali's raven, and as wild;  
 Now, gentle as his dove, thou peace dost bring:  
 At eve all tranquil, then, ere morn awakes,  
 Weeping in moodiest woe, or whirled in pothery flakes!

Nay, lo! e'en now, the sun doth shroud in gloom,  
 And changeth fast the landscape's every feature;  
 A gath'ring chillness, dreary as the tomb,  
 Creeps, like a dismal nightmare, o'er all nature;  
 The fays return to where the orient bloom  
 Of summer's presence blesseth every creature!  
 Me th' abhorr'd *frame* re-calls! Dark spirits near,  
 Sing dissonant and loud in stormy orchestre!

Leicester.

WILLIAM JONES.

## HINTS.

Choose the path of Right, man ;  
Think out the Truth and tell it ;  
Drag Error to the light, man,  
And then we can expel it.

Heed not the curling sneer, man,  
Nor thoughtless Fashion's frown ;  
Be bold and be sincere, man,  
And both will soften down.

In word and deed be true, man ;  
Fear not what others say,  
But stedfastly pursue, man,  
The tenor of thy way.

Go forward with the band, man,  
Of the noble, brave, and free,  
And firmly take thy stand, man,  
To fight for liberty.

Let churlish Envy die, man ;  
All selfish passion smother ;  
And look with gentle eye, man,  
On the weakness of thy brother.

Have faith in moral power, man—  
Faith in the growth of mind ;  
Hope for the glorious hour, man,  
That shall strike for human-kind.

FRANK GRANT.

## CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES ; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848—9, AND 1849—50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

*Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'*

## II. THE BAPTISM AND TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

*(Concluded from last number.)*

IMMEDIATELY following their narrative of the Baptism the first three Evangelists bring us upon that singular legend, the Temptation by the Devil : a revelation which has embarrassed divines themselves, perhaps more than any other in the Gospels. John not only excludes all mention of it, but excludes the possibility of its occurrence, by leaving no sufficient period for its transaction. John's phrases, *the next day*, (ch. i. v. 29,) again, *the next day*, (v. 35,) and again, *the next day*, (v. 44) ; and lastly, *on the third day*, (ch. ii. v. 1.) when the presence of Jesus at the marriage in Cana of Galilee is related—admit of no introduction of the *forty days* of the Temptation. When the origin of the Fourth Gospel in the circle of Grecian and Platonic ideas, (at Ephesus, according to the tradition) is remembered, we cannot wonder that this legend was rejected by its author or authors,—if they had, indeed, ever heard of it ; for it might not be current in the region where the Fourth Gospel was composed.

The forty days' fast first staggers us ; but still more the personal appearance of the devil ; and, above all, his strange feats and his want of the cunning proverbially attached to his character. For the first, we shall soon see a mythic source. For the second—what really intelligent man, in our age, believes in it ? What is the Devil, but an assemblage of contradictions ? Who does not perceive that as the idea of angels originated in a limited observation of nature, so that of the Devil originated in a limited observation of *self* ? And as our knowledge of human nature progresses, all idea of a Devil must recede farther into the back-ground, and all appeals to his existence be henceforth regarded as the resource of ignorance and sloth. We are accustomed to laugh at the Monkish stories of the Devil, and to remark how deficient they make him in real intelligence. Yet the Devil in this scene of the Temptation is a devil really as stupid as the Monkish fiend. His first suggestion, appealing to hunger, was not so ill-conceived ; but as a



skilful tactician, he should have had a yet more alluring temptation at hand. Instead of this, Matthew makes him next propose to Jesus the neck-breaking feat of a leap from the pinnacle of the temple. And to propose to a pious Israelite to fall down and worship the Devil!—truly the imagination of the legend-writer was but poor. But how did Jesus pass with the devil from one place to another? It was all *spiritual*—all within the mind of Jesus—say some commentators, in their perplexity. But the expressions, the devil *takes him—sets him*, in Matthew; *taking—brought—set*, in Luke, bind us to the external. The incredibility of all this, who does not perceive it? And the *magical* nature of Satan's exhibition of "all the kingdoms of the world, *in a moment of time*;" (Luke ch. iv. v. 5.)—is anything in the wildest Oriental romance more repugnant to reason? Let Strauss reply to the *critical* apologists for this story:—

"The well-known question suggested by the last temptation, as to the situation of the mountain, from whose summit may be seen all the kingdoms of the world, has been met by the information that *κόσμος* here means no more than Palestine, and *βασιλείας*, its several kingdoms and tetrarchies; but this is a scarcely less ludicrous explanation than the one that the devil showed Jesus all the kingdoms of the world on a map! No answer remains but that such a mountain existed only in the ancient idea of the earth as a plain, and in the popular imagination, which can easily stretch a mountain up to heaven, and sharpen an eye to penetrate infinity."

Among the Jews, the Devil was a comparatively late idea: they brought it with them on their return from captivity; for 'Satan,' the evil being and enemy of mankind, is really borrowed from the Persian religion. Once imported, however, into the popular creed, Satan became with the Jews, the special adversary of Messiah, and the grand Tempter. The idea of temptation was current in their more ancient theology; but *not* by the Devil: it was attributed to God, Himself: as in the cases of Abraham (Gen. 22 ch. 1 v.) and of the Israelites (Exod. 16 ch. 4 v.) The change of ideas may be traced. In the second book of Samuel, David's project of numbering the people is attributed to temptation by the Almighty: in the Chronicles (written *after* the captivity) it is placed directly to the account of the Devil. Numerous Rabbinical stories were told also of the Devil's temptations of Abraham; and, at length, the rabbins created and strengthened the notion that Messiah, like his forerunners would be tempted by Satan. These ideas were common to the religion in which Christianity arose; and it could not be expected to escape from the matrix in which it was formed without this admixture with legend.

And the legendary or mythical origin of this story almost suggests itself at the surface of reflection. Both Moses and Elias fasted *forty days* (*forty*, a number that was held sacred in Hebrew antiquity!) and Jesus *must*, in the imagination of his early Jewish followers, fulfil this type. Nay, the people of Israel were tried *forty* years in the *wilderness*; and from the type of God's collective son's trial, this 'Temptation in the Wilderness' of Jesus was more peculiarly drawn. The Israelites were chiefly tempted by hunger, during their wanderings in the wilderness; and from the recapitulation of these their trials in the 8th chapter of Deuteronomy—the writer of the legend in the gospels has manifestly taken his idea, for in the 3rd verse will be found the very reply he puts into Christ's mouth, "Man doth not live by bread alone, &c." The two other suggestions of the Devil, in the gospels, are less sagacious, because the legend-writer had to cast about in his own barren intellect to supply them,—and then to make 'quotations' for their support. In conclusion, be it remarked that Matthew and Mark end their story of the Temptation with the appearance of angels



to Jesus, and their refreshing him with nourishment after his long fast : so also Elijah was ministered unto by angels after *his* forty days' fast ; and the manna which appeased the hunger of the Israelites in the wilderness was named *angel's food*. (Psalm 78, v. 25.) By these methods of dovetailing fragments of the old, is the new legend almost invariably formed.

In the whole story of the Temptation, then, we have no degree of *fact* : it is no *real* part of the experience of Jesus of Nazareth. In the history of the Baptism, we have a relation so overloaded with marvellous and mythical additions, that it leaves us in the greatest uncertainty : the fact that Jesus was one of the recipients of John's baptism may be regarded as a real incident in the young Nazarene's life ; but that John bore testimony to his Messiahship cannot be received as historical.

Does the character of Christ suffer by our rejection of these parts of evangelical story ? What additional dignity does he receive by being thrown into the monstrously absurd situations of the Temptation legend ? What increase of authority, as a moral teacher, is given him *for us*, by the supposed testimony to his Messiahship of John the Baptist ? To men living in the nineteenth century, it is the moral excellence of Jesus as an exemplar, it is the consonance of his teachings with the religion of human nature, which must enthrone him in the hearts and minds of his disciples. That these are his indisputable claims to our reverence and love, we shall see in the course of this attempt to analyse his history ; but we have still to enter on enquiries of the utmost moment, in which the faculty of reason must operate, rather than our affections. The 'Miracles,' from the importance attached to them in the current Theology, must occupy us at least for the two next Sunday evenings ; and I trust that speaker and hearers will alike bring to the examination of these parts of the Gospel narratives, a spirit of candid and yet determined judgment.

### Review.

1. *Six Prize Essays on the Causes which regulate the Wages of Labour.* By Six Working Men of Leicester and of the County.
2. *An Essay on the same subject.* By JOSEPH BLACK, Framework-knitter, Leicester.
3. *An Essay on the Causes which regulate the Wages of Labour.* By THOMAS EMERY, Framework-knitter, Leicester.

THESE essays were produced in Leicester, during last year, in competition for Premiums offered by Mr. William Biggs, Mayor of the Borough. The "Six Prize Essays" were published "under the sanction," and, of course, at the expense, of the "Leicester Chamber of Commerce." The compositions of Mr. Emery and Mr. Black are published at their own expense ; and under the conviction of their authors that, although their essays were unsuccessful in winning the prize, the sentiments contained in them ought to have public utterance. The "Six Prize Essays," therefore,—as every reader will expect,—enunciate, *generally*, such doctrines of orthodox Political Economy as might be expected to meet the approval of a body of employers. The two independent essays utter propositions and arguments which such a body might be expected to regard as heterodox. This is a *general* statement of the contents of these pamphlets ; but it requires some little qualification.

The degree of talent evinced in these compositions is creditable to all the



writers—except to the author of Essay 5, in the “Prize” pamphlet; and one cannot but wonder that such a farrago of mere snatches of sense, mingled with rambling nonsense and pragmatism, should have been deemed worthy of publication by a body of intelligent men. Essay 1, is the most perfect composition in the “Prize” pamphlet, both as it regards the style and the consistency of the writer’s arguments with each other. There are also to be found in this essay some free, outspoken sentiments—such as those on the pages where it is argued, that the operative who is thrown out of employ by the introduction of machinery has a right to be compensated for loss, as well as the landlord for the land he surrenders to a railway company. Essays 2, 4, and 6, in the same pamphlet, manifest less independence; and some sentences in Essay 6, read as if the writer was *apologising* for Political Economy, rather than defending it from principle.

Essay 3, in the “Prize” pamphlet, involuntarily awakens within one some dubiety as to the real oneness of the writer. Is it the composition of *two* ‘Thomas Goddards,’ the Elder and the Younger? The following passage might, under such a hypothesis, be taken for the *belief* of the elder Goddard—an octogenarian filled with timid remembrances of the alarms he felt during the first French Revolution, and retaining his orthodox attachment to Adam Smith:—

“SUPPLY AND DEMAND. The causes which make the market value of things depend on supply and demand, are that the whole of the goods in the market compose the demand for money; and so the whole of the money constitutes the demand for goods. The demand and supply of goods, or supply and demand, for money, are therefore equivalent expressions. The revenue of all men must consist of rents, profits, or wages; and they must exchange it for serviceable commodities. Some say that revolutions and the “organization of labour” would set this country to rights; but I am of a different opinion. *I believe* that security of property in any country is the first principle in developing improvement, civilizing society, increasing reproductive labour, and raising mankind to a moral and intellectual state. Who are the greatest sufferers by revolutions? I answer, the labouring class of people, because if fixed capital is destroyed, such as machinery, warehouses, factories, and working tools of every description—this not only reduces the wages of labour, but stops employment altogether; and confidence being destroyed, the capitalist looks up his floating capital until confidence is restored, and even then he begins very cautiously. This must be one of the greatest calamities that can befall working men.

“As regards the organization of labour, I might refer to the operations of the fraternal association of Tailors in the Rue de Clichy, which have proved a miserable failure; and so will all others unless we could give all men the same development, and the same intelligence. *I believe* that the organization of labour in an old country in particular would reduce it to a state of beggary, without machinery were improved to the greatest perfection, so as to perform all the labour of the country; and that being the case, we should be enjoying the principle. But that not being the case, the labour, management, and direction of society, would devolve upon the few, and ultimately man would go backward, and be reduced to semi-barbarism, as there would not be any stimulant to individual exertion.”

And the following extract, on the same supposition of a duality of authorship, might be set down as the writing of the Younger Goddard—an intelligent English workingman, who, born in the nineteenth century, perceives that Fraternity, Equality, and Progress are not mere French hyperboles, but European watchwords that indicate the coming of a better state of things than worn-out and miserable Competition can ever ensure for the mass of humankind:—

“There is one remedial measure that I had thought of writing upon, which I named at a meeting of working men at the time the trades unions were in active operation, and which I have advocated many times since—which would give great satisfaction to labourers if it could be carried out, and which I have always preferred to throwing money away upon strikes. What I mean is Joint-stock Companies. As I have met



with an article upon the subject, I will quote it *verbatim*, seeing that it accords with my views :—

‘Labour is the best remunerated upon the joint-stock principle. In the American ships trading to China, it has long been a custom for every sailor to have an interest in the profits of the voyage; and to this has been ascribed the general good conduct of those seamen, and the extreme rarity of any collision between them and the government or people of the country, &c.’

This extract is from the prize essay on “the Causes and Remedies of National Distress,” by Mr. Samuel Laing.

“Under a partnership concern, as labourers taken into partnership with their employer, bringing nothing into the concern but their labour, whilst he brings not only his labour of direction and superintendence, but his capital also, they have justly a smaller share of the profits. This, however, is a matter of private arrangement in all partnerships; one partner has a large, and another a small share according to agreement, grounded on the equivalent which is given by each. The essence, however, of a partnership is obtained, since each benefits by everything that is beneficial to the concern, and loses by everything which is injurious. It is in the fullest sense, the common concern of all. The value of this organization of industry, where once extended, will heal the embittered feelings that exist between the labourer and the capitalist, and the result of these more proper arrangements would be:—

“First, that every person engaged in the association or factory would have a direct interest in its prosperity; since the effect of any success, or falling off, would almost immediately produce a corresponding change in his own weekly receipts.

“Secondly, every person concerned in the factory would have an immediate interest in preventing any waste or mismanagement in all the departments.

“Thirdly, the talents of all connected with it would be strongly directed to improvement in every department.

“Fourthly, none but workmen of high character and qualification could find admission into such establishments, because when any additional hands were required, it would be the common interest to admit only the most respectable and skilful workmen; and it would be far less easy to impose upon a dozen workmen, than upon a single proprietor of a factory.

“Fifthly, when any circumstances produced a glut in the market, more skill would be directed to diminish the cost of production, and a portion of the time of the men might then be occupied in repairing and improving their tools, for which a reserved fund would pay—thus checking present, and facilitating future, production.

“Sixthly, another advantage of no small importance would be the total removal of all real or imaginary causes for combinations. The workmen and the capitalist would so shade into each other—would so evidently have a common interest—and their difficulties and distresses would be mutually so well understood, that instead of combining to oppress each other, the only combination would be a most powerful union between both parties to overcome their common difficulties.

“It may be thought that by the above, I am departing from individualism, but I think that so far it might be carried with safety and advantage.”

The last timid period, however, destroys the dual theory. It is *one* Thomas Goddard, after all, who has written this Essay; but when he has struck out the golden suggestion in the pamphlet—he is frightened at it, or fears it will displease the ‘adjudicators’—which shall be said?

Does not this writer see that he has here suggested the very “organization of labour” which he has before deprecated? He merely alters one term, and calls it an “organisation of *industry* :”—substituting a synonym—as if Louis Blanc’s term had ‘revolution,’ and ‘destruction of fixed capital,’ and ‘reduction of an old country to a state of beggary,’ all horribly concentrated in its two syllables, in his *belief*. True, his suggestion does not embody all the features of Louis Blanc’s scheme; but Thomas Goddard *does* propose an “Organisation of Labour,” notwithstanding. “*I believe*”—(“We think, my lord, he goes too much upon *I believe*,” said the foreman of a jury the other day, while a witness was giving his ‘evidence’),—*I believe* that the organization of labour . . . . . would not be any stimulant to individual exertion”! And yet, in his ‘First,’ ‘Secondly,’ and ‘Thirdly,’ Thomas Goddard has shewn us, with most admirable clearness, that the ‘organisation of labour’ would be a most omnipotent stimulus to individual exertion! And



his 'Sixthly'—the total abolition of strife, and the *shading* of the workmen and capitalist so into each other,—what is it all but the *real* Fraternity which enlightened thinkers are devising, that Thomas Goddard has here devised? His 'Fourthly' may be deficient in philanthropy; but it is a commendatory item that will have great weight with English workingmen generally—for *few*, in this country, regard Louis Blanc's proposition for an *equality of wages*, with much favour.

Did the adjudicators of these prizes, do the members of the Leicester Chamber of Commerce, regard this proposal for "Joint-stock Companies"—'Organisation of Industry'—'Organisation of Labour'—call it what you will!—as worthy of deep consideration, and have any of them resolved to *try it*? If one could hear of *that*, it might be exultingly proclaimed that the days of misery for the poor Leicester stockinger were near their close, and happiness about to dawn upon him and his children. Let Thomas Goddard's proposition be once adopted, and it would open the way for an association of interests still more philanthropic, and still more consistent with the promptings of man's higher nature.

The evils of the present system, Mr. Black points out with an earnestness which has long marked his character, in the estimation of Leicester workingmen. Both he and Mr. Emery contend that the parrot words, (for they have become such,) 'Supply and Demand,' do not solve this question of the Regulation of Wages, without some modification—especially that arising from the intelligence and dispositions, both of employers and employed. Speaking of the increase of poverty, and the frequent reductions of wages, in our seats of manufacture, Mr. Black has this energetic passage:—

"If we enquire into the causes of this poverty and reduction of wages, we are met on every side by complaints of 'over-population,' 'redundancy of labour,' 'want of demand,' 'the labour-market over-handed,' 'gluts,' 'panics,' &c., and, notwithstanding, that over-population and over-production are relative questions, they are practically carried out in the most abstracted sense of the term. The means used as remedies for the alleged evil of over-population, are to place the unemployed in Union-houses, keep them upon scanty fare, separating man and wife, to prevent further increase, and the recommending and encouraging national emigration. The remedy for over-production is to suspend labour and diminish wealth, while the people's wants are unsupplied.

"Speaking on the question of population, and the means of subsistence, Bishop Watson says, that 'Great Britain is capable of maintaining thirty millions of inhabitants;' Dr. Hall says, 'it would support with ease ninety millions;' while the Earl of Lauderdale, one of the modern Political Economist school, declares, that 'it might support one hundred and eighty millions.'" Sheriff Alison, in his 'Principles of Population,' says, that 'on the most moderate calculation, Great Britain and Ireland are capable of maintaining, in ease and affluence, one hundred and twenty millions of inhabitants.' He says—

|                             |            |
|-----------------------------|------------|
| England will maintain ..... | 60,000,000 |
| Ireland .....               | 48,000,000 |
| Scotland, .....             | 15,000,000 |

Total..... 123,000,000

"In support of the above views, the Parliamentary Reports and Statistics shew, that 'the land of Great Britain and Ireland is highly susceptible of further improvement,' and that we have 'fifteen million acres of cultivatable land lying waste.' We have to combine with these, agricultural resources, a mechanical power such as no country ever before possessed, and the world before us for an extensive exchange of commodities. With all these means for subsistence, it must be a fatal error to deal with the question of over-population, in the abstracted sense of the term; and to stop production, and diminish wealth, while the people are in want, can only be attributed to the same cause.

"What a ruinous and painful state of things! Millions of acres of cultivatable land lying waste, and so many able hands unemployed! The means of producing food in abundance, and people craving with hunger! A super-abundance of clothing, and those who produce it literally naked!

"Over-population and over-production at the same time is a monstrous absurdity; and



the system which makes a glut while the people are starving, and provides no better remedy than Bastilles and emigration, or than suspending production and diminishing wealth, while the people are in want, deserves not the countenance or support of any rational or sane-minded human being. Over-population and over-production are not *abstract*, but *relative* questions. Population relates to the means of subsistence, and production to the wants of the people, and their ability to purchase. In the present state of things there is more produced in a given time, than those who have the means to purchase require for their own consumption; and more who require the commodities for consumption than have the means to purchase them. In plain language, the great body of the people require more commodities, but cannot buy them; and their remaining unsold causes the supply to exceed the demand, and, under the present system, is a pre-disposing cause in regulating the wages of labour downwards. In anything approaching to a natural or just state of society, the supply and demand would be regulated by the actual or real wants of the people. But when we have a superabundance of commodities on one hand, and a starving people on the other—when wages are reduced, because the supply exceeds, not the natural demand, *but the purse*—when, because the people have not the pecuniary means to purchase and supply their wants, a portion of the little means they have is taken from them by further reductions,—then one reduction clearly becomes the cause of another; but the primary cause is the error in the system of distribution.

“As in nature, so in commerce, there are three mighty links in the immutable chain—production, distribution, and consumption. The former and the latter are in good working condition, but the distributive link is defective, and incapable of performing its proper functions, which is, to bind the car of consumption firmly to the engine of production, in order to keep these two powers properly balanced, until the wants of the whole people are fully supplied. But while we are continually inventing, constructing, and improving machinery to increase production on one hand, and display a niggardliness in the distribution of the commodities on the other, the supply must exceed the demand, competition will most assuredly diminish the wages of labour, and thus make the difference between the supply and the demand greater.”

The whole argument of Mr. Emery's pamphlet should be read, to be properly estimated. He is a young man of no ordinary powers of mind; and I am much mistaken in my estimate of him, or he will yet produce much to correct some unfounded theories, and to aid in ameliorating the condition of his order. I select the following sentences—though they are not consecutive in the pamphlet—in lieu of abridging Mr. E.'s argument:—

“In a tract, published by the Messrs. Chambers, Mr. James Smith, a factory millowner, is made to say:—‘Let me assure you that nothing is more certain than that, taking the working classes in the entire mass, that they get a fair share of the proceeds of the national industry.’ And this assumed employer also tells us, that before commencing business for himself, he realized in seven years the sum of twenty thousand pounds by investing in trade the sum of seven hundred pounds, and his savings from a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum. An average of two thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven pounds a year was Mr. Smith's ‘fair share of the proceeds of the national industry,’ while Mr. Jackson, the operative, would receive his fifty or sixty pounds. I am not disposed to question that these respective sums are the fair share of the proceeds to each party in the conventional language of the trade—which means that that is ‘fair’ which each party *can get* in striking a bargain. Neither do I suppose that had the assumed persons changed places the result would have been different. But that Mr. Smith, the millowner, and Mr. Jackson, the operative, had equal advantage in *making* their bargains, I emphatically deny. Freedom of arrangement between capital and labour! The idea is preposterous. Nine-tenths of labourers are no more ‘free’ to state terms to capitalists than they are to fly. The ‘arrangement’ is all on one side. The labourer says ‘Give me work, or I perish.’ He has no other alternative. The capitalist can ‘bide his time,’ and enforce his own terms. With the employer it is a matter of time and convenience: with the employed it is a question of life and death.

“The capitalist and labourer act from opposing points. One is for buying cheap, the other for selling dear; and it is the tendency of capital to make the labour cheap it desires to purchase. The ever-increasing powers of production, through improvements in machinery, tend to drive the living labourer from the market. The price of labour is in a great measure determined by hunger and destitution; and the labourer's difficulty is the capitalist's opportunity.”

“When the working classes shall be in the position necessary to make their present unions generally successful, they will see that the wages system they are now agitating for is



rotten and ruinous. Wages ! the very term implies dependence and poverty. It proclaims the fact that the labourer has been necessitated to pawn his labour, aye, and to sell the duplicate ! He has been compelled to seek for an advance of the means of living and working, from those who desire to get an interest from the deposit of his labour. Trades' unions, designed merely to regulate and protect such advances, by passively withholding labour, may have the effect of checking, for a time, isolated cases of rapacity ; but let us rest assured that such means will never avert that utter prostration of condition which awaits the working classes, unless some interposing intelligence and organization shall make that capital their *servant* which is now their *tyrant*."

"Our political and social economy contain the elements of their own destruction. The necessities of the age as well as the attractiveness of truth will impel a change. An extreme wealth-class, and an extreme poverty-class cannot go on to perpetuity. That capital which has elevated mankind from a state of barbarism, must not now annihilate its producers by retrograde processes of refined starvation and modernized cruelty. The public mind is awakening to the fact, that as the well-being of humanity is dependent upon the development and employment of its several faculties ; so must labour minister to these ends, and become a recognized element in the social state ;—for—in the language of Thomas Carlyle—'this that they call organising of labour is, if well understood, the problem of the whole future for all who will in future pretend to govern men.'"

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No. 7.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1850. [Price One Penny.

## RESOLUTION OF WHIGGERY TO TAKE ITS EASE.

"There is to be no battle, boys;  
We have it our own way!  
Our foes they dare not meet us, boys;  
So we may pipe and play!  
And if the grumblers blame us, boys,  
Why, let them grumble, still!  
Let them, if grumbling please them, boys,  
Of grumbling have their fill!"

*Old Song of 'The Red Coats.'*

LORD JOHN has solved his own riddle with wondrous haste, this time. Joseph Hume put the question, and was answered at once—"We intend to do nothing for the extension of the Franchise *this year.*" Ministers, it is evident, are in raptures with the discovery that Protectionists can do nothing but bark, either *in* Parliament, or out of it: trade, in all the more populous parts of the country, is good: the revenue is declared to be an overplus; and the Whigs think that they have nothing to fear. So they are determined there shall be no dissolution—no extension of the Franchise, *this year.*

There can be no doubt, however, that both dissolution and extension of the Franchise *were* under consideration by them, previous to the opening of Parliament. They have been pleasingly disappointed in seeing that they are secure in their places another year, without either. And their security is manifest—unless some unexpected event should arise to "confound their politics." The Session will go dreamily on—only enlivened by Disraeli's sarcasm, Cobden's 'decorous' hints at Financial Reform, a division and defeat on Hume's motion, and a few other trivialities; and it will depend on what Reformers do *out* of Parliament, as to what kind of 'New Reform Bill'—(for *that* is now talked of)—the Whigs propose in the Session of 1851,—in order to *dissolve* upon it, if necessities *then* press them.

One cannot but entertain one hope; namely that Lord John's *curt* answer to Hume, will rouse the old reformer's mettle, and incline him to listen to those who are advising him to declare for Manhood Suffrage, and so raise a cry from the millions that shall snub the pert confidence of the little Premier. The new Reform party have put off their Conference till the last week in April; so it is most likely intended that Hume shall bring on his motion about the beginning of May. The Conference will serve to bring to a head the ripeness of public opinion on the Franchise; but *individual petitions* should be poured into the House of Commons to show that working men have a will of their own, and do not ask for the Franchise merely because a few M.P.'s. are now beginning to agitate for it.

And let none despair because of successive delays. The question of the Suffrage is gaining ground, daily. Even the *Times*, although affecting to talk coolly about it, is compelled to confess that we shall have it.



Another change on the Continent—(and the President-Pretender is just now thick in the plot for effecting a change—which may leave him on the losing side, though Changarnier seems sworn to aid him with his 'African' butchers!)—another change on the Continent may soon renew the flight of Kings, Princes, and Premiers; and even the stout heart of little Lord John may feel some misgivings, when the *second* act of the great democratic drama of the nineteenth century opens on the European stage. The 'reaction' contributes to make him pert and saucy. He will lower his tone if Democracy begins soon to recover itself abroad.

THOMAS COOPER.

## GOOD NEWS: THE 'ORGANISATION OF LABOUR,' COMMENCED IN LONDON.

THIS week commences an enterprise, in London, which is of far deeper importance than all that is *likely* to be done in Parliament, for the whole session. Its aspect is humble; but none whose hearts are sore with the wrongs of society will treat it with contempt—though it will receive plenty of that kind of treatment from the scoffers who thrive on the wrongs of their fellow-creatures.

During the summer and autumn of last year, a few clergymen, barristers, and London tradesmen, met a company of workingmen, in a public room near Leicester Square, on stated evenings in the week, for the purpose of learning the real condition of the working-classes, and also of hearing what were workingmen's own opinions concerning remedies. On these occasions, the chair was usually taken by Professor Maurice, late of Cambridge, and now of King's College, London. On the part of workingmen, my esteemed cousin, Walter Cooper, (whose fervid eloquence thousands of the men of Manchester and Newcastle have lately heard, and whose large-heartedness has long won him the affection of thousands in London,)—was most constant in his attendance, and, perhaps, contributed most powerfully to confirm the philanthropic projectors of these meetings in the good design with which they entered on them. During the winter, their frequent conversations with M. Jules Lechevalier—one of the high-minded Frenchmen, at present resident among us—have served to strengthen their benevolent purposes; and the result is,—that *capital is provided*, premises are taken at 34, Castle Street, Oxford Street, and on Monday in the present week, a *start is made* by the "WORKING TAILORS' ASSOCIATION," to try what can be done, by the *Organisation of Labour*, towards redeeming some portion of the suffering workers of our beloved old England from their misery.

I have not space to enter into all the details, this week. But I may briefly state that Professor Maurice; Rev. Mr. Hansard; Rev. Mr. Kingsley; Messrs. Ludlow and Hughes, barristers; Mr. Mansfield, chemist; Mr. Lumley, bookseller; and M. Jules Lechevalier—are among the philanthropists who engage to start the undertaking with the necessary capital: that Walter Cooper is entrusted with the *practical* management, on the part of these benevolent persons: that three months' probation is to test the social qualities of the workers; and that *every worker is to share in the profits of the entire concern*, in proportion to the amount of *capital* at which his labour is valued—that is, the amount of what are called 'wages' under the competitive system.

In future numbers I will more fully detail the items of agreement; and



my readers may depend on it, that I shall watch this experiment with anxious interest. If it succeed, a grand intelligent struggle must be made by workingmen, in every part of the country, to urge *partnership, association, organisation of industry* (as friend Thomas Goddard calls it) or *organisation of labour* (in the phrase of noble Louis Blanc) upon the consideration of 'employers' as they are now called. If it succeed, the glorious hope dawns upon British toilers that the obnoxious terms 'Master' and 'Servant' shall pass out of use; and toilers toil together, by brain and hand, on the footing of partners and brothers.

And why should it not succeed? In Paris, *one hundred and fifty* associations of workers exist: in France, *one thousand!* The 'Times' does not tell this. It only hints in obscure and condemnatory language at the *shocking* spread of socialism throughout France! Ay, and it *is* spreading, and *will* spread. Intelligent workingmen there are heart-sick of the old slavish system, and are determined it shall pass away. Thomas Goddard was wrong about the Tailors of the *Rue de Clichy*: they flourish still, and are *a thousand* strong. The association commenced this week in London has not been formed without the strictest and most correct information, as to what is doing in France.

Let success crown one experiment in London, and the example will spread. Let the 'Organisation of Labour' once begin to prevail among our trades and handicrafts; and it can then scarcely fail to find its way into our great manufacturing enterprizes. And if it take root there—can any one doubt that the soil of Old England, of which so many millions of acres now lie waste, shall not soon be occupied by happy colonies of brother workers? May the day soon come!

THOMAS COOPER.

## PEN AND INK SKETCH OF LIFE.

[A REMEMBRANCE.]

It was early in the month of September of the year 1849, on a rather cold drizzly day; the writer had journeyed some six miles on foot, over the up and down roads of a somewhat remote part of Yorkshire. Having passed through sundry villages, more noted for factories and ragged children than for architectural beauty, he found himself on the side of a moor: the fading blossoms of its heather still beautiful. Looking round half bewildered, and not knowing whether to turn to the right or left, he heard close by the sound of voices; strayed leisurely thither; and in due time, found himself by the side of an immense stone quarry. It was the dinner hour, and about a dozen of workmen, men and lads, were enjoying their dinner. Reader, I say *enjoying* their dinner; for they seemed to eat their bread and bacon, or bread and cheese, as it might be, with a right hearty appetite—each, squatted on a small square tool box, or sitting on a folded jacket, with no footman or penny waiter at hand, and neither fruit-knife nor silver fork, and some without a fork at all, holding bread and cold meat in the left hand, with a clasped knife in the other. They seemed to eat their homely fare with a relish for which a half-sick lady of Bath or Cheltenham would have given gladly enough more than a doctor's fee.

Fresh from London—with all its show and glitter, its plate-glass fronts, cabs, omnibuses, city merchants, parliament men, poodle dogs, gentry, and waddling calf flunkies,—it was impossible for me not to think of the contrast. The houses of Oxford-street and Regent-street are built



of stone we know: such stone, too, as we see in that quarry, only carefully cut into square blocks and built into houses. But there is something about a quarry that interests the visitor, even if he be no geologist or gatherer of fossils and petrifications. What is the charm? I will try to tell. It is a consciousness that you are one leaf nearer the core of universal Nature. There is no sham about a stone quarry: no pillars painted over, or small stones fitted in. No, it is Nature's old original family bible; a full folio copy,—leaf and binding in the best condition; and, I am told, that those who are skilled readers, can read even there "the Law and the Prophets."

I had stood for some minutes, when a tall man, of some thirty years of age, approached from behind, carrying in his hand a good sized mattock. He was slightly bowed, not in the body, but in the shoulders; and as I looked at his stone-coloured face and brown hands, I almost envied his Herculean frame,—for he looked strength itself. To my surprise he called me by name, and said, "Don't wonder that I know you! I have oftener than once walked ten miles on foot, to be present in the same meeting-house with you on a Sunday." "I fear the sermon was not worth the journey," I replied. "Let me judge that for myself," he rejoined. "You work in the quarry do you?" I continued. "That I do," he answered, "and work far too hard for little money. Some weeks, I don't earn ten shillings; and have pains and rheumatism for the remainder."

Looking round, I said—"This seems an immense moor." "Ay," he said, "There are a few hundred acres of it, and all it's good for is to keep some thirty or forty shaggy cattle, such as you see there, now." "Do you think it is good land?" I asked. "It would be, if cultivated: all but about twenty acres round the quarry-head. Some portions of it have been cultivated. There are, here and there, furrow marks to be seen. The squire rides over it sometimes: and a pack of hounds following him and his hunting friends. I often think," continued my friend, "that they might find better employment. But what's the use of thinking? it only vexes one with what one sees. They say there is not room enough for us in England; and yet I see every day of my life, five hundred acres of land lying waste, almost every inch of which might be made fertile as a garden. I told the steward *that*, the other day: he said I did not understand it: that clever men in London said emigration was necessary: that all the land could not be cultivated. I put this question to him—Why don't they let *us* try? The steward looked keenly, and said, I did not understand it; but I was a curious fellow, and had some strange notions about me. But, whether I am curious, or not curious, I know I am right; and they *all* know it. The truth is, they are a set of rogues; and so long as they *can*, they will take care of themselves, and do their best to keep the poor man's nose to the grindstone. I cannot write books, or I would answer them; but I know what I see, and what everybody else may see, if they are not *willingly* blind. And when they say to me, that there is not room enough for us all in England, I put my mattock in the earth that way, (suiting the action to the word,) and as the sods turn up fresh, I say, 'Answer me that! I am one of God's creatures, and *that* is God's earth; and if I am not let dig it, who can I blame? Man, or God?'"

I here shook the rough but honest hand of that quarryman, whose sense was as hard and as natural as the stone he hewed; and as I left him I was staunchly of the opinion, that mattock-logic was older, stronger, and sounder than Malthus-logic. Reader what think you?

SAMUEL M. KYDD.



## Correspondence.

Wolverhampton, January 23, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—Your fearless advocacy of the people's rights—your apparently sincere exertions for the advancement of truth—your benevolent efforts to elevate the moral and physical condition of your countrymen—the extent and substantial quality of your information, and the general correctness of your ideas, have long since won my warmest sympathies and admiration.

I regret, however, to observe that a misconception appears to have arisen in your mind with regard to the "Freehold Land" scheme. You say in your late letter to Lord Dudley Stuart, that the thinkers among working men disapprove of the system because it involves a concession inimical to the doctrine of Manhood Suffrage, and because it implies, or seems to imply, that *organic matter*, in the shape of land, has a *better title than intelligence* to the privilege of a vote. Permit me to observe that the majority of "Freehold Land" supporters, do not concede one iota of their claim for Universal Suffrage; on the contrary, they conscientiously believe and declare, with you, *that man, as man, ought to have a voice in that country* to the government of which he pays taxes, and for the defence of which he is liable to be called upon to fight; but they think, nevertheless, that until this *moral right* be made a *legal one*, (hopes—the realization of which twinkle dimly in the distance) something must be done to increase and consolidate the strength of the people, in order to provide a counterpoise to the power of the aristocracy, and gain another point in the mountain of progressive reform.

Nor do they look upon the "Freehold Land" scheme in a *political light* simply. Its *social* advantages are incalculable. It induces thrift, forethought, temperance, and economy; and when it is known that £15,000, out of £19,000, paid to the society, have been saved from the Ale-house—who can gainsay its merits?

The weekly contribution is so small that few are prevented from subscribing. A discontinuance of some superfluous, perhaps *irrational* expense, may accomplish the object. And what, I ask, can be purer or nobler than the satisfaction of him who stands upon his own plot of ground, and knows that, unaided, he earned it for himself? To what more profitable discipline could he have been subjected? What stronger inducement could have been presented to him, to *continue* to walk in the paths of sobriety and peace? I look upon the scheme politically, as a desirable means to a great end: *morally*, as a wide step towards the regeneration of the working-classes. But, I fear, that a show of disapprobation from such a one as yourself will materially retard its progress, and deter many of them from enlisting in its ranks. Their earnings may perhaps again glitter on the tables of the ale-house, or the counters of the gin-shop, whilst they are hoping to receive their "*rights*" in that "good time," which, if thousands pursue such a course, may never arrive. With every assurance of my fervent and sincere esteem,

Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

Mr. Thomas Cooper.

THOMAS T. CAMPBELL.

OPINIONS CONCERNING BEAUTY.—What different ideas are formed in different nations, concerning the beauty of the human shape and countenance! A fair complexion is a shocking deformity on the coast of Guinea; thick lips and a flat nose are a beauty. In some nations, long ears, that hang down upon the shoulders, are the objects of universal admiration. In China, if a lady's foot is so large as to be fit to walk upon, she is regarded as a monster of ugliness. Some of the savage nations in North America tie four boards round the heads of their children, and thus squeeze them, while the bones are tender and gristly, into a form that is almost perfectly square. Europeans are astonished at the absurd barbarity of this practice, to which some missionaries have imputed the singular stupidity of those nations among whom it prevails. But when they condemn those savages, they do not reflect that the ladies in England had, till within these very few years, been endeavouring for near a century past, to squeeze the beautiful roundness of their natural shape into a square form of the same kind.—*Smith.*



## To Correspondents.

\* \* \* Correspondents will please address, "Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London."

"A Learner."—The Greeks themselves wrote *Sokrates*, *Phokion*, *Alkibiades*: the Romans substituted a *c* for the *k*, and, most likely pronounced the *c* hard, as in our word 'card'; while we pronounce the *c* in such names like *s*. Mr. Grote, in his new History of Greece (the best ever yet written), is restoring the proper Greek spelling. If 'Learner' cannot get hold of Mr. Grote's work (which is very dear), Walker's 'Key to the Pronunciation of Classical Names' will give him the accents. Alcibiades is, by us at present, pronounced *Al-se-bi-a-dees*: accent on the third syllable. Nearly all Greek and Latin terminations in 'es' are pronounced like our English word *case*.

"Charles Paul, Islington."—I cannot address the persons he names without a great deal more knowledge of the circumstances. The hint respecting the paper he mentions should have been sent to its editors.

"G. B."—His poetry is so near excellence that I do not decline it without considerable hesitation. Give it up? No. He must persevere, studying the best models: his faculty will ripen.

"D. G., Dundee."—The handbills shall be sent as directed.

"P. H. Eastwood, Middleton."—I never derived assistance from any system of 'Phrenotypics.' To practice the memory is the most infallible way to strengthen it. The Venetian *ducat* mentioned so often in the 'Merchant of Venice' is reckoned at 3s. 6d.

"Committee of the Young Man's Mutual Instruction Society, Little Dean-street, Soho;" "G. B.," "Geo. Lombard;" and others. Their approvals of the proposed *Progress Union* are received, and valued.

"Cincinnatus."—The poetry is respectfully declined. His additional suggestions respecting a *Progress Union* would be proper subjects for consideration by a Conference.

"A. L. B."—Obliged by his letter. The questions he puts respecting the owners of vessels can only be answered by the agents who advertise them in the newspapers. I have no means of answering the enquiry.

"Osmond Martin;" "John P.;" "T. J. Birch;" their poetry is respectfully declined.

"F. R. Nugent."—His lines are good; but they are too fragmentary. Let him try his hand at something more complete; nineteen lines, rather than nine and a half.

"S. W., Bath."—Theodore Parker's 'Thoughts on Matters pertaining to Religion,' is one of the best works he can read. Joseph Barker has published an edition of it, nicely got up in cloth, at the low price of 1s. 9d. Mr. Watson is the London publisher, and any bookseller in Bath can send for it.

## Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

SUNDAY, Feb. 17, at 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square, City Road.) "Christ's transcendent excellence as a moral exemplar; and the consonance of his religion with the Religion of Human Nature"—Thomas Cooper. At 7, Literary Institution, John-street, Fitzroy Square. "Necessity of Union for progress"—Robert Owen. (See Advt.)

MONDAY, Feb. 18, at 8, Temperance Hall, Broadway, Westminster. "Life and Genius of Milton"—Thomas Cooper. At half-past 8, Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars. "Life and Genius of William Hazlitt"—C. Walter. At a quarter to 9, Finsbury Hall, 66, Bunhill Row. "The Settler's Life in Australia"—J. Wade. At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenæum, 17, Chapel Street. "Life and Writings of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd"—D. Milne.

MORALITY OF ACTIONS.—The morality of an action depends upon the motive from which we act. If I fling half-a-crown to a beggar with the intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but with respect to me the action is very wrong.—*Johnson*.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.—He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature, demonstrably multiplies the inlets to happiness; therefore we should cherish ardour in the pursuit of useful knowledge, and remember that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruit.—*Ib*.

EXPECTATION.—It is proper for all to remember, that they ought not to raise expectation which it is not in their power to satisfy, and that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame, than flame sinking into smoke.—*Ib*.

CONFIDENCE.—There is something captivating in spirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield as to a resistless power; nor can he reasonably expect the confidence of others who too apparently distrusts himself.—*Ib*.

COMBINATIONS OF WICKEDNESS would overwhelm the world, by the advantage which licentious principles afford, did not those who have long practised perfidy grow faithless to each other.—*Ib*



## THINKINGS, FROM THOMAS CARLYLE.

DEMOCRACY.—Universal Democracy, whatever we may think of it, has declared itself as an inevitable fact of the days in which we live ; and he who has any chance to instruct, or lead, in these days must begin by admitting that : new street-barricades, and new anarchies, still more scandalous if still less sanguinary, must return and again return, till governing persons everywhere know and admit that. Democracy, it may be said everywhere, is here :—for sixty years now, ever since the grand or *First* French Revolution, that fact has been terribly announced to all the world ; in message after message, some of them very terrible indeed ; and now at last all the world ought really to believe it. That the world does believe it ; that even Kings now as good as believe it, and know, or with just terror surmise, that they are but temporary phantasm Playactors, and that Democracy is the grand, alarming, imminent and indisputable Reality : this, among the scandalous phases we witnessed in the last two years, is a phasis full of hope : a sign that we are advancing closer and closer to the very Problem itself, which it will behove us to solve or die ;—that all fighting and campaigning and coalitioning in regard to the *existence* of the Problem, is hopeless and superfluous henceforth. The gods have appointed it so ; no Pitt, nor body of Pitts or mortal creatures can appoint it otherwise. Democracy, sure enough, is here : one knows not how long it will keep hidden underground even in Russia ;—and here in England, though we object to it resolutely in the form of street-barricades and insurrectionary pikes, and decidedly will not open doors to it on those terms, the tramp of its million feet is on all streets and thoroughfares, the sound of its bewildered thousandfold voice is in all writings and speakings, in all thinkings and modes and activities of men.

SHAMS.—Alas, it is sad enough that Anarchy is here ; that we are not permitted to regret its being here,—for, who that had, for this divine Universe, an eye which was human at all, could wish that Shams of any kind, especially that Sham-Kings should continue ? No : at all costs, it is to be prayed by all men that Shams may *cease*. Good Heavens, to what depths have we got, when this to many a man seems strange ! Yet strange to many a man it does seem ; and to many a solid Englishman, wholesomely digesting his pudding among what are called the cultivated classes, it seems strange exceedingly ; a mad ignorant notion, quite heterodox, and big with mere ruin. He has been used to decent forms long since fallen empty of meaning, to plausible modes, solemnities grown ceremonial,—what you in your iconoclast humour call shams,—all his life long ; never heard that there was any harm in them, that there was any getting on without them. Did not cotton spin itself, beef grow, and groceries and spiceries come in from the East and the West, quite comfortably by the side of shams ? Kings reigned, what they were pleased to call reigning ; lawyers pleaded, bishops preached, and honourable members perorated ; and to crown the whole, as if it were all real and no sham there, did not scrip continue saleable, and the banker pay in bullion, or paper with a metallic basis ?

JUSTICE.—Oceans of horse-hair, continents of parchment, and learned-sergeant eloquence, were it continued till the learned tongue wore itself small in the indefatigable learned mouth, cannot make unjust just. The grand question still remains, Was the judgment just ? If unjust, it will not and cannot get harbour for itself, or continue to have footing in this Universe, which was made by other than One Unjust. Enforce it by never such statuting, three readings, royal assents ; blow it to the four winds with all manner of quilted trumpeters and pursuivants, in the rear of them never so many gibbets and hangmen, it will not stand, it cannot stand. From all souls of men, from all ends of Nature, from the Throne of God above, there are voices bidding it : Away, away ! Does it take no warning ; does it stand, strong in its three readings, in its gibbets and artillery-parks ? The more woe is to it, the frightfuller woe. It will continue standing, for its day, for its year, for its century, doing evil all the while ; but it has One enemy who is Almighty : dissolution, explosion, and the everlasting Laws of Nature incessantly advance towards it ; and the deeper its rooting, more obstinate its continuing, the deeper also, and huger will its ruin and overturn be.

LIFE.—He that embarks on the voyage of life will always wish to advance, rather by the simple impulse of the wind, than the strokes of the oar ; and many founder in their passage, while they lie waiting for the gale.—*Johnson*.



## A MOORLAND CAROL.

To skip along the daisied lea,  
 In the early months o' spring,  
 When vernal verdure clothes the fields,  
 And the waken'd woodlands ring;  
 When all around so full of hope,  
 Gives life to lovely schemes,  
 And favours our aspiring thoughts,  
 Our fair, enchanting dreams:

To loiter by the wimpling brook,  
 In the sunny month o' May,  
 To gambol on the village green,  
 Or tedd the balmy hay:  
 To wander 'mong the mellow woods,  
 In the "leavy month of June,"  
 When the foxglove rears its fairy form,  
 The flowers shed rich perfume:

To scale the rugged mountain's brow,  
 Exalted view the scene:  
 Thoughtful to gaze upon the sea,  
 Clothed in the sunny sheen:  
 O, sweet are these! but sweeter far,  
 And ever so will be,  
 The lonely and mysterious moor:  
 The wild, wide moor, for me!

The wild, the lonely moor for me,  
 Where the purple heather grows,  
 Where the heath-bell sweetly droops its head,  
 And the streamlet gently flows,

Where fairy mists roll o'er the scene,  
 So solemn yet so gay,  
 Where nought unseemly e'er intrudes  
 Upon the lark's light lay!

The wild, the lonely moor for me,  
 Where the plover's evry cry,  
 The curlew's wail, and the bee's deep hum,  
 As it gently skimmeth by  
 The lambkins bleat, the heath-fowl's birr,  
 And the lark's rejoicing lay,  
 Join joyously in concert meet  
 From dawn till close of day!

For save the cottage on the brae,  
 The shieling on the hill,  
 There's nought but nature to be found,  
 And everything is still:  
 The deafening noise of factories  
 Is not there to be found,  
 The misery of crowded lanes,  
 Of dwellings 'neath the ground!

The wild, the lonely moor for me,  
 There we've no wants and woes,  
 Such as afflict the poor with whom  
 Yon city overflows.  
 O, sweet may distant scenes appear,  
 But never can they be,  
 Like the lonely and mysterious moor:  
 The wild, wide moor for me!

Ayr.

WILLIAM WYLIE.

## THE CRY OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

'Tis hard! 'tis hard! to wander on through this bright world of ours,—  
 Beneath a sky of smiling blue,—on velvet paths of flowers:  
 With music in the woods, as there were nought but pleasure known,  
 Or angels walked earth's solitudes:—and yet with want to groan!  
 To see no beauty in the stars, nor in the sun's glad smile;  
 To wail and wander misery-cursed! willing, but cannot toil!  
 There's burning sickness at my heart: I sink down famished:  
 God of the wretched, hear my prayer! I would that I were dead!

Heaven droppeth down with manna still in many a golden shower,  
 And feeds the leaves with fragrant breath, with silver dew, the flower:  
 There's honeyed fruit for bee and bird, with bloom laughs out the tree:  
 There's food for all God's happy things; but none gives food to me!  
 Earth decked with Plenty's garland-crown, smiles on my aching eye:  
 The purse-proud, swathed in luxury, disdainful pass me by:  
 I've eager hands—I've earnest heart—but may not work for bread:  
 God of the wretched, hear my prayer! I would that I were dead!

Gold art thou not a blessed thing? A charm above all other,  
 To shut up hearts to nature's cry, when brother pleads with *brother*?  
 Hast thou a music sweeter than the loving voice of kindness?  
 No, curse thee, thou'rt a mist twixt God and men in outer blindness!  
 "Father, come back!" My children cry! Their voices once so sweet,  
 Now quiver-lance-like, in my bleeding heart! I cannot meet!  
 The looks that make the brain go mad, of dear ones asking bread!  
 God of the wretched hear my prayer! I would that I were dead!

Lord, what right have the poor to wed? Love's for the gilded great!  
 Are they not formed of nobler clay who dine off golden plate?  
 'Tis the worst curse of poverty to have a feeling heart:  
 Why can I not, with iron grasp, thrust out the tender part?  
 I cannot slave in yon Bastile! Ah, no! 'twere bitterer pain—  
 I'd wear the pauper's iron within, than clank the convict's chain!  
 To work but cannot—starve, I may—but will not beg for bread:  
 God of the wretched, hear my prayer! I would that I were dead!

GERALD MASSEY

## CRITICAL EXEGETIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848—9, AND 1849—50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

*Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'*

## III.—THE MIRACLES.

IF Nature, or the Universe, had no Laws, there could be no talk about Miracles. The very use of a word which means something out of the course of Nature, proves that even those who use it recognise that regular course of phenomena which we term the Laws of Nature. These laws exist. All men recognise them.

True, there are some distinctions to be made when the universality of this recognition is affirmed. For instance; an inhabitant of Central Africa who had neither been out of that climate,—nor conversed with any one who had,—nor read a book,—could have no knowledge of that law of Nature whereby water may become solid: he had never seen ice, and it is not likely that, in that hot climate, he would dream of it. Again: a peasant of the Dark Ages could have no knowledge of the laws of nature which attach to our Planetary system: he could no more suspect that the Earth revolved round the Sun, than he could believe that he walked on his head. Nay, again: even a philosopher of the Dark Ages, if he could now be resuscitated, and told that we were able to exchange thoughts by means of a wire with persons hundreds of miles distant from us, and this in a second of time, might be expected to deny it. He might say he knew that a wire had no such property as that which we attributed to it, nor could it be made to have such a property: it was contrary to the Laws of Nature.

So then, even to comparatively cultivated minds some of these Laws have been unknown; while to rude or unexperienced persons many of these laws have remained unknown. Yet, after all the necessary expenditure of definition, the truth remains that Men universally, though in relation to the degree of their knowledge, recognise Nature as having fixed or regular laws.

Do we ever see these Laws departed from? *Never.* If any man in this assembly were to say he had, all of us would tell him he was mistaken; and would demand the relation of what he had seen, in order to shew him that it was, after all, but an operation of a Law of Nature which he had witnessed.

If this were an assembly of learned and orthodox Christian divines they would do the same; for *they* say 'the age of Miracles is past.' If a deeply pious man recovers in an unexpected manner from a grievous sickness, for instance, they do not say that a miracle has been performed upon him; but that 'God has blessed the means,'—or, that 'in the order of His Providence it has pleased God to restore him.' I am not speaking of the dreams about 'answers to faith' and 'answers to prayer' among fanatics: I repeat that, with every orthodox Christian divine making the slightest pretences to education, the idea of miracles being performed *now* is held to be absurd: the decided proclamation is that miracles have long ceased.

Then, why, if it be absurd to suppose miracles are performed *now*, is it reasonable to believe that they ever were performed? Because, say the orthodox, a Revelation was necessary to guide man. He was a poor lost wandering creature—morally sunk and degraded and incapable of finding out the way



of life—one divinely commissioned must be sent to teach him—and he who was sent must be able to prove his divine commission by doing what Omnipotence alone could enable him to do—that is, controvert the fixed laws of the Universe.

To answer at length this *à priori* argument for Miracles would lead us far from our present purpose. We can but wonder at one fact of enormous magnitude : that the Revelation which is meant, with all its supposed proofs of a Divine Commission, has, during the 1800 years which have elapsed since it is affirmed to have been given, not yet reached half of the human race. This fact would seem, at the outset, a barrier to the belief that it was miraculously given by Omnipotence, or by Infinite Benevolence, since if the Omnipotent compassionated his lost and fallen creation, He would have taken effectual means to proclaim His will without favouritism. Another argument would have to be entered into—namely, the proof that Man is unable to discover by his own reason the rules of a virtuous life, and unable to practice them. Here, we should stand prepared to deny the doctrine of Man's helplessness altogether ; and to contend that no such Revelation is necessary : that Nature, around Man and within Man, furnishes her own Revelation : that *duty* is but another name for *law*, and that the observance of his own nature is sufficient to shew man that frequent reflection upon his duties, or the moral laws, will inevitably influence his life, and lead him to cherish no thought, to speak no word, to perform no act, which can disturb his own happiness or the happiness of others—but so to regulate his thoughts, and words, and deeds as to enhance his own happiness and that of the whole human race.

This would be challenging both the need of a Revelation, and of Miracles to support it. But our present purpose is of another kind : it is to examine, by induction, whether what are called the Miracles of the Four Gospels be truths. There is but one legitimate way of doing this. We have to remember that they are the relations of a book, and of a book of a by-gone age. Who wrote the narratives we do not know. We have shewn, in the two introductory discourses, that there is no certain knowledge whatever upon this point ; and we continue to call the Four Gospels by the names of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, to avoid confusion, and for no other reason.

We saw that the two first chapters of Matthew and Luke, respectively, were composed of independent narratives, partly, and in other parts were contradictory ; that they set forth genealogies of Joseph the father of Jesus which were completely irreconcilable with each other ; while they, more strangely still, affirm that Jesus was begotten without Joseph, and therefore render *both* the genealogies absurdly needless, or—if one only be the genealogy of Joseph, though the record does not say so,—render that *one* genealogy equally absurd and needless. We have seen that the Divine Being is related by Luke to have sent an angel with a heathen name to inform the Virgin at Nazareth, that she should be, supernaturally, the mother of the Messiah ; and yet that this chosen vessel of the Divine purposes is left by the Divine Being in a state of suspicion and shame, and another revelation has to be made to her husband, according to Matthew, who knows not Nazareth as the original dwelling place of Joseph and Mary, but introduces them at the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem ; that Luke's inspiration—the inspiration of him who had 'perfect understanding of all things from the very first'—gives him no knowledge of the shame to which Mary had been exposed, or of the revelation made to Joseph her husband about his espoused wife being with child of the Holy Ghost : that he relates as the occasion of their journey to Bethlehem a taxing of "all the world" by Augustus Cesar which was never made, or if it mean all Judea,



and a taxing and censorship when Kyrenius was governor of Syria, was not made till several years after the date alleged by Matthew as that of the birth of Christ. We have seen both the narrators meet in the mythic idea of their old nation that the Messiah must be born in "Bethlehem of Judah;" and that they thus bring him, in the legendary spirit, to Bethlehem. No sooner have they agreed in naming the mythic place of his birth, however, than we see them diverge again, with the true characteristics of the legendary spirit. Luke introduces a chorus of angels chaunting the advent of the Messiah to shepherds, who go and visit the child, and spread abroad what they have seen, praising and glorifying God;—the child is circumcised, and the days of purification (40) are fulfilled, and Simeon and Anna publicly testify to the child's Messiahship in the temple;—and, 'when all things are fulfilled,' its parents go down quietly to reside at Nazareth, coming up to the annual feasts; and we hear no more expressly about the Divinely-begotten child until he discourses with the doctors at twelve years old. Luke's mythical idea we saw was that the Messiah must fulfil the whole law from a child—and his legend is worked out in perfect fidelity to that idea.

But we saw that Matthew was guided by another set of Myths—these being so plentiful in the old literature of his nation, and the tendency of his people being so strong to form secondary senses of the old writings, that they made passages to bear upon the Messiah which a nation living out of their class of ideas could not have thought of applying to him. The angels talked of in Luke, and all the spreading abroad of the good news by the shepherds, although Bethlehem was not three hours' distant from Jerusalem,—had not carried the news of the Messiah's appearance to Jerusalem,—inasmuch as, by Matthew's account, the Magi's enquiry caused Herod the king to be "troubled, and all Jerusalem with him,"—and after assembling his counsellors, and obtaining from them a guess from prophecy that the search must be made in Bethlehem,—he had to direct the Magi to "go and search diligently for the young child." The miraculous star that went and "stood over where the young child was"—the Massacre of the Innocents—the Flight into Egypt—the Return, and successive Divine warnings—until the going down to dwell at Nazareth, which city Matthew had never mentioned before—were utterly adverse to Luke's story, and had their origin in another set of mythical ideas.

We were so far from calling these contrary accounts the records of 'plenary inspiration,' that we saw,—both by their structure, and the forced and inapplicable texts from the Old Testament brought to support them,—that they were plainly and palpably legendary, and deserving of no more credit as facts, than the fables of King Arthur and Merlin the Prophet.

At a second stage of our enquiry, we were again compelled to reject as legendary much that seemed to be related for fact—such as the descent of the Divine spirit in the form of a dove at the Baptism—the heavenly voice—the testimony of John the Baptist to the Messiahship of Jesus—and the wildly imaginative story of the Temptation by the Devil.

We thus enter on the third, and more important series of investigation, with no encouragement to expect an absence of legend. Yet, for the 'Miracles' related to have been performed by Christ, we have an incontestable right to demand the clearest historic evidence. It is affirmed and held to be a sacred truth in the land of our birth, that the truth of the Redeemer's Divine mission rests upon them. The 'Miracles' are, therefore, the bulwarks of orthodox belief, and should be impregnable to fair criticism. A sense of their importance, according to the shewing of orthodox divines themselves, must compel us to examine these accounts of supernatural events with a strictness we



should scarcely feel it necessary to apply to any other relations ever made by man. At every step, Reason must demand—*Who* are the witnesses? What is their warrant for credibility? What is the accordance of their testimony? If the Gospel records give an unsatisfactory answer to these rational, fair, and honest questions—who will dare to say that rational, fair, and honest enquirers ought to receive present censure and everlasting punishment, as a consequence of rejecting what to them is not proved? Whatever may be the result of our enquiry—and, from the diversity of minds it cannot be expected to be alike in all—let us, however, enter on this examination rationally, fairly, and honestly. And, for the advantage of order and distinctness, let us, first, examine that class of miracles in which Jesus is described as operating supernaturally upon human beings. Following the classification of Strauss, these will be—1. Demoniacs; 2. Lepers; 3. The Blind; 4. Paralytics; 5. Involuntary cures; 6. Cures at a distance; 7. Cures on the Sabbath; 8. Resuscitations of the Dead. The remaining 'Miracles' will be of a mixed character: 1. Those relating to the Sea; 2. The multiplication of the loaves and fishes; 3. The turning of the water into wine; 4. The cursing of the barren fig-tree.

(To be continued in next number.)

## Reviews.

*Educational Economy; or State Education Vindicated from the Objections of the Voluntaries of Voluntaryism.* By THOMAS EMERY.

*Prize Essay: The Causes of Crime; its Prevention and Punishment.* By the same Author.

I BEG to recommend the perusal of these essays—the production of the promising young thinker mentioned in the notice of the Prize Essay last week—to all thoughtful working men. The treatise on 'State Education,' is, to my mind, most unanswerable. I shall make no extracts from it—for it ought to be read entire. The following passages from the "Causes of Crime" will give my readers an additional taste of our author's quality:—

"Some parties ascribe the commission of crime to the recklessness and improvidence of criminals. What is crime under such circumstances but the manifestation of anxiety to provide for wants, either real or fictitious, in an *ignorant* and unprincipled manner? Others in going a step further assert that recklessness, improvidence, and crime are only other manifestations of that depreciated self-respect and indifference to public good, engendered by bad national government and the deprivation of political and social rights. And what is bad government, but palpable, self-imputative evidence against the assumed '*collective wisdom*' of a country? and what is political and social serfdom, but proof positive of the absence of that *mental stamina* which, if possessed, would assert its own dignity, and morally enforce its own claims. Another class of reformers assume that indifference to public good, loss of self-respect, recklessness, improvidence, and criminality, are mainly attributable to the drinking customs of society; whereas, drunkenness is a secondary evil, arising from a *mistaken* method of obtaining pleasurable excitement. Look at the subject of crime from whatever point we may, we shall find it resolvable into some mental aberration, moral deficiency, or individual incompetency—in fact, we shall be led to the conclusion that, '*ignorance* is the parent of crime.'

"In asserting that ignorance is the primary cause of crime, I mean not merely an ignorance of the rudiments of education, but an incapacity to appreciate the true interest of humanity—an unacquaintance with the philosophy of every-day life."

"The punishment of crime is a subject of considerable difficulty. Various opinions prevail upon the purposes and utility of punishment. Punishment is an appeal to the fears of the individual through the infliction of pain. It most probably first arose from the blind desire of an injured party to cause his antagonist to feel the same pain he had inflicted. But punishment in this sense is absurd, for supposing it possible that such antagonist could experience precisely the same pain, how could the punishment thus inflicted affect or alter the pain



previously experienced by such injured party? If the punishment of an antagonist is not the result of a desire to deter him or others from like conduct, we may call it the 'satisfaction of justice,' but it is nothing more nor less than revenge. Punishment abstractedly considered is an absurdity. Strictly speaking, mere punishment cannot be justly included in judicial tactics. If punishment has no intelligent reference to consequences, it is a barbarous infliction of injustice; and the infliction of injustice, in any degree, and by any authority, will not be barren of injurious results. Punishment is a miserable substitute for reason. It is too immediate and summary in its operations. It deals with the last manifestation of conduct, and separates such conduct from all antecedents. Punishment too often disregards consequences, and, in the mind of the inflicter, it ends where it began, in a revengeful feeling. The child beats the table which has bruised its head—the plebeian satisfies *his* measure of justice by a pugilistic encounter—the 'gentleman of honour' seeks mortal combat—and government, finding it incompatible with anything approaching to order to allow these 'justice' satisfying proceedings to be carried on individually, takes upon itself the wholesale disposition of differences. And what reason does government give for the punishment it inflicts, apart from the evidence of its superior power to inflict such punishment? What does government prove itself in the conduct of this business more than a Fighter-General, a champion of physical force for society?"

"Discussions upon mere prison discipline are only attempts to shift the difficulty—not to remove it. Our course, for the present, should be in another direction. The prime energies of society should now be directed to the prevention of crime by educational measures. All available means should be employed to discipline the rising generation in intelligence and virtue. I know it may be objected that the effects of such efforts are remote from realization. Is not this a characteristic of all important and permanent improvements? Is there a shorter cut to the 'good time' of virtue and happiness than by the steady march of mind? If reform by education is slow and distant, demonstrate the ameliorative means which are quicker and surer? What plan or project is there susceptible of general adoption, which ignores intelligence as a condition of our progress, and which repudiates reason as the arbiter of our moral, social, and political destiny? Those who repine at the remoteness of prospect should look at the inevitableness of the question. There is no escape from the evils of crime, but by the enlightenment of the masses; and the public enlightenment can only be accomplished by time, appliance, and perseverance. 'Small strokes fell great oaks,' and 'a grain of wisdom is worth a ton of folly.' I say again—diffuse knowledge—promote education—extirpate that monster-evil, ignorance; and crime, with a train of intermediate, causative evils—recklessness, drunkenness, improvidence, poverty, political and social injustice—will be immensely diminished, progress will be accelerated, and an advanced state of civilization attained; in which the rare victim of criminality will receive other treatment than vindictive violence, and sanguinary execution."

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*The Working Man's Journal, and Free Enquirer.*

THIS is a weekly penny periodical, published in the Staffordshire Potteries; and has now reached its 32nd number. Many of the articles are interesting chiefly to local readers; and the wrongs under which the working men of the great Pottery district frequently labour are fearlessly dragged to light, and shewn up by the writers in this spirited paper. But several of the articles are of general interest, and are also ably written—such as those entitled—"Workshop Education"—"Knowledge"—"Self-Government"—"Government and Governors;" as well as the papers by Benjamin Glover, Veritas, Anti-Bullion, Cannon, and others.

The spreading intelligence in this district must be indubitably proved to the oppressors resident in it, by the publication of this working man's paper—for it is conducted and supported *solely* by working men. Let other districts learn a lesson by their example! Why should not *every* populous locality have its own weekly periodical, conducted and supported on the same principles, and by the same means?

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*Eastern Life, Present and Past.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE enlightened Committee of the Mechanics' Institute, in the wise town of Burton-on-Trent, have *burnt this book, for its immorality!* Of course, these Men of Gotham will help the sale of the work. 'Immorality,' in *their*



vocabulary, simply means *heterodoxy*. Miss Martineau's vigorous mind cannot receive the contradiction contained in the doctrine of the Trinity, or the legend of the Incarnation, for *fact*: she sees, in old Egypt, the source of these, and other mythical parts of the orthodox creed of Christendom,—and speaks out her thoughts! Let all lovers of Truth honour her for it; and let the sapient Burtonians do their little, *auto-da-fé* after their own pious way, poor things!

Passing by much stirring description of the country, the first deeply reflective piece of thought we have in the book, discovers to us the source of the Egyptian doctrines of the Good Power and the Evil; and how they have pervaded the creeds of other nations. Few modern books contain thoughts so valuable to the determined seeker after Truth, or so nobly expressed:—

“If I were to have the choice of a fairy gift, it should be like none of the many things I fixed upon in my childhood, in readiness for such an occasion. It should be for a great winnowing fan, such as would, without injury to human eyes and lungs, blow away the sand which buries the monuments of Egypt. What a scene would be laid open then! One statue and sarcophagus, brought from Memphis, was buried one hundred and thirty feet below the mound surface. Who knows but that the greater part of old Memphis, and of other glorious cities, lies almost unharmed under the sand! Who can say what armies of sphinxes, what sentinels of colossi, might start upon the banks of the river, or come forth from the hill sides of the interior, when the cloud of sand had been wafted away! The ruins which we now go to study might then appear occupying only eminences, while below might be ranges of pylons, miles of colonnade, temples intact, and gods and goddesses safe in their sanctuaries. What quays along the Nile, and the banks of forgotten canals! What terraces, and flights of wide shallow steps! What architectural stages might we not find for a thousand miles along the river, where now the orange sands lie so smooth and light as to show the track,—the clear foot print—of every beetle that comes out to bask in the sun!—But it is better as it is. If we could once blow away the sand, to discover the temples and palaces, we should next want to rend the rocks to lay open the tombs: and heaven knows what this would set us wishing further. It is best as it is; for the time has not come for the full discovery of the treasures of Egypt. It is best as it is. The sand is a fine means of preservation; and the present inhabitants perpetuate enough of the names to serve for guidance when the day for exploration shall come. The minds of scholars are preparing for an intelligent interpretation of what a future age may find: and science, chemical and mechanical, will probably supply such means hereafter as we have not now, for treating and removing the sand when its conservative office has lasted long enough. We are not worthy yet of this great unveiling: and the inhabitants are not, from their ignorance, trustworthy as spectators. It is better that the world should wait, if only care be taken that the memory of no site now known be lost. True as I feel it to be that we had better wait, I was for ever catching myself in a speculation, not only on the buried treasures of the mounds on shore, but on means for managing this obstinate sand.

“And yet, vexatious as is its presence in many a daily scene, this sand has a bright side to its character,—like everything else. Besides its great office of preserving unharmed for a future age the records of the oldest times known to man, the sand of the desert has, for many thousand years, shared equally with the Nile the function of determining the character and the destiny of a whole people, who have again operated powerfully on the characters and destiny of other nations. Everywhere, the minds and fortunes of human races are mainly determined by the characteristics of the soil on which they are born and reared. In our own small island, there are, as it were, three tribes of people, whose lives are much determined still, in spite of all modern facilities for intercourse, by the circumstance of their being born and reared on the mineral strip to the west,—the pastoral strip in the middle,—or the eastern agricultural portion. The Welsh and Cornwall miners are as widely different from the Lincolnshire or Kentish husbandmen, and the Leicestershire herdsmen as Englishmen can be from Englishmen. Not only their physical training is different; their intellectual faculties are differently exercised, and their moral ideas and habits vary accordingly. So it is in every country where there is a diversity of geological formation: and nowhere is the original constitution of their earth so strikingly influential on the character of its inhabitants as in Egypt. There everything depends—life itself, and all that it includes—on the state of the unintermitting conflict between the Nile and the Desert. The world has seen many struggles; but no other so pertinacious, so perdurable, and so sublime as the conflict of these two great powers. The Nile, ever young because perpetually renewing its youth, appears to the inexperienced eye to have no chance, with its stripling force, against the great old Goliath, the



Desert, whose might has never relaxed, from the earliest days till now; but the giant has not conquered yet. Now and then he has prevailed for a season; and the tremblers whose destiny hung on the event have cried out that all was over: but he has once more been driven back, and Nilus has risen up again, to do what we see him doing in the sculptures,—bind up his water-plants about the throne of Egypt. These fluctuations of superiority have produced extraordinary effects on the people for the time: but these are not the forming and training influences which I am thinking of, now. It is true that when Nile gains too great an accession of strength, and runs in destructively upon the Desert, men are in despair at seeing their villages swept away, and that torrents come spouting out from the sacred tombs in the mountain, as the fearful clouds of the sky come down to aid the river of the valley. It is true that in the opposite case, they tremble when the heavens are alive with meteors, and the Nile is too weak to rise and meet the sand columns that come marching on, followed by blinding clouds of the enemy: and that famine is then inevitable, bringing with it the moral curses which attend upon hunger. It is true that at such times strangers have seen (as we know from Abdallatif, himself an eye-witness) how little children are made food of, and even men slaughtered for meat, like cattle. It is true that such have been the violent effects produced on men's conduct by extremity here;—effects much like what are produced by extremity everywhere. It is not of this that I am thinking when regarding the influence on a nation of the incessant struggle between the Nile and the Desert. It is of the formation of their ideas and habits, and the training of their desires.

From the beginning, the people of Egypt have had everything to hope from the river, nothing from the desert; much to fear from the desert, and little from the river. What their Fear may reasonably be, any one may know who looks upon a hillocky expanse of sand, where the little jerboa burrows, and the hyæna prowls at night. Under these hillocks lie temples and palaces, and under the level sands, a whole city. The enemy has come in from behind, and stifled and buried it. What is the Hope of the people from the river, any one may witness who, at the regular season, sees the people grouped on the eminences, watching the advancing waters, and listening for the voice of the crier, or the boom of the cannon which is to tell the prospect or event of the inundation of the year. Who can estimate the effect on a nation's mind and a character of a perpetual vigilance against the desert; (see what it is in Holland of a similar vigilance against the sea!) and of an annual mood of Hope in regard to the Nile? Who cannot see what a stimulating and enlivening influence this periodical anxiety and relief must exercise on the character of a nation?—And then, there is the effect on their ideas. The Nile was naturally deified by the old inhabitants. It was a god to the mass; and at least one of the manifestations of deity to the priestly class. As it was the immediate cause of all they had, and all they hoped for,—the creative power regularly at work before their eyes, usually conquering, though occasionally checked, it was to them the Good Power; and the Desert was the Evil one. Hence came a main part of their faith, embodied in the allegory of the burial of Osiris in the sacred stream, whence he rose, once a year, to scatter blessings over the earth.—Then, the structure of their country originated or modified their ideas of death and life. As to the disposal of their dead;—they could not dream of consigning their dead to the waters, which were too sacred to receive any meaner body than the incorruptible one of Osiris: nor must any other be placed within reach of its waters, or in the way of the pure production of the valley. There were the boundary rocks, with the hints afforded by their caves. These became sacred to the dead. After the accumulation of a few generations of corpses, it became clear how much more extensive was the world of the dead than that of the living: and as the proportion of the living to the dead became, before men's eyes, smaller and smaller, the state of the dead became a subject of proportionate importance to them, till their faith and practice grew into what we see them in the records of the temples and tombs,—engrossed with the idea of death and in preparation for it. The unseen world became all in all to them; and the visible world and present life of little more importance than as the necessary introduction to the higher and greater. The imagery before their eyes perpetually sustained these modes of thought. Everywhere they had in presence the symbols of the worlds of death and life;—the limited scene of production, activity and change;—the valley with its verdure, its floods, and its busy multitudes, who were all incessantly passing away, to be succeeded by their like; while, as a boundary to this scene of life, lay the region of death, to their view unlimited, and everlastingly silent to the human ear.—Their imagery of death was wholly suggested by the scenery of their abode. Our reception of this is much injured by our having been familiarised with it first through the ignorant and vulgarised Greek adoption of it, in their imagery of Charon, Styx, Cerberus and Rhadamanthus: but if we can forget these, and look upon the older records with fresh eyes, it is inexpressibly interesting to contemplate the symbolical representations of death by the oldest of the Egyptians, before Greek or Persian was heard of in the world; the passage of the dead across the river or lake of the valley, attended by the Conductor of souls the god Aunbis; the formidable dog, the guardian of the mansion of Osiris, (or the divine



abode;) the balance in which the heart or deeds of the deceased are weighed against the symbol of Integrity; the infant Harpocrates,—the emblem of a new life, seated before the judge; the range of assessors who are to pronounce on the life of the being come up to judgment; and finally the judge himself, whose suspended sceptre is to give the sign of acceptance or condemnation. Here the deceased has crossed the living valley and river; and in the caves of the death region, where the howl of the wild dog is heard by night, is this process of judgment going forward; and none but those who have seen the contrasts of the region with their own eyes,—none who have received the idea through the borrowed imagery of the Greeks, or the traditions of any other people,—can have any adequate notion how the mortuary ideas of the primitive Egyptians, and through them, of the civilised world at large, have been originated by the everlasting conflict of the Nile and the Desert."

(To be continued.)

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No. 8.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1850. [Price One Penny.

## SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

"The feudal serf—though still a clown,  
Doth read; and, where his sires gave homage, pays—a frown!"

"The sinewy artisan, the weaver lean,  
The shrunken stockinger, the miner swarth,  
Read, think, and feel; and in their eyes the sheen  
Of burning thought betokens thy young birth  
Within their souls, blythe Liberty!"

*Purgatory of Suicides.*

WITH all their misery and degradation, the young intelligence of the People is a century in advance of their's who pretend to govern. Let those who doubt this look into the Working-men's Journals, which are springing up in the land, and mark the far-advanced ideas so ardently expressed, and the thoughts that are stirring in poor men's hearts, poured forth with a fearless utterance. It is the People's thoughts: and as all institutions are preceded by, and based on thoughts, so shall the People's institutions, social, political, and religious, follow the People's thinking. In fact, no revolution can be wrought out that is not first thought out. Well, we are thinking; and a revolution is going on in England now, more effectual than any yet witnessed on the continent. True, we are not pulling down thrones, crowns, prisons, and bastiles, by force of arms. Yet we are destroying piece-meal the ground on which they are built: so that when they fall, they fall for ever; and this is better than to demolish them, and yet leave our enemies the place and power wherewith to build others. See, too, the many movements which, day by day, are springing into existence for the redemption of struggling Humanity: movements which our forefathers deemed Utopian. Ah, blessings on the Utopians! the practicalities of To-day were chimeras pitting about the Utopian of Yesterday; and the Utopian of To-day shall become the Realities of To-morrow! All the world's grandest ideas have been denounced as mad, and their enunciators have been branded Utopian! Hold on, my struggling, suffering brothers, worn heart-bare by toil and travail, in the competitive strife; crushed as you are by machinery and capital, you shall yet conquer, and wield them to your own purposes, instead of fitting iron shafts and never-tiring wheels against heart-strings and sinews, and compelling tender infancy to earn its own dear bread by the eternal cheapening of flesh and blood! I see a light in your eyes which is the light of Knowledge; and that knowledge shall enable you to play a noble part in the redemption of the time, and the emancipation of the down-trodden of the earth. On every hand I read some sign of Progress.

"I watch the circle of th' eternal years,  
And read for ever in the storied page  
In the long scroll of blood, and wrong, and tears,  
One onward step of Truth from age to age.



Men slay the prophets : faggot, rack, and cross,  
 Make up the groaning record of the Past :  
 But Error's gains are her eternal loss ;  
 And sov'reign Freedom wins the world at last."

Thirty years ago and the pillory stood by the walls of old Newgate. In its grip was Daniel Isaac Eaton, an old patriarch of patriotism, and warrior for freedom of Thought. His enemies had thrust him there, to nail him on the cross of public hatred. The mob were gathered to pelt and insult the good old man ; and there he stood looking on them, so dauntless yet so forgiving—worn, scarred and grey, yet so mildly Christ-like, that the mob could not persecute : a strange feeling of sympathy was stirring in their hearts ; and, at last, a cheer burst from them—and such a cheer that shook universal Tyranny !

Hear it priests ! hear it tyrants ! the *canaille* cheer your victim ; and ring the death-knell of another instrument of torture—for it is the last day of the Pillory on Newgate hill. And thus, as enlightenment spreads among the masses, shall we have the down-cheer of torture and tyranny of all kinds bursting from them. For it is in the dense ignorance which covers the people like a sea of darkness, that Tyranny lets drop its anchors. Remove this, and its mainstay is gone ; and the King-craft, the Priest-craft, and the State-craft shall be swept away by the rushing waves of Progress.

Time was when we simple "clowns" could not conceive how a man might have a sounding title, and not be a great man. Hence you would see our villagers bowing and cringing when the "Lord," or the "Squire," or other parish-anointed notability was passing. Poor things ! they did not see that the lordling and the squire were but paupers preying on their flesh and earnings. They did not calculate how these wrung the life out of their hearts, day by day, to add to their own superfluities. Poor things ! the poet's quatrain—how truly it described their blindness :—

"They do not see that the charities  
 Of the rich for no gratitude call :  
 They rob us first then demand our thanks  
 That they did not rob us of all !"

But this degrading servility is fast wearing away. We have been wont to look on a "lord" hooded in the gloom of our ignorance : now, we see him in the light of Knowledge, and, lo ! he has not even a crown on his head, like the common cock that lords it on the dunghill ; *ergo*, we ken not why he should be cock of the world's walk any longer. In fact, we see that there is no difference between the heads of lords and our own, save that *their* brains preponderate at the back of the head, whilst ours lie nearer to our eyes. We begin to love the nobles of Nature who wear the stamp of the gods on their brows ; and to loathe these miserable imposter-lords, who have so long passed current in the world for nobleness they did not possess. We begin to value a man for the good he does, and not for the large pension of which he plunders society ; for the numbers of his fellows he saves from suffering, and not for the number of throats he cuts.

I say these are signs of Progress. Then be not dismayed, my brothers ! Though we do not conquer in a day, have patience and still struggle on, for in struggling shall we win the iron thews that serve to throw the world ! It needs a high heart and never-tiring faith to bear up ; but, let not your hearts die within you, ye who toil on thro' nights of suffering and days of pain, watering the bread of penury with the tears of misery. Remember that sacrifice and suffering are the natural inheritance of the soldiers of Liberty ; but "Nil desperandum" cried Leonidas, and Greece was saved at Thermopylæ ! "Nil desperandum" pleaded Columbus to his mutinous crew,



and in three days the new World was found! "Nil desperandum" shouted immortal Kossuth, unsheathing his sword, and like a giant roused from wine, the gallant Hungarian nation rolled back the tide of war from the shores of their loved Fatherland, with a crash that shattered the Austrian Empire to its rotten core! "Nil desperandum" cried the heroic Mazzini to the men of Rome, and crushed and down-trodden as they were, Earth felt the tread of the Roman once more! "Nil desperandum" cry we, my Brothers, and yet we'll revolutionize the tides and currents of old England's heart, and make her a land worth living in and worth dying for! Many more martyrs will yet die in the People's cause; many will fall by the way; many more tears will fall to the earth; many more groans will ascend to Heaven; yet will our day of triumph come. Even now, the despots of the earth and oppressors of the nations, like swine swimming, are cutting their own throats by hastening the day of bloody assize. Tyranny may as well essay to stop the planets in their orbits, as to stay a People ripe for freedom from accomplishing their destiny.

They may ape Canute of old, and cry to the mighty waves, "Go back!" but the waters will ascend higher still and higher, and sweep to destruction the boasted bulwarks of despotism. For even as God said, "Let there be light!" and there *was* light; so let the people say, "Let there be Freedom!" and there *shall* be Freedom.

GERALD MASSEY.

#### AN ARGUMENT FOR UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

THE right of every man to a voice in making the laws to which, in a state of society, he is bound to subject himself, might be satisfactorily established by some such an argument as follows:—Let it be admitted as a truth—let it be laid down as an axiom, for assuredly no one will be found to deny it, be his religious creed what it may—that *all forms of government must have either a divine or a human origin*. In other words, every system of law is *either* the emanation of Divine intelligence, having its birth from, and owing its maintenance to a power independent of any secondary or created being; *or*, else it is the result of human contrivance, and the offspring of human thought. The Power, commonly called God, which governs the entire system of nature—the terrestrial and celestial systems of the universe—may legitimately be termed *divine*, for whether it acts by partial or by general laws, it is certainly antecedent to humanity, and above its comprehension. It is superhuman and therefore divine. To the laws emanating from this Intelligence, this Divinity, man himself is compelled to submit. Born their subject, in his allegiance to them must he die. There is, in this sense, such a thing as divine government; nature bears witness to the fact; and is there not also such a thing as human government? Certainly. We acknowledge this fact in the various Monarchies, Oligarchies, and Republics, of ancient and modern times. They depend for their existence on the will of man; by that will are they regulated, preserved, or destroyed; there are social worlds governed by man, as absolutely as all physical worlds are by what is termed God, or nature. Every national government, then, being a system of law, must have either a divine or a human origin; that is, it must be either the growth of Heaven or earth; it never comes down to man from a superior and irresponsible Power, and is imposed upon him whether he approve or not, *or* it flows from man as the result of inherent tendencies in his constitution, having its germ planted deep in his intellectual and moral being. If, therefore, all political institutions and governments are established either by the authority of man, or the will



of God, and if the latter be the correct view, why then the extreme old Tory doctrine of the 'Right divine' of Kings may possibly be true, and wherever that divine-right institution is found, with it no mortal is justified in interfering. It rules him as arbitrarily as any fixed law of nature, and he must obey its decrees, or suffer the penalties consequent on disobedience. This dogma is, however, exploded, and except in certain polite circles where loyal old maids sigh over the degeneracy of the age, is scouted as a transcendent absurdity. On the other hand, if all political institutions originate in the will of man—if it be true that *the people are the only legitimate source of political power*—is it not true that every political constitution, every national government not founded on a broad popular basis is an illegitimate constitution—a spurious, unjust, tyrannical government? An escape from the affirmative is impossible. And as a corollary to this it may be asserted that as man, or the people, can alone frame a rightful national government, so man, or the people, must have the right to overturn a wrongful national government.

We now come to the question 'Who are the people?' The answer to which is, by the people of a country, we mean the population of a country, neither more or less. "What!" exclaims the aristocrat, "do you universal suffragists intend every man, woman, and child, irrespective of age, education, or character, to vote for members of parliament?" Not so fast, good sir, if you please there is no rule without an exception, and exceptions are commonly said to prove the rule. We the advocates of universal, or manhood suffrage, are no so mad as many imagine; we seek nothing that carries the stamp of folly or its face; nothing which is out of nature; nothing unreasonable or involving a contradiction. What we contend for is the principle that laws which concern all should be enacted only after all have had an opportunity, directly or indirectly, of assenting to them. But no one is idiot enough to suppose that the "muling and puking" infant is to have a vote, even under the much-ridiculed idea of universal suffrage, though it is often argued that if you excluded the baby in the arms, on account of his early years from the franchise, you are equally justified in excluding men on the ground of their poverty—most impotent, and impudent conclusion. All parties agree that a line must be drawn *somewhere* with respect to the exercise of that important right, but it does not follow, there is not a just as well as an unjust method of drawing that line. A majority of any society may have the *power* of imposing a particular restriction upon the minority, but that restriction may nevertheless be unjust. Because, then, society has a right to draw the said line *somewhere*, we cannot admit that society has an equal right to draw it *anywhere*. In order to give an opinion on any matter, opinion must exist; in order to give it *freely*, independence must be, at least, presumed, neither of which conditions can be fulfilled in babyhood. *Both* may be presumed, without difficulty when manhood is attained. Nature points out the direction which we are to look where the restriction line is to be justly drawn. Nature tells us we are to have regard to age, and age alone in the first instance, and the next to mental sanity. Nature shows us no connection between property and intelligence, between a full purse and a full head. Increase of wealth never brings with it increased intellectuality; the growth of time of age—whether the epoch of manhood shall be fixed at twenty one, twenty two, or any other period is for society to determine. But whatever year is determined on, let it be applicable to all, rich and poor—equality, and justice the very soul of equality, will then be respected. No hardship will be felt when the 'line' is thus drawn in accordancy with the dictates of nature. If the cap

of statesmen, the arrogance of aristocracies, or the anarchy will of Kings be followed, discontent, jealousies, and vindictive feelings must ensue.

It is unnecessary to touch upon the question of female suffrage, more than to state that upon the principles advocated above, Womanhood has as good a right as manhood to the vote. In a country where a woman sits on the throne, why should not women take part in elections for members of parliament?

FRANK GRANT.

### NOTES, WHICH THEY WHO RUN MAY READ.

**THE TEN HOURS' ACT.**—A judgment of the Court of Exchequer has rendered what was won so hardly, a mere nullity. If Lord John Russell lazily suffers the North to be thrown into something approaching to insurrection, rather than offend manufacturing capitalists by hastening the passing of a new bill, he is more foolhardy than most people take him to be. He *must* be quickened—and the working-men of Lancashire need not be told that *they can* quicken him.

**THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.**—The 'Times' sneers at the phrase, because its proprietors know, notwithstanding their pretended indifference, that their monopoly would be broken by the *million and a quarter* of these Taxes being removed. There is no more important *reform* than this; and all true reformers should back up, by subscriptions—be they ever so small—the "Newspaper Stamp Abolition Committee," by remitting what they can afford to the Secretary, "J. D. Collett, 15, Essex Street, Strand," or to the Treasurer, "Francis Place, Brompton Square." The Committee are in communication with Mr. Ewart, R. Cobden, W. J. Fox, and other Members of Parliament, who have pledged themselves to exertion for securing the abolition of these obnoxious imposts. They have already expended considerable sums on tracts, handbills, &c.

**ROBBERY OF THE CHURCH COMMISSION FUNDS.**—The Bishops have not only suffered an underling to purloin £7000 or £8000 of the public money; but have made whining excuses for the thief, and lauded his former honesty! By the same rule ought not *every* thief to be praised for his 'former honesty,' and tenderly treated in gaol?—for have not *all* thieves *been* honest? Will Lord John have the sense and resolution to take the management entirely out of the hands of the lawn-sleeved lords? Who expects Bishops to have brains sufficient for the correct management of such a trust—even if they *willed* it?

**BURNING OF THE DEAD.**—The words look startling; but they are sensibly put together, for all that. An Association has been formed, at the "City of London Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars," to attempt to carry out this salutary practice of the ancients. They propose to erect an edifice for the "Funeral Pyre," in the neighbourhood of London—to attain a method of decomposing the dead by fire in a quarter of an hour, with "elegance and innocuousness"—and to establish a "Garden of Memories," for the reception of urns, tablets, monuments, &c. The entrance fee is one shilling, and W. H. Newman is the Secretary. Their measure is philanthropic in the highest degree, and deserves the adherence and support of every man of intelligence.

**POLITICAL AND SOCIAL TRACT SOCIETY.**—A company of intelligent and energetic Reformers have associated themselves under this name, at the "Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square," and are actively engaged in their great work. The Labour Question, the People's Charter, the Abolition of Capital Punishments, the Separation of the Church from the State, the Temperance Movement, Direct Taxation, and Financial Reform, are among the subjects on which they propose to circulate information—in the most effective form—the form in which bold Luther sent forth his intellectual arrows against ecclesiastical corruption, and stout Cobbett attacked political abuse and delinquency. Help, although it be in the smallest coin, will be gladly received by the Secretary, W. Sandilands. The example ought to be followed in Manchester, Birmingham, and all our large towns.

THOMAS COOPER.



## To Correspondents.

- \* \* Correspondents will please address, "Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London."
- 'YOUNG ENGLISHMAN,' Blackburn.—If he knew anything about 'My Lord,' or the real circumstances of the meeting, he would not be so indignant; but would think 'his Lordship' deserved still more contemptuous treatment.
- W. W. S., Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Reading the best authors, thinking, and *trying* to write—are sure recipes.
- T. T. CAMPBELL, Wolverhampton.—The word *organic* should have been *inorganic*, in his letter in last number. I am sorry for the misprint; but these errors are often unavoidable, from haste in the printing.
- CHAS. DRYDEN.—His lines unfold *promise*: some additional care, as to the mechanism of verse, and his hopes may be realised.
- J. D., Aberdeen.—Obliged by his admonition: it shall not be given in vain.
- G. B.—His present communication is respectfully declined; yet a little compression of his thoughts into fewer words may make his future favours acceptable.
- J. ALLINSON.—The feeling of his verse does honour to his heart; but a greater perfection of manner, and better acquaintance with correct forms of expression, must be sought by him.
- W. B., Stockport.—His reasoning is not new to me: it does not—and I say this respectfully—alter my views respecting Phonotypics.
- "YOUNG CHARTIST," RYTON.—He will find his question answered in my "Eight Letters to the Young Men of the Working Classes."
- N. WARNE.—Is not the first desideratum *more readers* and of a higher character? Will not libraries of the higher grade follow after?
- MARY HOOD; H. T. H.; J. ATHOL W.; ARCHIBALD C.; J. J., Manchester.—Their poetry is respectfully declined.
- JOHN GOODISON.—Bishop Burnet's 'History of his own Times' must be read by every one who wishes to obtain a complete knowledge of the period in which he lived. Some of his statements are questioned; but his general veracity is established.
- W. B., Stockport; S. L., Leeds; AMYNTOR; JAMES ELLIS; W. W., Birmingham; and several others, write generally respecting the advisableness of a PROGRESS UNION; but their communications being of the same purport with those already published, it is not necessary to print them.

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Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

- SUNDAY, Feb. 24, at 7, Literary Institution, John-street, Fitzroy Square. "Life and Character of Sir Isaac Newton"—Thomas Cooper. At 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square, City Road.) "Lamartine, Louis Blanc, and the French Revolution of 1848"—Walter Cooper.
- MONDAY, Feb. 25, at half-past 8, Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars. "Chemistry"—Robert Williamson. At a quarter to 9, Finsbury Hall, 66, Bunhill Row. "Present and Future, for Europe—War or Peace?"—Dr. Webb. At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenæum, 17, Chapel Street. "Shakspeare"—W. Beaver. At a quarter past 8, Literary Institution, Carlisle Street, Edgeware Road. "Ghosts and Apparitions"—Dr. Sexton. At 8, Finsbury Mechanics' Institute, Bell Yard, City Road. "Life and Genius of Milton"—Thomas Cooper.
- WEDNESDAY, Feb. 27, at 8, Hackney Literary and Scientific Institution. "Importance of cultivating Habits of Observation"—Robert Hunt.

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SHAKSPERE.—Those who deny that Shakspeare was a learned man, should prove that Plato was translated into English in the time of Queen Elizabeth, for the celebrated soliloquy, 'To be or not to be' is taken almost verbatim from the Philosopher.—*Preface to Langhorne's Plutarch.*

MORAL POWER.—As the operations of the mind are in all cases much more noble than those of the body, so are the things that we compass by the faculties of our reason and understanding of much greater value than those things that we bring to pass by corporal force.—*Cicero.*

OLD INSTITUTIONS.—When the reason of old establishments is gone, it is absurd to preserve nothing but the burden of them. This is superstitiously to embalm a carcase not worth an ounce of the gums that are used to preserve it. It is to burn precious oil in the tomb; it is to offer meat and drink to the dead, not so much an honour to the deceased, as a disgrace to the survivors.—*Burke.*

HONESTY.—Though an honest discharge of one's duty may, for the time, offend those it opposes; yet it will, at last, be justified and admired even by the very men who suffer from it.—*Pliny's Epistles.*



## THINKINGS, FROM THOMAS CARLYLE.

PROPERTY IN LAND.—Men talk of ‘selling’ Land. Land it is true, like Epic Poems and even higher things, in such a trading world, has to be presented in the market for what it will bring, and as we say be ‘sold’; but the notion of ‘selling,’ for certain bits of metal, the *Iliad* of Homer, how much more the *Land* of the World-Creator, is a ridiculous impossibility! We buy what is saleable of it nothing more was ever buyable. Who can, or could, sell it to us? Properly speaking, the Land belongs to these two: To the Almighty God; and to all His Children of Men that have ever worked well on it, or that shall ever work well on it. No generation of men can or could, with never such solemnity and effort, sell Land on any other principle: it is not the property of any generation, we say, but that of all the past generations that have worked on it, and of all the future ones that shall work on it.

PUFFERY.—Consider, for example, that great Hat seven-feet high, which now perambulates London Streets; which my friend Sauerteig regarded justly as one of our English notabilities; “the topmost point as yet,” said he, “would it were your culminating and returning point, to which English Puffery has been observed to reach!”—The Hatter in the Strand of London, instead of making better felt-hats than another, mounts a huge lath-and-plaster Hat, seven-feet high, upon wheels; sends a man to drive it through the streets; hoping to be saved *thereby*. He has not attempted to *make* better hats, as he was appointed by the Universe to do, and as with this ingenuity of his he could very probably have done; but his whole industry is turned to *persuade* us that he has made such! He too knows that the Quack has become God. Laugh not at him, O reader; or do not laugh only. He has ceased to be comic; he is fast becoming tragic. To me this all-deafening blast of Puffery, of poor Falsehood grown necessitous, of poor Heart-Atheism fallen now into Enchanted Workhouses, sounds too surely like a Doom’s-blast! I have to say to myself in old dialect: “God’s blessing is not written on all this; His curse is written on all this!” Unless perhaps the Universe *be* a chimera;—some old totally deranged eightday clock, dead as brass; which the Maker, if there ever was any Maker, has long ceased to meddle with?—To my Friend Sauerteig this poor seven-feet Hat-manufacturer, as the topstone of English Puffery, was very notable.

THE ETERNAL FUTURE.—What went before and what will follow me, I regard as two black impenetrable curtains, which hang down at the two extremities of human life, and which no living man has yet drawn aside. Many hundreds of generations have already stood before them with their torches, guessing anxiously what lies behind. On the curtain of Futurity many see their own shadows, the forms of their passions enlarged and put in motion; they shrink in terror at this image of themselves. Poets, Philosophers, and founders of states, have painted this curtain with their dreams, more smiling or more dark, as the sky above them was cheerful or gloomy; and their pictures deceive the eye when viewed from a distance. Many jugglers, too, make profit of this our universal curiosity: by their strange mummeries they have set the outstretched fancy in amazement. A deep silence reigns behind this curtain; no one once within will answer those he has left without; all you can hear is a hollow echo of your question, as if you shouted into a chasm. To the other side of this curtain we are all bound: men grasp hold of it as they pass, trembling, uncertain who may stand within it to receive them. Some unbelieving people there have been, who have asserted that this curtain did but make a mockery of men, and that nothing could be seen because nothing *was* behind it; but to convince these people, the rest have seized them, and hastily pushed them in.

CHARACTER OF THE ESTABLISHED CLERGY.—Who does not see that these men are more ministers of the government, than ministers of the gospel; and that by flattering the authorities and favouring the dominion of princes and men in authority, they endeavour with all their might to promote tyranny in the commonwealth, which otherwise they should not be able to establish in the church. This is the unhappy agreement we see betwixt church and state.—*John Locke.*



## BLUEBELL AND PRIMROSE.

Bluebell and primrose, sister flowers,  
Your native home is Eden's bowers:  
You are but exiles here!  
Blest be the breeze that blew you forth,  
O'er lakes and mountains, the cold north  
To beautify and cheer!

The sun once rose in vapours furled,  
Eager to see our new born world,  
And gazed through clouds of dew:  
A rainbow then bestrode the hills,  
And stained the rivers, lakes, and rills,  
And tinged you with its hue.

To pluck you from your green retreat—  
Or, any thing so fair and sweet—  
I love you far too well!  
Preserving influences to bless,  
And cheer us through life's wilderness—  
Still deck the mossy dell!

Southwick.

THOMAS BELL.

## THE KINGLIEST CROWN.

Ho! ye who in a noble work  
Win scorn, as flames draw air,—  
Who, in the way where lions lurk,  
God's image bravely bear,  
Tho' trouble-tried and torture-torn—  
The kingliest crown's a crown of thorn!  
Life's glory, like the bow in heaven,  
Still springeth from the cloud;  
And soul ne'er soared the starry seven,  
But pain's fire-chariot rode:  
They've battled best who've boldliest borne:  
The kingliest crown's a crown of thorn!  
As beauty in Death's cerement sleeps,  
And stars bejewel darkness,  
God's splendour lies in dim heart-deeps;  
And strength in suffering's starkness:  
The murkiest hour is mother of morn:  
The kingliest crown's a crown of thorn!

GERALD MASSEY.

## SONNET, TO SPENSER.

Sweet Bard, who for the weary soul of man  
Did'st plant a garden, watered by clear stream  
And fountains chiming to an endless dream  
Of worthy knighthood in the realm of Pan,  
Half cunning-faced, and all his hooved clan—  
Of cruel ladies, who did gentle seem  
In tower or flowery island, by the scheme  
Of subtle wizard and swart Sarazan—  
Thee have I not forgot in this late day  
Of worldly thought by over labour bred;  
And when the jarring hours have passed away,  
Awake or sleeping, often am I led  
To that fair spot where still the fountains play,  
And every daily care is banished.

W. MOY THOMAS.

CONSERVATISM.—O my Conservative friends, who still specially name and struggle to approve yourselves 'Conservative,' would to Heaven I could persuade you of this world-old fact, than which Fate is not surer, That Truth and Justice alone are *capable* of being 'conserved' and preserved! The thing which is unjust, which is *not* according to God's Law, will you, in a God's Universe, try to conserve that? It is so old, say you? Yes, and the hotter haste ought *you*, of all others, to be in to let it grow no older! If but the faintest whisper in your hearts intimate to you that it is not fair,—hasten for the sake of Conservatism itself, to probe it rigorously, to cast it forth at once and for ever, if guilty. How will or can you preserve *it*, the thing that is not fair? 'Impossibility' a thousand fold is marked on that. And ye call yourselves Conservatives, Aristocracies:—ought not honour and nobleness of mind, if they had departed from all the Earth elsewhere, to find their last refuge with you? Ye unfortunate! The bough that is dead shall be cut away, for the sake of the tree itself. Old? Yes, it is too old.—*Carlyle*.

LIBERTY.—To be a MAN is at all times in all countries, a title to liberty; and he who doth not assert it deserves not the name of a Man.—*Major Cartwright*.

VOTING BY BALLOT.—The author of the law, by which votes in the Roman Senate were taken by ballot, was one Gabinus, a tribune of the people. *It gave a very considerable blow to the influence of the nobility*, as in this way of balloting it could not be discovered on which side the people gave their votes; and *took off that restraint they before lay under, by the fear of offending their superiors*.—*Melmoth's Pliny*.

TRUE SELF-INTEREST.—They who have been so wise in their generation, as to regard only their own supposed interest at the expense and to the injury of others, shall at last find, that he who has given up all the advantages of the present world, rather than violate his conscience and the relations of life, has infinitely better provided for himself, and secured his own interest and happiness.—*Bishop Butler*.



## CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848—9, AND 1849—50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

*Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'*

## III.—THE MIRACLES.

*(Continued from last number.)*

THE national legends of the Jews attributed miracles of all kinds to Moses, Elijah, and others, the fore-runners of Messiah; and the believers in the Messiahship of Jesus, therefore, naturally expected miracles from him. The Four Gospels narrate numerous instances of his miraculous power; yet, two things are remarkable: first, that a couple of general notices excepted (Acts, 2 ch. 22 v. and 10 ch. 38 v.) the miracles of Jesus appear to be unknown in the preaching and epistles of the apostles,—and every thing is built on the supposed fact of his resurrection: secondly, Jesus himself censures the seeking for miracles, refuses to comply with the demands for a sign, and declares that no sign shall be given to that generation but the sign of the prophet Jonas. Whether we ought on these, as well as on other accounts, to doubt the authenticity of the numerous histories of miracles in the Gospels, a close examination only can enable us to decide.

1. The Demoniacs, it was agreed, should be the first class of miracles, to which our attention should be directed. In the Fourth Gospel, be it observed, there is not one instance of this class of miracles, while in the first three Gospels the demoniacs are represented as the most frequent objects of the curative powers of Jesus. Many modern divines attempt to lessen their difficulties by contending that Jesus only complied with the prevailing notions of his time and country, while addressing himself to the cure of the demoniacs. But he so often, in his parables and general discourses, speaks of the power of evil spirits over man, as to leave us in no doubt that he really partook of the prevailing notions of his time on the subject of demoniacal possession. The Jewish view, formed after the captivity, was that the fallen angels of Genesis (6 ch.) the souls of their offspring the giants, and of the great criminals before and after the deluge, frequently attached themselves to human souls, and inhabited human bodies. Whether this were the popular view in the time of Christ does not appear from the Gospels, where the demons are merely stated to belong to the household of Satan. The word 'lunatic' is sometimes used to denote the persons dispossessed of demons, by Christ. They are, in other words, persons whose nervous system is deranged, epileptics with sudden falls and convulsions, and maniacs whose self-consciousness is disturbed and who act with fury against themselves and others. Methods of cure, in conformity with *their* idea of the nature of the disease, were adopted by the Jews—for even Jesus himself is stated to admit that the Jewish exorcists worked these cures (Matth. 12 ch. 27 v.) These methods consisted of adjuration in the name of God, or of angels, with certain forms said to be derived from Solomon. Fumigations, roots, stones, and amulets, traditionally handed down as used by him, were also in use. It is not at all unlikely that these methods had a frequent curative effect in such cases: the disease really lying in the nervous system, by exciting a belief in the patient that the demon could not retain his hold before a form of conjuration, it might often effect the cure of the disorder.



But we read of Jesus that without conjuration by any other power, and without the appliance of any further means, he expelled the demons by his word. Three of these cases are especially remarkable.

(1.) The cure of a demoniac in the synagogue of Capernaum, has the position of the earliest miracle performed by Jesus, in Mark (1 ch. 21 v.) and Luke (4 ch. 31 v.); while in the Fourth Gospel, the conversion of water into wine is stated to be "the first miracle that Jesus did." In the synagogue of Capernaum, Jesus produces a deep impression by his teaching—a demoniac cries out, in the character of a demon possessing him, that he will have nothing to do with him, and that he knows Jesus to be the Messiah who has come to destroy them, *i. e.* the demons—Jesus commands the demon to hold his peace and come out of the man, which happens amidst cries and convulsions, and to the great astonishment of the people at the power displayed by Jesus.

Such is the relation. But who gives it? We do not know—for we have no clear evidence as to the writers of the account. What is an "unclean devil"? (Luke 4 ch. 33 v.) *How can* one spirit, or distinct intelligent existence, *take possession of*, or absorb the consciousness of another? "And when the devil had thrown him in the midst, he came out of him, and hurt him not." (Luke 4 ch. 35 v.) *How could* "the devil throw him in the midst"? How did the observers distinguish "the devil" before he came out, so as to know that it was he who was so throwing the man? *How did* "the devil" come out of him? *What* came out of him? Of what colour, size, shape, was it? If spirits cannot be seen, how did the spectators know that the devil "came out of him"?

Let any orthodox believer who may be present answer these questions. Will any answer? *All are silent!* And if all the doctors in divinity in Christendom were present, they would be in the like predicament. And let none be offended because these questions are asked. Remember, we are told that our salvation depends on a belief in a revelation which is affirmed to be attested by these miracles. But what rational man in this nineteenth century can conclude he has any evidence for a miracle *here*? If the miracle proves the revelation—what proves the miracle?

If we are allowed to consider the narratives as wanting in correctness when they appear to present this cure as occurring early in Christ's ministry,—it is not improbable that an epileptic may have been impressed with the wide-spread fame of Jesus and his powerful discourse in the synagogue, until he imagined him to be the Messiah;—Jesus, in whom the great conception of his own Messiahship was growing, may have spoken to him;—the words may have influenced the poor patient and produced in his nervous frame, at first greater convulsions, ("And when the unclean spirit had torn him, and cried with a loud voice"—Mark, 1 ch. 26 v.)—until, in his prostrate and exhausted condition, ("thrown him in the midst") the bystanders concluded that he was delivered;—or, a lucid interval, and greater or less relief may have succeeded. But the *permanence* of the cure? What testimony is there of that? The writers of the Gospels, whoever they were, may have related this as a cure, together with many others, simply because nothing was known either of the after-health or relapse of the epileptic. Of all the cures ascribed to Christ, however, the relief of persons afflicted with nervous disorders of the less rooted kind, appear to be the most probable and historical. But these are by no means *miracles*. Nor, although they depicture Jesus as one yearning over the miseries of mankind, and endeavouring to relieve them, do they enhance our conceptions of his mental superiority, inasmuch as they shew him to have merely



received the current mistaken notions of his countrymen with regard to demoniacal possession. Ten thousand such stories could not exalt him in our estimation to the height at which he stands by his sublime moral teaching.

(2.) Another cure of a demoniac is related by Matthew, (17 ch. 14 v.) Mark, (9 ch. 14 v.) and Luke (9 ch. 37 v.) It is that of a boy, whom the disciples could not cure, and occurs on the descent from the Mount of Transfiguration. Legendary variations are met at the very opening of the story. In Matthew, Jesus having descended from the mountain, appears to join the multitude by accident; in Luke, the multitude come to meet Jesus; and in Mark, the multitude run towards him to salute him. This last evangelist, in whom the dramatic tendency will be frequently observed, though not always to the most sensible embellishment of his story, adds, "And straightway all the people, when they saw him, were greatly amazed"!—though what there was in the arrival of Jesus to *amaze* the multitude, he does not say. Matthew describes the boy as one who was *lunatic*; and, indeed, the reference of periodical disorders to the influence of the moon was as common in the time of Christ, and in Palestine, as it has been in our own country at past periods. In Mark, Jesus addresses the supposed demon as a "dumb and deaf spirit": so that the inarticulate sounds uttered by epileptics in their fits, seem to have been regarded as the dumbness of the demon, and their incapability of noticing any words addressed to them, as the demon's deafness.

At the close of the narrative in Matthew, Jesus ascribes the impotence of his disciples to their deficient faith: Luke omits this; and Mark not only does so, but, interweaves, after his peculiar dramatic style, a by-scene between Jesus and the boy's father; in which an enlarged description of the boy's malady is given,—Jesus puts the *tentative* sentence "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth,"—and "straightway" the father "cries out with tears—Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief"! These are divergencies which mark, still more, the legendary origin of this narrative. And if Mark's adornment of the story could be depended on, it would awaken in us a suspicion that Jesus was by no means confident of his power to cure. Paley says of the Miracles—"They were not secret, nor momentary, nor *tentative*, nor ambiguous." Did we find the first of these narratives about demoniacs free from ambiguity? The word "*tentative*" signifies something done by way of *attempt*, trial, or experiment. Would not the words which Mark here puts into the mouth of Christ, "If thou canst believe me," &c. betoken the desire to *attempt*, accompanied with a want of full confidence in his own power to cure?

Let no one suppose that this is an insinuation against the moral excellence of Christ. I mean no such thing. But I desire, above all things, to look into the heart of that young man of Nazareth, so far as the imperfect light of the Gospels enables us to see its inner workings: to behold him struggling with the great enthusiastic conception of his own Messiahship—sometimes feeling less confident of it—and feeling his way towards external proofs of it. I think the Gospels assist us, in some degree, to do this; but amidst their legendary divergencies we cannot always be sure that we have found the right key to the actual experience of the mind and heart of Jesus of Nazareth.

Mark seeks to make the scene more effective by other additions; he tells us that the people ran together that they might observe what was passing, that after the expulsion of the demon the boy was, "as one dead, inasmuch that many said, he is dead;" but that Jesus, taking him by the hand, lifted him up, and he arose. In conclusion,—Luke dismisses the narrative with a



brief notice of the astonishment of the people ; but Matthew and Mark pursue the subject by making the disciples, when alone with Jesus, ask him why they were not able to cast out the demon. In Mark, Christ's answer is "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting"—but Matthew adds these words of Christ after a short discourse on unbelief, and the power of faith. The divergencies here are especially worth notice, since they unfold to us how the real sayings of Christ—whether consisting of figures, in the Oriental style, or striking moral maxims—were borne down on the stream of tradition, and attached, in the lapse of time, and by transmission into various localities, sometimes to one part of his supposed history, and sometimes to another. The words of Matthew (17 ch. 20 v.) "Because of your unbelief," are neither in Mark nor Luke : Matthew's words "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, &c" (same verse) attached to this narrative of the demoniac are, by Luke, given as a short stray fragment (17 ch. 6 v.) unconnected with *any* narrative of a miracle,—and with the variation of a "sycamine tree" instead of a "mountain" : Mark gives the sentence on the faith which removes mountains as the moral of the history of the cursed fig-tree, where Matthew also has it a second time : *there*, however, it is totally out of place, as we shall see when we come to that narrative. Thus we are left without positive knowledge of the occasion on which this figurative saying of Jesus was really uttered.

(3). The cure of the possessed Gadarenes, (or Gergesenes) is, for several reasons, the most startling of all these stories of demoniacal possession,—for, in this instance, we have not only several divergencies of the evangelists, (Matt. 8 ch. 28 v., Mark, 5 ch. 1 v., Luke, 8 ch. 26 v.) but many demons instead of one, and their entrance into the herd of swine—(so often felt to be a scandal by divines !)—instead of a simple departure of a demon from the human body.

After a stormy passage across the sea of Galilee to its eastern shore, Jesus meets (according to Mark and Luke) a demoniac who lived among the tombs, and was subject to outbreaks of terrific fury against himself, and others. But, according to Matthew, there were "*two* possessed with devils." Harmonists have resorted to many expedients in order to get rid of the difficulty here ; but without success. It is not *simply* a question of number, for Matthew's idea of a plurality of demons is evidently grounded on *his* 'fact' of a plurality of men. He says nothing about the demons being 'Legion'—and his narrative simply reads as if each man were possessed with a devil : any one reading *his* narrative, by itself, could have no other understanding of it. It is no reply, then, to tell us that 'Matthew's *two* includes the *one* of Mark and Luke. The harmonists would render us a better service by endeavouring to discover for us, whether Matthew's mention of a plurality of men gave rise to the idea of a vast plurality of demons, and so this idea became incorporated in two later Gospels,—or, whether the Gospel named after Matthew be later than that named after Luke, and the writer of our first Gospel being less credulous, in this particular, than the writer of the third, rejected his 'Legion' story, and reduced the number of the demons to two, giving them, at the same time, just so many human bodies to tenant. But the 'harmonists' leave us without *harmonizing* the difficulty : this is the first discrepancy, then, in this narrative.

The uncalculating nature of legend is always apparent. The demoniacs are made to recognise Jesus at once as the Messiah ; but how they could have learnt that he had any such reputation seems impossible—since they are represented as so "exceeding fierce" that no one could come near them ! Again : in Matthew, the demoniac, stricken with terror, deprecates the unwelcome approach of Jesus ; in Luke, he addresses Jesus, when arrived, as a suppliant ; in Mark, he eagerly runs to meet Jesus, while yet at a distance. But our



difficulties are greater when we enquire—When did Jesus command the demons to come out? From Matthew, the answer would be—After the men had spoken. But in Mark and Luke, the narrative is so involved that one cannot extract the answer with absolute clearness: here, at first, the pith of the incident seems to be, that the demoniac had instantaneously recognised and supplicated Jesus; but the narrator drops his original idea, and reflecting that the prayer of the demon must have been preceded by a severe command from Jesus, he corrects his previous omission, and remarks that Jesus had given his command in the first instance!

Mark and Luke, after the command, add that Jesus said 'What is thy name?' and the answer was 'Legion,' according to Luke—'Legion, for we are many,' according to Mark. Matthew, as already remarked, has no part of this episode. But if his were the earlier Gospel, a later writer might think it requisite to make the number of evil spirits equal the number of swine—of which Matthew had said there was "a herd of many." The legend thus increases in wildness, till no story in the Thousand and One Nights can be more incredible: a great number of demons possessing one human organisation and subjecting and filling its consciousness! The possibility of this by one devil was incomprehensible enough; but what rational man can be expected to prostrate his reason before this Legion-piled story?

And then, the climax!—The devils entered the swine (two thousand they were, the *graphic* Mark says—but we must not ask for his authority!) by the permission of Jesus, and the whole herd ran down violently into the sea, and were drowned! Who, that thinks it creditable to possess an understanding, can humiliate himself to profess a belief in the reality of such a story, even as the condition of his salvation? Who does not perceive that such a story cannot make a part of a 'Divine Revelation'? We cannot, with Woolston, charge Jesus with injury done to the proprietors of a herd of swine. We reject the narrative as a mere legend; and cannot permit it to soil his pure moral character. The questions—*How* came the devils out? *How* did they enter into the swine? What evidence had the spectators either of the coming out, or of the entering in?—are not necessary: the legend contains its own refutation in its monstrousness; and divines would be inexpressibly glad if the New Testament did not contain it. To *them* it is a grievous eyesore; to the determined and rational enquirer, it serves as a caution against receiving other legends, less revolting to reason, in the Gospels—since it marks the utter credulousness of the writers, whoever they were.

With some reflections of Strauss, on the fact that there are no stories of deliverance from demoniacal possession in the Fourth Gospel, we may conclude our brief enquiry into the credibility of the first class of miracles:

"If in conclusion we cast a rapid glance at the gospel of John, we find that it does not even mention demoniacs and their cure by Jesus. This omission has not seldom been turned to the advantage of the apostle John, the alleged author, as indicating a superior degree of enlightenment. If, however, this apostle did not believe in the reality of possession by devils, he must have had, as the author of the fourth gospel, according to the ordinary view of his relation to the synoptical writers, the strongest motives for rectifying their statements, and preventing the dissemination of what he held to be a false opinion, by setting the cures in question in a true light. But how could the apostle John arrive at the rejection of the opinion that the above diseases had their foundation in demoniacal possession? According to Josephus it was at that period a popular Jewish opinion, from which a Jew of Palestine who, like John, did not visit a foreign land until late in life, would hardly be in a condition to liberate himself; it was, according to the nature of things and the synoptical accounts, the opinion of Jesus himself, John's adored master, from whom the favourite disciple certainly would not be inclined to swerve even a hair's



breadth. But if John shared with his contemporaries and with Jesus himself the notion of real demoniacal possession, and if the cure of demoniacs formed the principal part, nay, perhaps the true foundation of the alleged miraculous powers of Jesus; how comes it that the apostle nevertheless makes no mention of them in his gospel? That he passed over them because the other evangelists had collected enough of such histories, is a supposition that ought by this time to be relinquished, since he repeats more than one history of a miracle they had already given; and if it be said that he repeated these because they needed correction,—we have seen, in our examination of the cure of demoniacs, that in many, a reduction of them to their simple historical elements would be very much in place. There yet remains the supposition that, the histories of demoniacs being incredible or offensive to the cultivated Greeks of Asia Minor, among whom John is said to have written, he left them out of his gospel for the sake of accommodating himself to their ideas. But we must ask, could or should an apostle, out of mere accommodation to the refined ears of his auditors, withhold so essential a feature of the agency of Jesus? Certainly this silence, supposing the authenticity of the three first gospels, rather indicates an author who had not been an eye-witness of the ministry of Jesus; or, according to our view, at least one who had not at his command the original tradition of Palestine, but only a tradition modified by Hellenistic influence, in which the expulsions of demons, being less accordant with the higher culture of the Greeks, were either totally suppressed or kept so far in the back ground that they might have escaped the notice of the author of the gospel."

(To be continued in next number.)

## Reviews.

THE LEICESTER MOVEMENT; or *Voices from the Frame and the Factory, the Field and the Rail.* (Leicester.)

THE FRAME WORK-KNITTERS' ADVOCATE. (Nottingham.)

THE SNOB; on *Leeds subjects, addressed to Leeds Loiners, and to all whom it may or ought to concern.* (Leeds.)

HERE are three new penny periodicals—the first and second 'weeklies,' and the third a 'monthly'—which have just sprung up in three of our manufacturing towns. This is exceedingly gratifying. It proclaims, most unmistakeably, the growth of intelligence.

The first and second papers are serious; and aim at serious things—the amelioration of the social condition of the working-classes. There must be some 'parlous' wags in Leeds; and, one may calculate, that their waggyery will be felt by the people whose catastrophes they tickle—while the hearty Leeds Loiners will laugh outright at the fun.

EASTERN LIFE, PRESENT AND PAST. By Harriet Martineau.

THIS book contains so much that is of the most intense interest to the thinker—it is so entirely unlike common volumes of travels—as to make one wish that it could be printed cheaply, and put into the hands of every intelligent workingman in England. Since that is not done, no error can be committed by extracting some of its choicest reflective passages.

In the extract that follows, Miss Martineau presents us with those striking features of Osiris which shew how nearly he resembles the *legendary* Christ (*not* the real and historical Jesus of Nazareth). She has been visiting the sacred island of Philœ—said to contain the sepulchre of Osiris; and the visit awakens a train of reflection of which the following is a part:—

"I believe that, except the Supreme, Osiris was the only deity who was never named. When Herodotus has described the scourgings and lamentings which follow the sacrifices at the feast of Isis, he adds that it is not permitted to him to tell in whose honour they



course themselves and lament. And again, in describing the images of the dead, prepared for the guidance of the embalming process, Herodotus says that the best represents, as he is told, Him whose name he has an objection to utter. And thus he always speaks of Osiris, by reverent allusion, and never by name.—The reason of this peculiar sacredness of Osiris, above all gods but the Supreme, was his office of Judge of the living and the dead. That which made him so universally and eminently adored was his being the representation, or rather the incarnation, of the Goodness of the Supreme. The plurality of deities in Egypt arose from the practice, for popular use, of deifying the attributes of the Supreme God. We have thus seen his creative Spirit or Will embodied in one god; and the creative art,—or Artisan Intellect,—in another: and we shall meet with more. His primary attribute, his Goodness, was embodied in Osiris, who left his place in the presence of the Supreme, took a human form, (though not becoming a human being), went about the world, doing good to men, sank into death in a conflict with the Power of Evil; rose up to spread blessings over the land of Egypt and the world, and was appointed Judge of the Dead, and Lord of the heavenly region, while present with his true worshippers on earth, to do them good. Such were the history and functions of Osiris, as devoutly recorded by the Egyptians of several thousand years ago. And here, in Philoe, was his sepulchre, where the faithful came in pilgrimage, from the mighty Pharaoh to the despised goat-herd, for a long course of centuries.—He was especially adored for other reasons than his benefactions: as being the only manifestation on earth of the Supreme God. This made him superior to the Eight great gods, after whom he ranked on other accounts. How the manifestation was made in a human form without an adoption of human nature, was one of the chief Egyptian mysteries; the ideas of which will now, I fear, never be offered to our apprehension.—Upon his death he passed into the region of the dead,—(borne there, as the sculptures represent, by the four genii of Hades)—and then, having passed through its stages, was raised to the function of Judge.

“Among the allusive names of Osiris were those of “Opener of good,” “Manifester of grace,” and “Revealer of truth:” and the description of him was, in the ancient words, “full of grace and truth.” He obtained the victory after his death over the Evil Principle which had destroyed him: and it was in his name, which they then assumed, that the virtuous, after judgment, entered into the state of blessedness which they shared with him. The departed, men and women alike, were called Osiris: this spiritual name betokening that they were now in that state where sex was abolished, where no marriage existed, but human beings had become pure as the heaven-born inhabitants.

“When it is said that Osiris was the only manifestation of the Supreme upon earth, it must be understood that this means the only manifestation by a native heavenly resident. For all animated beings were supposed to be emanations from the Centre of Life. The great Emanation doctrine which has spread so far over the world was certainly a chief point of faith in Egypt at a very early date; and it is believed that Pythagoras, recognising it in all their observances which were expositions of doctrine, adopted it from them, and thence sent it on through distant countries and future ages. Plutarch ascribes to the belief of this doctrine the peculiar observances with regard to animals in Egypt. The passage is too well known to need citing here: but it is valuable, not only as testifying to this great fact of the Egyptian mind, but as showing that persons comparatively ancient were wiser than too many of ourselves in seeing in their practice of what we call Brute worship something deeper and more serious than we have been taught to look for. Plutarch cites Herodotus as saying that whatever beings have been endowed with life and any measure of reason are to be regarded as effluxes, or portions of the supreme wisdom which governs the universe: so that the Deity is not less strikingly represented in these than in images of any kind made by the hand of man.—Porphyry declares “the Egyptians perceived that the Divinity entered not the human body only, and that the Soul dwelt not, while on earth, in man alone, but passed in a measure through all animals.”—Thus Osiris was not the only manifestation of the universal Soul; and so far shared the lot of the humblest worm bred in the mud of the Nile; but he was the only member of the heavenly society, the only one of the sons of the Supreme, who came upon earth to make him known: and he thus took rank above them all.

“It is impossible not to perceive that Osiris was to the old Egyptians what the Messiah is to be to the Jews; and what Another has been to the Christians. The nature, character, and offices of Osiris, and the sacred language concerning him are so coincident with those most interesting to Christians as to compel a very careful attention on the part of enquirers into Egyptian antiquities. Various solutions of the extraordinary fact have been offered. Some who hold to the literal historical truth of the book of Genesis suggest, as their conjecture, that Noah may have foreknown everything relating to the coming of Christ, even to the language which should be used concerning him by sacred writers: and that his descendants may have communicated all this to the ancient Egypt-



tians, who made a god out of the prophecy and its adjuncts. Others have endeavoured to make out such personal intercourse between Pythagoras and some of the Hebrew prophets on the one hand, and the Egyptian priests on the other, as might account for the parallelism in question. Others would have us understand it by concluding that the latest Egyptian priests were disciples of Plato, and put their own Platonising interpretations on the character of Osiris, as the Platonising Christians did on that of Christ. Others again, who see that Ideas are the highest subject of human cognisance, the history of Ideas the only true history, and a common holding of Ideas the only real relation of human beings to each other, believe that this great constellation of Ideas is one and the same to all these different peoples; was sacred to them all in turn, and became more noble and more glorious to men's minds as their minds became strengthened by the nourishment and exercise of ages."

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Some few in that, but numbers err in this,  
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;  
A fool might once himself alone expose,  
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

*Pope's Essay on Criticism.*

MEN OF THE FUTURE,—While diligently pursuing plans of study,—reading every book of value which lies within your reach,—and thinking over it deeply, to the end that you may not be the mere slaves of other men's opinions, though you carefully gather all the information they can afford you,—it now becomes a matter of the highest necessity, that you all join hands and heads to create a literature of your own. Your own prose, your own poetry: you ought to be resolved to create these. I do not mean that every intellectual working man should attempt to write a volume; though where there is genius that will undoubtedly be done. It is to the endeavour to enlarge the list of contributors to the cheap periodicals, and to create new ones, especially of a local character, that I aim to arouse your resolution. The Potteries, Leicester, Nottingham, Leeds, and other localities are setting the example. With a little exertion you may augment the number of local periodicals, largely.

This would not only be an outward and visible sign that you were reading and thinking,—and silence the titled and privileged depreciators of your growing intelligence; but would serve many more valuable purposes. It would be a means of self-culture, by calling forth the powers of hundreds of strong-minded working men which now lie hidden: it would put you all more fully in possession of each other's thoughts, and thus give you a higher respect for each other, and a clearer perception of what you can do when united: it would take you from under the influence of some, who either insult you by denying that you desire to see your order elevated in the social scale; or otherwise, for mere selfish and pecuniary ends, corrupt the minds of thousands of the working-classes by the issue of highly-spiced but injurious literature. These, surely, are considerations not to be despised. If I might add another consideration, it would be—that the formation of a *Progress Union* would be better canvassed in local periodicals of your own, than it is ever likely to be in the prints now in weekly existence; and until my humble proposition is more generally canvassed, I do not expect to see it even partially realised.



The subjects which would occupy the weekly pages of your local prints, would, in the majority of instances, be dictated by the staple manufacture of the district. Thus, the Nottingham "Framework-knitter," the "Leicester Movement," and the "Working Man's Journal" of the Staffordshire Potteries, each serve the great purpose of exposing the wrongs of toilers in those important districts, and of binding the injured more firmly together for the redress of their grievances. But the continued use of the brain and pen, by writers in these local papers, is sure, eventually, to call forth their essays in a higher range of thought; and already, they unfold the tendency to advancement. None of you, therefore, should object to aid the establishment of new local periodicals, from a belief that they are only likely to be filled with details which are grown vulgar to you by connection with your daily toil: the more advanced your district may be in real taste and intelligence, the more successfully you may make your local prints the vehicles of bringing home, to working men's minds, thoughts which are truly refined and elevating, as well as solidly instructive.

On the style of the prose writing, to be cultivated in such periodicals, I may be allowed to say a little,—especially as I shall thus be answering many who write to me on this subject. For weekly essays, brevity is not only an indispensable requisite,—a long article in a *short* pamphlet being so utterly out of character that readers yawn at the very sight of it; but simplicity and clearness of expression should be stamped on every page. No contributor should affect *deep* thought on *shallow* subjects; construct unwieldy and five-mile-long sentences—or, rather, leave sentences to construct themselves; nor, above all, seek studiously to express himself in what homely people so significantly term 'hard words.'

The practice last-named is so common among working-men who essay to become public writers, that, I must confess, I am not only surprised, but often pained by it. I cannot grieve any working man by publicly pointing to him, expressly, as an exemplar of this error. I rather choose to give an instance of what I mean from a writer of established reputation—the late John Foster—author of, perhaps, the most powerfully written essay in our language—that on "Decision of Character,"—and which every one of you should 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,' so soon as you can obtain it. I take a passage, almost at random, from this very able and estimable author's larger work, the "Essay on Popular Ignorance."

"And are, then, the higher and privileged portions of the national communities to have, henceforward, just this one grand object of their existence, this chief employment for their knowledge, means, and power, namely, to keep down the lower orders of their fellow-citizens by stress of coercion? Are they resolved and prepared for a rancorous, interminable, hostility in prosecution of such a benign purpose; with a continual exhaustion upon it of the resources which might be applied to diminish that wretchedness of the people, which is the grand inflamer of those principles that have caused an earthquake under the foundations of the old social systems? But 'interminable' is no proper epithet to be applied to such a course. This policy of a bare uncompromising rigour, exerted to keep the people just where they are, in preference to adjustments formed on a calculation of a material change, and adapted to prepare them for it—how long could it be successful,—not to ask what would be the value or the glory of that success? With the light of recent history to aid the prognostication, by what superstitious mode of estimation the self-preserving, and self-avenging competence of any artificial form of social order, can we believe in its power to throw back the general opinions, determinations, and efforts, of the mass of mankind in endless recoil on themselves? That must be a very firm structure, must be of gigantic mass or most excellent basis and conformation, against which the ocean shall unremittingly wear and foam in vain. And it does not appear what there can be of such unrepugnable consistence in any particular construction of the social economy which is, by the supposition, resolved to be maintained in sovereign immutability, in permanent frustration of the persevering ever-growing,



aim and impulse of the great majority, pressing on to achieve important innovations in their favour; innovations in those systems of institution and usage, under which they will never cease to think they have had far less happiness, or means of happiness, than they ought to have had. We cannot see how this impulse can be so repelled or diverted that it shall not prevail at length, to the effect of either bearing down, or wearing away, a portion of the order of things, which the ascendant classes in every part of Europe would have fondly wished to maintain in perpetuity, without one particle of surrender."

The drift and general meaning of this passage almost every reader can comprehend; but the exact meaning of every sentence, and member of a sentence, in it, hundreds of readers could *not* comprehend without turning several times to a dictionary, and thinking a good deal, besides. Such a mode of writing, be it observed, is infinitely more out of character when attempted by working-men, than when followed by a highly-educated man, like John Foster. Plain, sensible writing—even if it were three-fourths words of one syllable, like much of Dean Swift's writings—would form the most forcible means of reaching the hearts and minds of your own order. Remember Cobbett, and the wondrous power he exercised by the use and repetition of short words! And yet, nothing can be more involved than many of his sentences: it was by the use of *plain words* that he made himself so widely and deeply felt.

Let it not be supposed, however, that I am recommending anything so absurd as the use of one style by all minds. All can guard against the affectation of big words, but every man cannot express himself alike; nor is even a big word to be cast away for a little one, when the big word has a more forcible meaning, or gives a truer grace to the sentence. Who would wish a four-syllabled word to be blotted out of the "Letters of Junius," for instance,—or to be exchanged for a monosyllable which had the same meaning? His sounding rhetoric—what vivid delight it adds to his stinging sarcasm,—which we all feel, with a thrill of our very marrow, while reading him,—and which affects poor Brougham with so much envy that he speaks disparagingly of him!—Brougham, who cannot bear the thought that any one should excel him in the power to sting with the pen or tongue.

Undoubtedly, you may occasionally employ the Junius vocabulary, with great fitness; but in essays on the wrongs of Labour,—the topic on which you are most likely to be frequent writers in the periodicals of which we are speaking,—plain, forcible words will seem the most natural language of your earnest minds.

A word or two about poetry. It gives one pain to be compelled to reject so many contributions in verse—for, it is ever a sign of the cultivation of the heart, as well of the intellect, when a young man is intent on expressing his thoughts and affections in poetry. But the prevalence of *two* defects in nine-tenths of the verse sent for insertion in my own periodical,—and which I must be allowed to say, without the slightest ill-feeling, I see in many other papers,—renders it necessary that a rigid judgment should be observed with regard to such contributions. Inflation of expression—over-swelling words—sound without sense—and exaggerated sentimentalism, (I vary the description of what I mean, to be understood without giving invidious examples) form one great fault with the majority of beginners in poetry. To print their essays would really injure their reputation for sense, with judicious readers; and yet it is a most disagreeable task to be compelled to give them pain, by rejecting their lines. I assure beginners in verse-making that I have burned ten times more verse of my own composition than I ever published; and I see so much imperfection in what I



have published, that I wish it were possible for me to withdraw it, and write on some of the same subjects anew. No young poet can act more wisely than to burn, and burn again, instead of furiously hurrying his imperfect effusions into print. These hints, however, ought not to deter young men of genius from 'wooing the muse:' the periodicals of the Working-classes ought to abound with the purifying influences of true poetry.

The other defect to which I allude, is one which real genius will speedily learn to remedy—since it needs only care: I mean the want of a knowledge of the *mechanism* of verse. Without a due observance of what are called 'feet'—that is the accented syllables—in poetry, it really is *not* verse but common prose. The reading of authors who are the most perfect in their measures (such as Pope) cannot fail to give an *attentive* rhymers the proper knowledge of this necessary part of his business. Attention to the best models will also teach him how to avoid the hampering '*do*' and '*did*' (which are graces only in imitation of the antique and simple); and the ungraceful ending of a couplet with the infinitive verb, as '*fire—to inspire*'—'*sight—to delight*'—'*mine—to resign*.'

I fear grave readers will be weary with seeing these pages occupied with what they will, perhaps, deem very trifling observations; and shall therefore pursue this theme no further, at present. A wish to be useful to many who have written me on these subjects, as well as love for the Muse herself, and a natural wish to see her becomingly wooed, while her lovers are being multiplied—must be my excuse for saying what I have said. Some thoughts in answer to enquirers after the best standard and school of Poetry, I defer till a future number.

THOMAS COOPER.

#### UNITY OF SENTIMENT IN AUTHORS.

It is at times interesting to a man of literary taste to observe the identity of idea and often of expression which exists amongst authors of celebrity on any one subject. During a desultory course of reading I have noted the two following rather curious parallelisms: the first relates to female Beauty in grief, and the second to Love:—

##### BEAUTY IN GRIEF.

No one hath seen beauty in its highest lustre who hath not seen it in distress.—*Fielding (Tom Jones)*.

And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile.—*Campbell*.

##### LOVE.

Love will not be constrained by mastery:  
When mastery cometh the god of love anon,  
Beateth his wings and farewell, he is gone.  
Love is a thing as any spirit free.—*Chaucer*.

For soon as mastery comes sweet love anon,  
Taketh his nimble wings and soon away is gone.—*Spenser*.

Love free as air at sight of human ties,  
Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies.—*Pope*.

FRANK GRANT.

NOBLE REPLY.—John Locke, the philosopher, was persecuted by the court of Charles II., for opposition to popery and arbitrary power. When James II. offered him pardon, he replied, that "he had no occasion for a pardon, not having been guilty of any crime."

## NOTES, WHICH THEY WHO RUN MAY READ.

**Co-OPERATIVE TAILORS.**—From 30 to 40 working tailors of Boston, America, started business on the 21st of September last, with a capital of 483 dollars. Every man has been paid his regular wages, and has already something ahead in the stock of the association, and good prospects for the future. They only owe 200 dollars: their treasurer has 100 dollars in hand; and their stock is now worth 1,500 dollars. Their business is increasing so rapidly that they will have to open a second 'store,' or shop for sale of goods, very soon. Why should not Englishmen—shoemakers, joiners, and cabinet-makers, builders, smiths, printers, &c., &c. *learn to agree* like brothers, join their intelligence, skill, and industry, use economy, and prosper in like manner?

**THE IRON TRADES.**—Wm. Baragwanath, "in behalf of the Watford Branch of the Journeyman Steam Engine and Machine Makers' and Millwrights' Friendly Society," has just published an address—inviting the Iron Trades of the United Kingdom to form a Joint Stock Company of 25s. shares, to be paid by instalments of 6d. weekly,—and purchase a Printing office, publish a weekly newspaper as the organ of the trade and advocate of the merits and claims of the company;—take a paper mill and make their own paper;—establish mills and workshops of various kinds, producing articles for working-men's consumption;—and build cottages for their own habitation. Such is the numerical power of this 'Aristocracy of Trades', that the writer affirms the proposed newspaper would pay its way, if only *one in ten* of the Iron Trade working-men would support it! If such be the fact, what could not this trade accomplish, if they would unite? Surely working-men have been long enough asleep and dead to their own interest! Instead of foolishly talking about 'Emigration,' they have the means to make themselves happy and prosperous in old England, if they will join their heads together, and throw their hearts, like men and brothers, into the effort!

**THE NATIONAL HARLEQUIN.**—Brougham attended a grand aristocratic meeting at Willis's Rooms, Hanover Square, last Thursday; and after floundering about in his speech for sometime—forgot the purpose of the meeting, which was to forward the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851—and began to sound his old cracked trumpet to the tune of 'The Glorious Tenth of April!' Even the aristocrats were sick of the silly worn-out ditty, and hissed, and cried 'Question, question!' Great Harry was mortified; but he affected to 'cut it short' with a *lordly* grace, and said he must conclude, for his *duties* called him *immediately* to 'another place'—meaning the House of Lords! Yet he staid in the room till the end of the meeting, which was two hours after! 'O Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou fallen'!

**SENSIBLE PETITION.**—"Some ignorant and infatuated persons in Cardington, Rushbury, and other parts, are signing a petition to the Almighty to chain the devil."—*Eddowes' Shrewsbury Journal*.

["Ignorant and infatuated"? Pooh, Mr. Eddowes! It is the most sensible petition ever got up among people who *believe* in a personal devil. But then—who is to present it at Court? That is the rub!]

**PROPOSED DISCUSSION.**—My last discourse at the Hall of Science, City Road, (the concluding one of the course on the 'Critical Exegesis of Gospel History') was attended by Mr. Scoble, the well-known and deservedly esteemed and respected Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society. Mr. S. rose, at the conclusion, and disputed some of my positions—especially that there were *legends* in the New Testament—and remarked that, if time allowed, he could disprove the said positions. I offered him the opportunity, and he agreed to accept it, and meet me for a public discussion; but requested that I should *open* it, with the maintenance of my own opinions. I have sent Mr. S. the following form of mutual challenge for his signature—having first signed it myself:—"Thomas Cooper undertakes to prove his assertion, that the New Testament contains legendary accounts of the great and good Jesus of Nazareth; and John Scoble undertakes to disprove the said assertion." A committee composed of an equal number of friends of each disputant are to be appointed to make the necessary arrangements for the discussion; and I hope soon to have the pleasure of announcing the time and place of meeting—for it *will* be a pleasure to me to meet, for such a purpose, so worthy an antagonist as Mr. Scoble, whose *championship* of the oppressed Negro ought to endear him to every philanthropist.

THOMAS COOPER.



## To Correspondents.

On the first page in last number, readers will have found two words which will have set them a-wondering, as to the writer's meaning. When the printer's proof-sheet was sent me to correct I found (a few lines from the bottom of the page) "fitting iron-shafts and never-tiring wheels against heart-strings and sinews."—and changed the word "fitting" to *fitting*—according to the writer's copy. In his haste, however, the printer fixed on the word "fitting" for correction, half-a-dozen lines higher up the page; and thus produced the strange union of words which now appears—"Chimeras pitting about the Utopian!!!" If this latter "pitting" be read *fitting* and "fitting (lower down) be read *fitting*, all will be right. I cannot express my mortification at the occurrence of these errors; but I hope I have now provided against their recurrence.

"Publicola," W. F. T. Kew Green; J. C. W.—Their poetry is respectfully declined.

"Bethnal Green Mutual Instruction Society;" Caius Gracchus; R. S. Archer; T. Taylor, Hackney Road.—Their letters expressing approval of a *Progress Union*, are received, and valued, but publication does not seem necessary.

G. WELST—His favour was received: obliged by his good wishes. I fear the person named will not stand fire.

J. C. W., Leeds.—The 'Law of Primogeniture,' is that *custom*—for I do not know that there is any statute for it—whereby the eldest son succeeds to the father's title and *real* estate: that is, the estate in land, 'houses, &c. The 'Law of Entail' prevents the father from selling the estate without the consent of the next heir—as in the case of the Duke of Buckingham, lately who could not give his creditors their claim, until his heir, the Marquis of Chandos, consented that the family estate should be sold. These laws are oppressive, not only because they enable the nobility to get deeply into debt with comparative safety; but because they render it necessary that army, navy, church, places, &c., should be kept up that the younger sons of the landlords should be quartered upon them for a maintenance.

'Seventeen,' Gower-street.—'Faggot votes' are votes *made* by landlords, for carrying elections—by giving a *pretended* right of freehold to some of their tenants. These votes, in homely English, were characterised as being of no more value than a *faggot*—the name for a bundle of rotten sticks, in some parts of England.

W. M., S. T., and other friends in Yorkshire and Lancashire, are respectfully informed that I cannot be out of London on any Sunday before next June. My Sunday engagements are fixed till the end of May, and are as follows:—

| HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD. |                                                                     | LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET. |                                              |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| MARCH 3.                    | Real character of Moses, and the design of his institution is.      | MARCH 10.                          | Columbus, and the discovery of America.      |
| 17.                         | Real character of Mahomet, and the design of Mohammedanism.         | 24.                                | Cortez, and the Conquest of Mexico.          |
| 31.                         | Superstitions of the Middle-Ages, and the Dreams of the Alchemists. | APRIL 7.                           | Pizarro, and the Conquest of Peru.           |
| APRIL 14.                   | Rienzi the Tribune, and the 'Good Estate.'                          | 21.                                | Washington, and the Independence of America. |
| 28.                         | Massaniello, the fisherman of Naples.                               | MAY 5.                             | Life and Genius of Rousseau.                 |
| MAY 12.                     | William Tell, and the Deliverance of Switzerland.                   | 19.                                | Life and Genius of Voltaire.                 |
| 26.                         | Kosciusko, and the struggles for Polish Independence.               |                                    |                                              |

## Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

- SUNDAY, March 3, at 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square, City Road). See above. At 7, Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square. "On Government, and how to create a good one."—Robert C. Owen.
- MONDAY, March 4, at half-past 8, Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars.—"Moral Philosophy."—Dr. Cantor. At a quarter to 9, Finsbury Hall, 66, Bunhill Row. "Competition and Combination, Athenæum, 17, Chapel Street, "Life Assurance."—Ambrose Hurst. At a quarter past 8, Literary Institution, Carlisle Street, Edgeware Road. "Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer."—P. W. Perfit. At half-past 8, Finsbury Mechanics' Institute, Bell Yard, City Road. "Popular Physiology."—B. E. Wheeler.
- WEDNESDAY, March 6, at 8, Hackney Literary and Scientific Institution. Quarterly Public Meeting of the Elocution Class.

## THINKINGS, FROM RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

**CONSISTENCY.**—A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen, and philosophers, and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips ! Sew them up with packthread, do ; else, if you would be a man, speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood. Misunderstood ! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood ? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

**CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.**—Jesus Christ belonged to the true race of prophets. He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul—drawn by its severe harmony, ravished with its beauty, he lived in it, and had his being there. Alone in all history, he estimated the greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and in me. He saw that God incarnates himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of his world. He said, in this jubilee of sublime emotion, “I am divine—through me, God acts ; through me. Would you see God, see me ; or see thee, when thou also thinkest as I now think.” But what a distortion did his doctrine and memory suffer in the same, in the next, and the following ages ! There is no doctrine of the Reason which will bear to be taught by the understanding. The understanding caught this high chant from the poet's lips, and said, in the next age, “This was Jehovah come down out of heaven—I will kill you, if you say he was a man.” The idioms of his language, and the figures of his rhetoric, have usurped the place of his truth ; and churches are not built on his principles but on his tropes. Christianity became a Mythus, as the poetic teaching of Greece and of Egypt, before. He spoke of miracles ; for he felt that man's life was a miracle, and all that man doth, and he knew that this daily miracle shines, as the man is diviner. But the very word miracle, as pronounced by Christian churches, gives a false impression, it is a monster. It is not one with the blowing clover and the falling rain.

**GOD AND SPIRIT.**—Of that ineffable essence which we call spirit, he that thinks most will say least. We can foresee God in the coarse and, as it were, distant phenomena of matter ; but when we try to define and describe himself, both language and thought desert us, and we are as helpless as fools and savages. That essence refuses to be recorded in propositions ; but when man has worshipped him intellectually, the noblest ministry of nature is to stand as the apparition of God. It is the great organ through which the universal spirit speaks to the individual, and strives to lead back the individual to it.

**TRUTH.**—God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates ever. He in whom the love of repose predominates, will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets,—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation ; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates, will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognise all the opposite negations between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being.

**NATURE'S MORAL TEACHINGS.**—The moral influence of Nature upon every individual is that amount of which it illustrates to him. Who can estimate this ? Who can guess how much firmness the sea-beaten rock has taught the fisherman ? how much tranquillity has been reflected to man from the azure sky, over whose unspotted deeps the winds for evermore drive the flocks of stormy clouds, and leave no wrinkle or stain ? how much industry, and providence, and affection, we have caught from the pantomime of brutes ? What a searching preacher of self-command is the varying phenomenon of Health !



## A NIGHT THOUGHT.

The night-wind rageth—the rain flood rattleth,  
 And Darkness enfoldeth a weary world ;  
 The Spirit of Fire with the Storm-fiend battleth,  
 And swift through the air are the lightnings hurled.  
 The Daughter of Wealth her calm rest taketh,  
 And Fancy weaveth her visions bright ;  
 Not the strife abroad—not a sad thought breaketh  
 Slumber thus 'twined in a web of delight :  
 In the grand halls of rank, there Plenty spreadeth  
 The table of Surfeit for wasteful pride ;  
 And pampered Debauch rich carpets treadeth,  
 While shivering Poverty starves outside :  
 In yon rag-ratched hut a maiden weepeth,  
 Gaunt misery blackeneth her sunken eyes—  
 The chill of Death o'er her lean form creepeth,  
 And now in her last sleep calm she lies !  
 Shall this last for ever ? my heart enquireth ;  
 For ever such scenes must they darken earth ?  
 Ay, till man fulfil what Truth desireth—  
 Till man has created man's own new-birth.  
 Oh, joy ! when the day-dawn of Justice beameth !  
 When brotherhood smileth over the world !  
 When Poverty's tear no longer streameth,  
 And the banner of War is for ever upfurled.

FRANK GRANT.

## A LAY OF LOVE.

HEAVEN hath its crown of stars, the Earth  
 Her glory-robe of flowers ;  
 The grand old woods have music,  
 Green leaves, and silver showers ;  
 The birds have homes where honeyed blooms  
 In beauty smile above ;  
 High-yearning hearts their rainbow dreams ;—  
 And we, sweet, we have love !  
 There's suffering for the toiling poor  
 On Misery's bosom nurst ;  
 Rich robes for ragged souls ; and crowns  
 For branded-brows, Cain-cursed !  
 But cherubim with clasping wings,  
 Ever about us be ;  
 And, happiest of God's happy things,  
 There's love for you and me !  
 We walk not with the jewelled great,  
 Where Love's dear name is sold ;  
 Yet have we wealth we would not give  
 For all their world of Gold !  
 We revel not in corn and wine,  
 Yet have we from above  
 Manna divine ! Then we'll not pine:  
 Do we not live and love ?  
 I know, dear heart, that in our lot  
 May mingle tears and sorrow !  
 But Love his rainbow builds from tears,  
 To-day, with smiles, to-morrow !  
 The sunshine from our sky may die,  
 The greenness from Life's Tree ;  
 But ever 'mid the warring storm  
 Thy nest shall sheltered be !  
 I see thee—Ararat of my life !—  
 Smiling, the waves above ;  
 Thou hail'st me, victor in the strife ;  
 And beacon'st me with Love !  
 The world will never know, dear,  
 Half what I've found in thee ;  
 But tho' nought to the world, dear,  
 Thou'rt all the world to me !

GERALD MASSEY.

## THE WISH REPAIRED.

"Depend upon it, if you are not noble in the present age, in no age would you have been so."  
 GEORGE DAWSON.

Oh, that my lot had been to live in days, alas ! no more,  
 When valour drew the battle blade, 'gainst Saracen and Moor ;  
 When glory called from every land, the noble and the brave,  
 To rescue from the infidel our Lord's dishonoured grave ;  
 When valiant deeds where ever crowned with honour and with fame,  
 And poets sung the hero's praise, and nations blessed his name !  
 Oh, then might nobleness be gained, and noble deeds be done ;  
 But now, alas ! their days are passed, for ever set their sun.  
 Oh, that my lot had been to live in honour bringing days,  
 When persecution raised the stake, the faggot and the blaze ;  
 Days when the martyr's death procured the martyr's deathless fame,  
 The victim was triumphant, and the victor won but shame :  
 When freedom's holy advocate, the daring and the strong,  
 Defied alike the tyrant king, the still more tyrant throng.  
 Oh, then might nobleness be gained, and noble deeds be done ;  
 But now, alas ! their days are passed, for ever set their sun.  
 Oh, that my lot had been to live in freedom's holiest time,—  
 E'en when the Puritans achieved their victories sublime ;  
 And from despotic will preserved this fair and goodly land,  
 Despite a church malignant, and a king's opposing hand :  
 When loving Hampden breathed his words of energy and fire ;  
 When mighty Cromwell drew the sword, and Milton struck the lyre ;  
 Oh, then might nobleness be gained, and noble deeds be done ;  
 But now, alas ! their days are passed, for ever set their sun.  
 Oh, that my lot had been to live—"Hold !" cried a warning tongue,  
 "There's sin in thy complaint, and there is evil in thy song ;  
 "In *every* age, by noble hearts, may noble deeds be done,  
 "The battle yet is to be fought, the victory to be won ;  
 "For every age has work demanding truthful, earnest men,  
 "A brave heart wields the sword, but 'tis a braver wields the pen.  
 And secretly, it whispered me, in accents how serene—  
 "If now thou art not noble, friend, thou ne'er hadst noble been !"

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

## CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES ; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848—9, AND 1849—50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

*Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'*

## III.—THE MIRACLES.

(Continued from last number.)

2. Lepers—from the tendency of the climate of Palestine to produce cutaneous disorders—might be expected to figure among the sufferers related to have been relieved by Christ. The narrative of the ten lepers, in Luke (17 c. 12 v.) is too indistinctly given to be singled out for criticism. The ten diseased men do not ask to be cured: they merely say "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us !" Nor does Luke relate that Jesus said more to them than "Go, shew yourselves to the priests." Their cure, in the journey, is affirmed; the return, and "giving him thanks," of one, a Samaritan; and the declaration of Jesus respecting this one, that his faith had made him whole. But the narrative is too uncircumstantial, to bear dissection. Not so, with another narrative: that of the cleansing of one leper, which is given by the first three evangelists. (Matt. 8 c. 1 v.



Mark 1 c. 40 v. Luke 5 c. 12 v.) Matthew places his cure immediately after the delivery of the Sermon on the Mount: Mark and Luke, at some period not precisely marked, at the beginning of the ministry of Jesus in Galilee. A leper comes towards Jesus, falls on his knees, and entreats that he may be cleansed; Jesus effects the cure by a touch and the declaration of his will—"I will, be thou clean;" and then directs the leper to present himself to the priest, &c.

Again, we ask, *who* are the witnesses? We do not positively know who wrote the gospels to which the names of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, are usually prefixed. And supposing that we had undoubted evidence that they were the writers—they do not tell us that they beheld the performance of this cure. Nay, a phrase of Luke, seems to indicate that *he* did *not* behold it. "It came to pass when he was in a certain city" (ch. 5 v. 12) our translators have rendered it; but the Greek is (literally translated) *in one of the cities*—a most *uncertain* phrase, which shows that the writer is relating something by hearsay: unless, the advocates for 'plenary inspiration,' will contend that Luke *might* have witnessed the miracle, but *forgot* the name of the place!

Let no one complain that this is hypercriticism. We are told that the 'Miracles' prove a Divine Revelation; and, again, we ask what proves *this* miracle? It is *not* substantiated by such testimony as would be accounted evidence, if we had read it in this shape in any other book—though *there* it might be perfectly valueless, even if fully attested—while *here* it is of such declared import that our salvation is affirmed to depend on the belief of it, among other 'miraculous cures.' It is *not* substantiated; and, therefore, to us, who have never witnessed a departure from the Laws of Nature, it could be allowed to be possible only by the operation of some great natural curative power resident in the body and will of Jesus of Nazareth. But there is nothing in the annals of animal magnetism to equal such a cure, or in any degree resembling it. We hear of the almost instantaneous relief of rheumatic and nervous disorders in our own day: we know some of the witnesses: we can summon their testimony. But it is a widely different story to be told that a leper—nay, one "full of leprosy," according to Luke—a person having the most obstinate and malignant of diseases of the skin; one in whom there is a thorough derangement of the animal fluids; one whose skin is corroded by this malady—was, by a touch and a sentence, instantly made pure and healthy. We feel that we are in the realm of legend, again; and the mythical sources of the story are evident. Thus remarks Strauss:

"In the fabulous region of oriental and more particularly of Jewish legend, the sudden appearance and disappearance of leprosy presents itself the first thing. When Jehovah endowed Moses, as a preparation for his mission into Egypt, with the power of working all kinds of signs, amongst other tokens of this gift he commanded him to put his hand into his bosom, and when he drew it out again, it was covered with leprosy: again he was commanded to put it into his bosom, and on drawing it out a second time it was once more clean (Exod. iv. 6, 7.). Subsequently, on account of an attempt at rebellion against Moses, his sister Miriam was suddenly stricken with leprosy, but on the intercession of Moses was soon healed (Num. xii. 10.). Above all, among the miracles of the prophet Elisha the cure of a leper plays an important part, and to this event Jesus himself refers (Luke iv. 27.). The Syrian General Naaman, who suffered from leprosy, applied to the Israelitish prophet for his aid; the latter sent to him the direction to wash seven times in the river Jordan, and on Naaman's observance of this prescription the leprosy actually disappeared, but was subsequently transferred by the prophet to his deceitful servant Gehazi (2 Kings v.). I know not what we ought to need beyond these Old Testament narratives to account for the origin of the evangelical anecdotes. What the first Goel was empowered to do in the fulfilment of Jehovah's commission, the second



Goel must also be able to perform, and the greatest of prophets must not fall short of the achievements of any one prophet. If then the cure of leprosy was without doubt included in the Jewish idea of the Messiah; the Christians, who believed the Messiah to have really appeared in the person of Jesus, had a yet more decided inducement to glorify his history by such traits, taken from the mosaic and prophetic legend; with the single difference that, in accordance with the mild spirit of the New Covenant (Luke ix. 55.) they dropped the punitive side of the old miracles."

3. The Blind—also agreeably to the nature of the climate of Palestine—might be expected to fill a prominent place in the list of sufferers related to have been relieved by Christ. Of the blind several cures are narrated.

(1.) A narrative common to the first three evangelists, is that of a cure of blindness wrought by Jesus at Jericho, on his last journey to Jerusalem. (Matt. 20 ch. 29 v. Mark, 10 ch. 46 v. Luke, 18 ch. 35v.) The divergencies, in this case, are important: Matthew has *two* blind men, Mark and Luke but *one*: Luke makes the miracle take place on the *entrance* of Jesus *into* Jericho, Matthew and Mark on his *departure out* of that city. Moreover, the touching of the eyes, by which, according to Matthew, Jesus effected the cure, is not mentioned by either Mark or Luke. It may be replied, that although the second and third evangelist do not mention the touching, they do not, therefore, deny it. But should not 'plenary' or *full* inspiration, direct an equally complete account to *each* 'inspired' writer? To me, I must confess, that seems necessary—when our eternal interests are maintained to be involved in a belief of the account of a supernatural transaction. But how reconcile the difference relative to number? They who give the priority to the second and third gospel, say that one of the two blind men was possibly more remarkable than the other, on which account, he alone, was mentioned by Mark and Luke; but Matthew writing afterwards, and being an eye-witness, supplied the second blind man. On this supposition, Mark and Luke do not contradict Matthew, for they nowhere deny that another besides their single blind man was healed; neither does Matthew contradict them—for where there are two, there is also one! If this method of reconciliation be deemed satisfactory, who shall despair of reconciling *any* difficulty? But who can reconcile the statement of Matthew and Mark, "as they *departed from*," and that of Luke, "as they *came nigh to* Jericho?" Commentators, from Grotius to our contemporaries, have made attempts to render these passages consistent with each other; but the thing is impossible.

The older 'harmonists,' and some modern critics, maintain that *two* distinct cures are related by three *evangelists*: one, on the entrance into, and the other, on the departure from Jericho. Without detailing all their reasonings, it is sufficient to reply that, since Matthew says *two* blind men were cured on the *departure from* Jericho, and Luke, says *one* was cured on the *entrance into* that city, we should, on this hypothesis, have *three* cures of the blind—for Mark must be thrown into Matthew's account, with the supposition that he has only mentioned the most remarkable of Matthew's two men. And then, these puzzling considerations follow: 1. The *one* blind man at the entrance (Luke) and the *two* blind men at the going out, (Matthew) cry out in the same language. 2. The multitude 'rebuke' the *one* blind man at the entrance, and yet, although they had seen that they were acting in opposition to the designs of Jesus, they 'rebuke' the *two* blind men at the going out! 3. Jesus puts the same question, in each case, to the blind. 4. The blind make the same answer (Mark and Luke.) 5. Jesus attributes their cure, in each case, to their faith (Mark and Luke.) 6. In each case, the blind follow him, when their sight is



received. Who can suppose, if there be two different cures related here, that the legend has not repeated itself? Or, if the cure be but one and the same, who can reconcile the divergencies? And, if the narrators differ, who dares to say that we must be eternally lost, if we do not take the irreconcilable account as full and sufficient testimony that a 'miracle' was wrought in proof of a Divine Revelation?

(2.) But Matthew has another narrative which we cannot separate from the one just noticed. It is contained in our 9th chapter of his gospel (v. 17.) And here, *again*, the *two* blind men cry that *the son of David may have mercy on them*: here *again* he *touches* their eyes—the circumstance found *only* in Matthew, before. Look still more closely, and you find that, while in the narrative before considered, Mark and Luke made Jesus attribute the cure of the blind to their faith, and Matthew was silent on that point,—in this his earlier narrative (9 ch.) Matthew makes Jesus eulogise the faith of the patients as Mark and Luke do, in the other case. Who does not perceive, not only that the first evangelist has copied his earlier account in his second, but that the second and third evangelist have the collected features of his two accounts—still mingling them with divergencies? In other words, that we have, in these narratives, all the native varieties of legend? To call for the *witnesses*, when one cannot determine what is really witnessed—either as it regards the number of the cured, or the place and time when they were cured—would be absurd. Amidst these narratives of the blind miraculously receiving their sight, we are, as yet, too evidently in the realm of legend. Let us turn to another of these cures of the blind.

(To be continued.)

## Reviews.

*French Intervention in Rome. A Letter to Messrs. De Tocqueville and De Falloux.* By JOSEPH MAZZINI. Chas. Fox, 67, Paternoster Row.

This most eloquent essay is sold at one penny. Every earnest working man should read it. One feels as if undergoing an electric shock while perusing it. It is seldom that any Age receives such a lesson of eloquent truth from its GREATEST MAN of action, as that contained in these 16 pages.

*The Spirit of Freedom, and Working Man's Vindicator.* Conducted by WORKING MEN.

This monthly Penny periodical—formerly a weekly—printed at Uxbridge,—is already widely known among working men. Its editor is Gerald Massey, a young man of very high poetic talent, and a frequent contributor to *Cooper's Journal*. John Rymill of Northampton, another earnest hearted working-man, is one of its essayists; and the band of fervent-minded young men, who are thus putting forth their burning thoughts to the masses, cannot fail to be felt, and to produce stirring effects in the Future. Periodicals like these are among the most notable 'Signs of the Times.' There is, surely, hope for England, while her toiling children are breathing out these unmistakeable syllables of their aspirations. By every association of workingmen for mutual instruction this periodical ought to be purchased.

*One Hundred Sonnets.* By HENRY FRANK LOTT. Willoughby, Warwick-lane.

The author is a working carpenter, whose manly bearing and open-heartedness endear him to all who, like myself, have the pleasure of knowing him. He never thinks of rhyming as 'an idle trade;' but pursues it, when his days' labour ends, for the elevating love of it. The tasteful and

musical quality of the four specimens I give from his handsome little volume, will claim rank for themselves. The first and second,—addressed to his “Mother” and “his Sister on her Marriage”—I select for the true heart displayed in them; the third, “to W. J. Fox,” as a proof of the standard of the author’s intelligence; and the fourth, for its rich sentiment.

## TO MY MOTHER.

As age accumulates upon thy brow,  
And all thine energies become less warm,  
Securely rest on my more vigorous arm,—  
Time the protectorship reverses now.  
If, by God’s blessing, health and strength allow,  
My toil shall comfort thee; secure from harm,  
No dread of want thy last days shall alarm,  
Nor workhouse insolence thy spirit bow.  
Mother, though dim thine eye, yet many a day,  
While blithe I sported, didst thou toil for me  
Along no path of flowers, but a rude way,  
Beset with hardship and with poverty.  
May I the debt that’s due in part repay  
By feeling grateful, and by aiding thee!

## TO MY SISTER ON HER MARRIAGE.

Not in symmetric form nor beauteous face,  
In learning, birth, nor wealth’s equalities,  
In custom’s bond, nor law’s formalities,  
Can those who marry firm reliance place:  
To clothe the passions with a gentler grace  
Enwove from mutual sensibilities,  
Regardless if the world or hears or sees:  
Hence wedded hearts their failless joys must trace.  
May this be thine adornment! He who takes  
And calls thee his entirely, robs not me  
Of one of thine affections, but awakes  
Another chord of kindly sympathy:  
So may each morn of life that on thee breaks  
Find thee more blest with him, and him with thee.

## TO W. J. FOX.

I look around on all who labour on  
For man’s true elevation—but I see  
None whom we owe a greater debt than thee,  
Fox! of the fervid mind and manly tone!  
Above thy compeers dost thou stand alone,  
Urging, with bold originality,  
Stern truths, whose practical results may be  
Applied to daily life as soon as known.  
Guiding the reason, stirring up the mind,  
Exploding superstitious, claiming rights,  
Leading our thoughts to dwell on the refined,  
The beautiful, the noble—which excites,  
And softens also, and at once unites  
The sympathies and hopes of human kind.

## TO SLEEP.

Smile, as I bow me to thy shrine, O Sleep!  
Weary am I, through climbing labour’s hill—  
Veil up my senses!—not that I may kill  
Scorpions of conscience ’neath thy shadows deep,  
But that, from thy calm influence, I may reap  
Peace and refreshment, as thy balms instil  
Strength to my frame, and all my being fill  
With joy, that thou thy watch didst safely keep.  
Samaritan of life! with pitying smile,  
When tired nature fails upon the road,  
Thou giv’st thy blessing to the sons of toil,  
Loos’ning the bandage of their wearying load:  
Though gold may win it not by chaffering wile,  
Unmasked upon contentment ’tis bestowed.



## EASTERN LIFE, PAST AND PRESENT. By Harriet Martineau.

*(Continued from last Number.)*

THE large-minded candour and real philosophy with which Miss Martineau speaks of the Priests of old Nile should be imbibed by all thinking workmen. The following passage is of very high value:—

"They explored many regions of natural science, giving the people the results in the form of divination and magic. They held among themselves the doctrines of the unity of God, and of a divine moral government, and lowered their doctrine to meet the comprehension of the people, by deifying the attributes of God, and making local rulers of them. The testimony of ages has proved the vice of this method of proceeding: but we must remember that the Egyptian priesthood had not this testimony of ages. We must remember how they stood, a little band of observers, among the wonders and mysteries of the universe; and that, as yet, they had to collect the facts of external nature to a great extent before they could look far into causes (so-called); and that these facts were not regarded by them with the calm eye of knowledge, but the bashful glance of new and awe-struck perception. They could hardly receive such knowledge as they had otherwise than as a special gift and revelation to themselves, as students of the universe. It was not known then, not dreamed of by any one, that knowledge is the equal birthright of all, and that truth is of the last importance to every human being. We are not therefore to reprobate in the Egyptian priesthood what is worthy of reprobation now in any man or body of men;—a distrust of the general understanding, as compared with our own; a keeping back of the knowledge which is the birthright of all; an offer, under veils and disguises, of that truth which every man has an equal right to see in his native purity and nobleness. The Egyptian priesthood tried the experiment of a civil government which was probably the fittest at the time for its purposes—those purposes being, we may hope, centered in the good of the people:—Pythagoras, at least, thus understood the matter. The experiment, which lay within the terms of natural laws, appears to have succeeded; the Egyptian mode of governing society by a council of the wisest and best having lasted longer than perhaps any other government that nations have experienced. The Egyptian priesthood tried another experiment, which failed, because it violated the terms of natural laws. They tried the experiment of making themselves gods to the people in regard to the administration of knowledge and natural benefits. They took upon themselves to measure and to manage the minds of men in regard to matters which in fact they held only in common with all men. They did this, I doubt not, in all sincerity, fidelity, and benevolence; but it was a mistake of ignorance; and it was followed by its natural retribution. Ignorance, whether guilty or unavoidable, is always presumptuous. These priests were ignorant and presumptuous, while most earnestly intent on doing good with such knowledge as they had. They assumed the exclusive possession of that to which all had a right and they corrupted themselves and their charge together. The philosophy they held languished and nearly died out. Their own order deteriorated in power, knowledge, and character; and the people became idolaters, sinking into that weakness and under that doom which superstition brings on as surely as the pollution of the atmosphere causes lassitude and lingering death. The experiment of spiritual government failed; but we are not to deal with the priests for it as if they had had our thousands of years of added experience.

"I never believed during my school days, and I am sure I never shall now, that any order of men ever carried on a wilful and deliberate fraud, from generation to generation, for any purpose whatever. I used to suspect in my school days, as I believe now, that all the heathen priesthoods which were held up for my scorn as bands of impostors, had faith, one way or another, in what they taught. And there seems every reason to believe this now of the Egyptian priesthood, who taught more extraordinary things perhaps than any other. If we do but put ourselves in their places for an instant, we may perhaps see how many things may have been venerable and true to them, which we, with our knowledge and our ignorance, our experience and our prejudices, do not know how to treat seriously at all.

"To them nothing was so wonderful, so mysterious, so important as Life and Organization. Their purity of life and habits,—their taking but one wife, and banishing all indecency from their temple rites,—enlightens us as to much that we might reprobate otherwise in the illustrations of some of their festivals, and a few of their doctrines.



Perhaps they were wiser than we are in their reverence for natural instincts; and they were certainly not wrong in thinking life and its production the most sacred and the most real, and therefore the most important fact with which the human race can have concern. When they by degrees led the people down into gross brute-worship (if indeed it is true that they did so) they certainly misapplied or ill-conveyed their reverent appreciation of the great fact of life; but the fault was in the misapplication, and not in the philosophy which recognised in life, wherever found, something altogether sacred, before which the human intellect must bow down, as an insoluble mystery. I am sure that we are wrong in the other extreme, in the levity or utter thoughtlessness with which we regard the races of inferior animals, which have shared with ours, for thousands of years, the yet unsolved mystery of sentient existence, without sharing with us anything else than what is necessary for the support of that existence. We know no more of the experience, one may say, the mind, of the cattle, the swallows, the butterflies, and worms about us, than if they lived in another planet. They and man have met hourly for all these thousands of years without having found any means of communication; without having done anything to bridge over the gulf which so separates them that they appear mere phantoms to each other. The old Egyptian priests recognised the difficulty, and made a mistake upon it;—disastrous enough. We, for the most part, commit the other great mistake of not recognising the mystery. We are not likely ever to embody our consciousness of it in any form of brute-worship; but we are hardly qualified to criticise those who fell into that perhaps sublime error in the early days of human speculation."

In the paragraphs immediately succeeding these, Miss Martineau thus reasons on the magical tendencies of the Egyptian priesthood; and, in conclusion, points out the fact that they practised what is now called *Mesmerism*:—

"Then again; about their Oracles, Magic, and Medicine:—it is needless and therefore unjust, to attribute to them any artifice or insincerity. All who have duly inquired into that class of natural facts know that among human faculties exist those of perception or apprehension of distant and of future events; and some powers of sympathetic operation, whose nature and limits are as yet but little understood. Those powers are as yet but too little inquired into, notwithstanding the example and exhortations of Bacon, Cuvier, Laplace and other philosophers who were rendered by their philosophy meek enough to learn from nature. Finding, as we do, indisputable proofs that at present the human being is capable of various states of consciousness, and of knowing events which are happening afar, and of fore-knowing events which are future,—sometimes spontaneously, and sometimes by means of an agency purposely employed;—knowing, on the other hand, that history abounds with records which everybody believes more or less, of prophecy, of preternatural (so-called) knowledge, of witchcraft, unaccountable sympathies, and miraculous cures; we have every reason to suppose that the Egyptian priesthood encountered and held the facts which some of us encounter and hold, and employed them as sincerely and devoutly as they employed other facts in natural philosophy. It is probable that the oracles were true; and we have no right to doubt that the priests believed them true,—as earnestly as they believed that they could cure the sick whom they carried into their temples, and on whose heads they religiously laid their hands, with invocations to the gods. The faculties which drew the attention of Bacon and others are found more vigorous, more spontaneous, and more easily excitable among orientals than among ourselves. If we find, by the half-dozen, merely by opening our minds to the fact, cases of far-seeing and fore-seeing, and curative power, it is probable that such cases were familiar to the heathen priesthods of old; and that they sincerely believed that persons so gifted held a revealing commission from the gods. While fully aware of the means necessary for eliciting the faculty, and using those means, the priest might wait on the speech of the oracular somnambule, believing it to proceed from the veritable inspiration of the god. This is not the place for bringing together the evidence that exists about the dealings of the Egyptian priests with the sick and infirm: but it is curious; and it shews no cause for the assumption that they were jugglers, or in any way insincere in their practice. They probably believed that they should give relief by the "touching with the hands" which as Solon tells us, "will immediately restore to health" when soothing medicines are of no avail; and by that "stroking with gentle hands" which Æschylus says was to be had on the Nile;\* and they were probably justified in their belief by the results. Nothing but a very large proportion of cures will account for the continued celebrity of any seat of health during a sequence of many centuries."

\* Prometheus to Io: "There Zeus will render you sane, stroking you with gentle hand and simply touching you." This sanctuary at Canopus was celebrated for the cures wrought by the god.



**ETERNITY.**—Eternal existence, the existence of that which never had a beginning, must always be beyond our distinct comprehension, whatever the eternal object may be material or mental; and as much beyond our comprehension in the one case as in the other, though it is impossible for us to doubt that some being, material or mental, must have been eternal, if anything exist.—*Dr. Thos. Brown.*

**PERSEVERANCE.**—He who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as to idle spectators who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.—*John Foster.*

**BAD LAWS.**—How ineffectual are all our efforts to preserve the morals of a people, if the laws which regulate the political order doom the one half of mankind to indigence, to fraud, to servility, to ignorance, to superstition; and the other half to be the slaves of all the follies and vices which result from the insolence of rank and the selfishness of opulence.—*Dugald Stewart.*

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"And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple! Who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?"—*Milton's Areopagitica.*

No. 10.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1850. [Price One Penny.

## EDUCATION AND SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

"Orthodox, orthodox,  
Who believe in John Knox,  
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience—  
There's a heretic blast  
Has been blawn i' the wast,  
That what is not sense must be nonsense."

*Burns.*

A STRUGGLE of far greater importance than that between the Protectionists and Free Traders, is in embryo, in the present Parliament. An enlightened few—and they are a very few—on the one side, are intent on freeing the People from the fetters of ignorance and formality in the name of religion, —while, on the other, are arrayed a host eager to stifle free thought, and to rivet about the multitude the chains of superstition. It is necessary that every thinking working-man should be alive to this. All education movements have hitherto been checked by sectarian jealousy and intolerance; and none ever took a more discreditable part in this obstructive course than Mr. Baines, of Leeds, who so recently set up the doctrine among Dissenters, and won their most fanatical adhesion to it—that it was no part of the duty of a Government to educate the People! The maintenance of this doctrine by such a party, was not only very astounding and unexpected, as being so contrary to all that had been maintained for years in this country, by the Reform party,—one of whose unswerving and constant demands had, all along, been "National Education;" but it was opposed to all consistency, as might be shewn by numerous arguments—among which the position 'That it is unjust to punish crime without first instructing the people to shun it,' is not the least conclusive.

The repeated defeat of movements for National instruction has not, however, destroyed either hope or resolution in the enlightened few. W. J. Fox, a thinker and a master of eloquence, has obtained leave to bring in a new bill for educating the people; and little Lord John, whom one can so seldom praise, used all his influence to baffle the bigots while Mr. Fox was introducing his motion. The initiative step is thus secured; and so soon as the bill is printed, the country will be tested as to their zeal for the measure. In every locality, thoughtful working-men should get up meetings and petition—being resolved not to have this measure also frustrated by all or any of the sects. Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. Plumptre, and all who are ready to 'strain at a gnat and swallow a camel,' in the House of Commons, will, doubtless, resist the measure vehemently, when it is again brought on, after Easter; and it will depend solely on the disposition shewn by the country, as to what part Lord John then takes. If there be numerous petitions in



its favour, he may aid it: if not, it will be easy for him to 'throw cold water upon it'—assuring Mr. Fox, meanwhile, in honied words, how much he admires it!

With the pharisaic cry of 'Sabbath observance' on their lips, a far more formidable party are using *sly* and unobtrusive means, in the outset, to bring about their repressive purposes. The Earl of Harrowby—one of the most estimable of men for private beneficence, but completely in the leading-strings of the High-Church bishops and parsons—has charge of a bill, in the House of Lords, for 'Suppressing Sunday Trading.' This bill has been urged on there with almost mute, and yet, rapid policy. The country at large knows little about it; and it is of great moment that it should be openly talked of, in order that the few who are to be depended on in the House of Commons should be prepared to deal with it, when it arrives there. It is said to be so stringent, as to make the sale of a newspaper, in church-service hours, an offence to be visited by fine and imprisonment. To put down *thinking* is thus its grand device. Who can doubt, but its clauses are so framed as to enable Government (should Stanley and his set succeed in gaining the power they are so fiercely desiring) to close our Lecture-rooms on Sunday evenings?

With consummate hypocrisy this party are loud in professions that they desire the suppression of Sunday trading, in order to secure 'the poor man's holiday!' Away with their lying pretences! If they had any desire that the 'poor man' should have holidays, they know many ways to provide them for him. Holidays for the 'poor man'!—the canting knaves—they would sooner increase his daily burdens doubly, in order to swell their own enjoyments. This is wholly true of the majority of the 'Sabbath Observance' party, in both Houses; and it is the more to be regretted that they should find an amiable, and really benevolent man, like Lord Harrowby, to act as porter for bringing their bundle of sickening pharisaism into the House of Lords. How the crafty Bishop of London, and bigotted Old Harry of Exeter, must snivel in their sleeves at his Lordship's earnest simplicity!

In the same spirit of hypocritical zeal, they are fomenting the fury about 'Sunday business in Post-offices;' and hundreds of unthinking religionists are signing petitions and sending them to Parliament, to stop the delivery of letters on Sundays. They affect pity for the over-workers in the Post-offices; as if it would not be easy to divide the work, and as if there were not thousands in the country who would be glad to be employed in the labour so divided.

As for the 'religious part of the question,' as it is called, it is high time that Sabbatarians were boldly met, and put to the proof upon it. Let them shew us where any Sabbath is ever said to have been commanded, except in the giving of the Mosaic Law. Let them shew us that Moses commanded its observance by any other people than the Jews,—when he says (Deut. 5 ch. 15 v.) "Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand and by a stretched out arm: therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." Let them shew us that *any other day than the seventh day* ever is said to have been commanded to be kept as a Sabbath. Let them shew us any one text in the New Testament in which Christ either speaks in favour of the old Sabbath, or institutes a new one. Let them shew us what authority they have to *break the Sabbath* (which the Jews still keep) if they believe it was given for *all*



nations,—and to cry down all men as sinners who either *work* or *play* on the *first day* of the week, which *never was made a Sabbath by Christ*. Let them shew us, in a word, if they *believe* that God commanded the seventh day to be kept as a holiday because He ceased working upon it,—how they dare have the impudence to say they shall do as they like, *break* the seventh-day sabbath, and keep holiday on the SUN's day, as their old pagan forefathers did.

It is time that the Sabbatarians were thus openly charged home with *sabbath-breaking*, until they give up their cant about it; and consent to let the question be considered as, simply, one of civil and social polity. In Christianity,—if its founder and his apostles are to be taken as the true authority,—the observance of particular days is no part of real religion: the true Christian keeps a Sabbath of the heart every day. But, in the civil and social world, rest, relaxation, recreation, are necessary to renew the physical and mental energies of man. Periods of seven days, and a festival on the *first*, were kept in old India thousands of years, it is probable, before the 'Sabbath' was heard of in Judea: the custom pervaded numerous nations: it was observed by our Teutonic ancestors: *we* observe their custom yet: the names of their gods yet mark the days of the week: their Sun's day—the first day of the week—is *our* festival, as it was theirs. Let the time-hallowed custom, since it is a good one, remain. No Englishman wishes to abolish it. But we do not wish to see the farce continued of denouncing every man as irreligious and wicked who does not on the *first* day of the week attend to the exclusive reading of the Bible, or some pious book,—who does not diligently frequent some church or chapel, and shun the fields and fresh air,—who does not refuse to talk about the affairs of the world in which he lives, and mince his words when he cannot avoid mentioning them, as if he felt every syllable endangered his eternal happiness. This is the hateful mental slavery in which many live,—and we repeat, it is time that a struggle was made to break it. We should hear less, then, about 'Sabbath Bills.' It is a fair stand-up fight that the Sabbatarians ought to have. It would rouse so much *thought* among the People that they would be laughed down. The utter want of foundation for their doctrine of a *first-day sabbath*, in their own books, and the revelation of their own glaring inconsistency, either as *sabbath-breakers* or ignoramuses, would stare them so fully in the face that they would prate less about "the national sin," thenceforth. We do not object, let it be observed, to their doing as they like with their time, on any day of the week. It is the slavery they wish to impose on others, we object to; and above all, the strength which their superstition gives to tyrants who use it to keep the millions in bondage.

THOMAS COOPER.

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ORATORS.—In the republican states of antiquity, the eloquence of demagogues was indeed a dangerous engine of faction, while it aspired to govern nations by its unlimited sway in directing popular councils; but now, when the effusions of the orator are, by means of the press, subjected to the immediate tribunal of an inquisitive age, the eloquence of legislative assemblies is forced to borrow its tone from the spirit of the times; and if it retain its ascendant in human affairs, it can only be by lending its aid to the prevailing cause, and to the permanent interests of truth and freedom.—*Dugald Stewart*.

REASON.—Those who pretend that reason and its faculties are depraved in such a manner as to be no longer capable of serving as a sure and faithful guide to man, either in respect to his duties or particularly with regard to religion, do not reflect that they have adopted for the basis of their system a principle destructive of all truth and consequently of religion.—*Burlamaqui*.

Titles of honour are like the impression on coins, which add no value to gold and silver, but only render brass current.—*Sterne*.



## PRINCIPLE AND EXPEDIENCY.

THERE are two thoughts—one great in good, the other as great in evil—which may be said to divide the empire of this world: these thoughts are, Principle and Expediency.

Principle gives birth to glorious struggles for Truth and Freedom; to struggles that live eternally in the memory of mankind, even when they are doomed to prove unavailing. Expediency gives birth to timid appeals, to low remonstrances, soon drowned in the contemptuous laugh of the tyrant: it is despised when it fails,—forgotten after it has succeeded.

Principle makes men,—Expediency diplomatists. Nothing is more contemptible, and yet nothing more common than compromise and half measures.—“It is better to have half a loaf than no bread.”—Oh, men of little faith! the question is not the loaf, but the *right* to the loaf. Win that, and the loaf follows as a matter of course; take half the loaf and the battle to win the other half is all to fight over again. Why? because ye preferred convenience to right; expediency to justice.

Take, in O’Connell, an instance known to all. We behold in him a man who was certainly one of the most remarkable men this age has produced. Eloquence, sarcasm, wit, humour, tact, and unflagging energy, he possessed in the highest degree—with a cause in itself a tower of strength; a cause a hero might strive and die for. Yet, with all this, what did O’Connell do for Ireland? Comparatively nothing. Why did he fail so signally? Because he only acted on expediency, and never rose to principle. He had not the daring of the true man; the daring of Mazzini and Kossuth. He sought Ireland’s weal in Whiggish alliances, in shiftings of power, and adroit coquetting with parties. To this aim his zeal, his wonderful talents, were devoted; and he reaped—what those who seek good by evil means will ever reap.

O’Connell was daring in speech, but timid at heart. He had not that greatness of soul which *really dares*. He based his arguments on Ireland’s wrongs; but Ireland’s wrongs, though they strengthen her case to England’s eternal disgrace—do not make that case. Shall we never hear a true sound argument on this point? It concerns not merely Ireland, but every oppressed nation; ay, and England as well. By always making the question one of *wrongs* and not of *rights*; a question of the mere physical suffering, and not of the violation of the great moral law which led to that suffering; we involve ourselves in endless and unavailing disputes: we compromise the great principle of justice. It is the old story of the planter and his slave. The slave, long patient and long enduring, can at length bear no more; he raises his voice and murmurs; he is turning rebel. The alarmed planter replies, “True, poor slave, I have used thee ill; I have marked thee with my brand, as my cattle; I have lived in idleness on the sweat of thy brow; I have scourged and half-starved thee. But, be patient! I will mend: thou shalt suffer no more!”

And suppose that he does mend; suppose he no longer whips his bondsmen; suppose he feeds him and becomes a good planter. How is the case changed? Why, that from a scourged, half-starved slave, we have now a sleek, well-fed slave—but a *slave still*! Why is this? Because the slave was a slave of the soul, who only thought of his wrongs, and forgot his rights; because he lifted up his voice not to claim his freedom, but to lament his sufferings.

Thus acted O’Connell. Why did he ever raise the whining cry of Ireland’s woe? Why, when he stood forth as the champion of an oppressed land, did he not boldly say, “I ask for Ireland’s freedom—not because she

is wronged—but because she has received from God the inalienable right to be free"? Thus have proceeded the abolitionists of America, and who knows not that Ireland is the white slave of Europe?

A French poet—and poets are prophets (*vates*)—considering Ireland as the most oppressed nation, declares that she bears the cross of humanity: that she is pregnant with the future of the world. Why? Because conquered Ireland has suffered most from those consequences of conquest: aristocracy and serfdom. Our brethren in America tell us, in plain speech, that we are not far removed from her fate; that she will drag us down some day.

Oh, if O'Connell, to return to that significant instance, had proceeded, not on expediency, but on principle, what an echo he would have won back from the slumbering element of democracy! If he had proceeded on one grand immortal principle, he might have been the Saviour of his country—a benefactor to every clime—a man to be ranked with the Men of Humanity: with Mazzini and Kossuth!

Men of England and Ireland, weigh this well: a great struggle is at hand; it has begun. Will you rest on your divine right to be free, or on the paltry temporizing argument of making peace with your oppressors, and, under the specious plea, that "half a loaf is better than no bread," of parting with your birthright.

Expediency passeth away, but PRINCIPLE is the thing that endureth for ever.

LEGO.

### Correspondence.

SIR,—In your journal of the week before last, appears a letter from Mr. J. T. Campbell, of Wolverhampton, containing some friendly strictures on your ideas of the political value of the Freehold Land Societies. Mr. C. says, "Freehold Land Members do not concede one iota of their claim to Universal Suffrage." To which I say, bah! If the Freehold Land Members in general, are like those of our town, they care as much about Universal Suffrage as a hog does about the planet Jupiter. At the formation of the Stafford Freehold Land Society, I was chosen one of its Provisional Committee; and, the day after my appointment, I received a mission from my brethren in office, to the effect, "That they could not act with me because I was known to be a 'Chartist'! They were sorry to make the objection, but they made it on *political grounds alone*." So much for those who "*conscientiously believe, and declare, that man as man ought to have a vote!*" Out of 70 members in the Stafford Freehold Land Society, there are not six individuals amongst them really the working-men of the town, who have any idea of using their Freeholdership, when acquired, for the attainment of the Franchise for their unenfranchised brethren. The members of the Stafford Society are, in general, small tradesmen, warehouse clerks, lawyers' clerks, shoe clickers, and the higher paid class of mechanics—the aristocracy of labour—who treat with derision the claims of their humbler brethren. As a Joint Stock Scheme for the acquisition of small properties, I say nothing about it; but, as a political machine, it is corrupting and debasing. The right of citizenship should be demanded *by virtue of manhood existing in a political community*, that man with man may stand ennobled one with the other, and deal equitably in all things. In buying the suffrage (in whatever way) we germinate corrupt ideas on liberty and equity: for liberty is the parent of equity. The seller stalks along with the air of a possessor—the buyer asks with the mien of a suppliant. Hence, then, Freehold Land Societies, as *political institutions*, must, of necessity, retard the acquisition of *true freedom* to the millions of our oppressed fellow-countrymen. But Freehold Land Societies are patronised by men of rank and wealth! Oh, yes! and some folks like to keep "respectable company;" *ergo*, so much laudation of the "scheme!"

WILLIAM PEPLow.

Browning Street, Stafford, Feb. 18, 1850.

P.S.—Want of time has prevented me going into the *depth* of the question, as to the ability of the great body of the people to become Freeholders under the Land Scheme; but I will take the first opportunity of solving the thing with regard to the shoemakers' earnings. Having some of the best workmen in the trade in my employ, I will take their average earnings for six weeks, with their estimated expenses, and see what is left for them to become Freeholders with.

W. P.



## To Correspondents.

\* \* Correspondents will please address "Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London."

G. W.—Fifty treatises, which might be named, would not be of the value of one—*Jonathan Edwards on the Freedom of the Will*.—Several editions of it have been published; and G. W. may easily meet with a second-hand copy, for about half-a-crown. The celebrated Robert Hall is said to have read it over *thirteen* times, and then to have pronounced it 'irrefragable.' Let G. W. remember, however, when Edwards has proved to him the doctrine of Necessity—(which he cannot fail to do, for no one was ever heard of yet, who had read the book without being convinced by it)—that it does not therefore follow that "Man deserves neither *praise* nor *blame*," &c.

H. P., Leicester. Am gratified by the receipt of his letter; but his verses are scarcely perfect enough to print.

J. E., Old Street. So soon as arrangements are made for the proposed discussion, public information shall be given.

'Working Student,' City. I know it, my friend, I know it. But the self-educated, however fervently they may desire perfection, find it difficult to observe rules which they have had to discover, before they could begin to make the practice of them habitual: it is widely different with those who were taught to lisp correctly from their very infancy. I beg to add that I do not think the best 'authority and usage' demand the short *o* in *knowledge*.

'Factory Operative,' Manchester. His thoughts on a *Progress Union* are valued: respecting the *Ten Hours' Bill*, he will see that his suggestion is attended to; but with the contentions in the Religious body he names, I hesitate to meddle, thinking that our scanty pages can be better occupied.

J. FINLEN, Seven Dials. He must not think Shakspeare less worshipful, because all his thoughts are not original. We cannot conclude that *any* known author is entirely original: not even Homer, or the author of the Book of Job: undoubtedly they were learners from others, like men in our day. Plato's 'Phædo' is the work in which J. F. will find the thoughts he refers to: it stands first in Mr. Bohn's translated edition of Plato.

N. P. N. If this writer will give me his address, I will write to him per post.

THOMAS EAGLE, Wellington Street. Wesleyan Methodist Class meetings are weekly, not quarterly. The 'leader' is a person appointed by the preachers and leaders—is supposed to have more than the average religious experience,—and after stating his own experience during the week, he asks each member of his Class, in turn, the state of their minds. They answer, in general terms; and he addresses to them a few words of advice, caution, or encouragement. There is no resemblance in these meetings to the Romish Confessional: the Classes vary in number, sometimes exceeding a score, and all speak in each other's presence.

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### Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

SUNDAY, March 10, at 7, Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square. "Columbus, and the discovery of America"—Thomas Cooper. At 7, Hall of Science, near Finsbury Square, City Road. "Why do the Clergy, High and Low, avoid discussion with opponents?"—G. J. Holyoake. At 7, Farringdon Hall, Kings' Arms' Yard, Farringdon Street. "Workingmen's Associations, as means of elevating their moral condition"—Walter Cooper.

MONDAY, March 11, at half-past 8, Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars, "Life and Genius of Coleridge"—Joseph Fearn. At a quarter to 9, Finsbury Hall, 66, Bunhill Row. "Writings of Charles Dickens"—Mark Wilks. At half-past 8, Finsbury Mechanics' Institute, Bell Yard, City Road. "Life and Health, and the Theory, that Life is Electricity"—Dr. Curl. At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenæum, 17, Chapel Street. Elocutionary Entertainment. At a quarter-past 8, Literary Institution, Carlisle Street, Edgeware Road. "Cromwell and the Revolution"—P. W. Perfit.

GOVERNMENT.—If popular representation, or choice, is necessary to the legitimacy of all governments, the House of Lords is at one stroke bastardized and corrupted in blood. That house is no representative of the people at all, even in semblance or in form. The case of the Crown is altogether as bad.—*Burke on the French Revolution*.

## THINKINGS, FROM RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

**SOCIETY AS IT IS.**—Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint stock company, in which the members agree for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity—Self-reliance is its aversion—it loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

**INDEPENDENCE.**—What I must do, is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

**THE TRUE POET.**—A poet is no rattlebrain, saying what comes uppermost, and, because he says everything, saying at last something good; but a heart in unison with his time and country. There is nothing whimsical and fantastic in his production, but sweet and sad earnest, freighted with the weightiest convictions, and pointed with the most determined aim, which any man or class knows of in his times.

**HEROISM.**—The characteristic of a genuine heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity; but when you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world—the heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic. Yet we have the weakness to expect the sympathy of people in those actions whose excellence is that they outrun sympathy, and appeal to a tardy justice. If you would serve your brother, because it is fit for you to serve him, do not take back your words when you find that prudent men do not commend you. Be true to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous age.

**SIMPLICITY OF CHARACTER.**—Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing. All great actions have been simple, and all great pictures are.

**BEAUTY.**—Beauty, in its largest and profoundest sense, is one expression for the universe—God is the all-fair truth; and goodness and beauty are but different faces of the same All. But beauty in nature is not ultimate. It is the herald of inward and external beauty, it is not alone a solid and satisfactory good. It must therefore stand as a part, and not as yet the least or highest expression of the final cause of Nature.

**THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.**—The idea which now begins to agitate society has a wider scope than our daily employments, our households, and the institutions of property. We are to revise the whole of our social structure, the state, the school, religion, marriage, trade, science, and explore their foundations in our own nature; we are to see that the world not only fitted the former men, but fits us, and to clear ourselves of every usage which has not its roots in our mind. What is a man born for but to be a Reformer, a re-maker of what man has made; a renouncer of lies, a restorer of truth and good, imitating that great Nature which embosoms us all, and which sleeps no moment on an old past, but every hour repairs herself, yielding us every morning a new day, and with every pulsation a new life. Let him renounce every thing which is not true to him, and put all his practices back on their first thoughts, and do nothing for which he has not the whole world for his reason. If there are inconveniences, and what is called ruin in the way, because we have enervated and maimed ourselves, yet it would be like dying of perfumes to sink in the effort to reattach the deeds of every day to the holy and mysterious recesses of life.

**SCEPTICISM.**—Scepticism is the attitude assumed by the student in relation to the particulars which society adores, but which he sees to be reverend only in their tendency and spirit. The ground occupied by the sceptic is the vestibule of the temple. Society does not like to have any breath of question blown on the existing order. But the interrogation of custom at all points is an inevitable stage in the growth of every superior mind, and is the evidence of its perception of the flowing power which remains itself in all changes.



## OH, NEVER DOUBT OF MAN!

"Then let us pray, that come it may;  
 As come it will, for a' that ;  
 When man to man the world o'er,  
 Shall brithers be, and a' that!" *Burns.*

Oh, never doubt of man, the active mind  
 Will progress still; will ever upward soar;  
 Vain all attempts its energies to bind;  
 The timid may despair, the weak give o'er;  
 The wealthy few prophetic ills deplore,  
 And deem the world at present amply blest,  
 And tremble at the movement's slightest roar.  
 Man will not pause; but onward without rest,  
 Will dare the coming storm, with firm unshrinking breast.

Oh, never doubt of man; his destiny  
 In golden words is writ; his course must run,  
 From bad to good, from good to better. He  
 The fight of Truth will win; and one by one,  
 The evils which obscure life's beaming sun,  
 Like fleeting clouds pass utterly away,  
 And sunny days succeed the morning dun;  
 And joy, and peace, and love their charms display,  
 In thousand happy homes, with bliss-producing sway.

Oh, never doubt of man, the prophecy  
 Of ages past shall yet fulfilment find;  
 Not always ignorance, power, and tyranny,  
 Shall bow to dust the upward soaring mind;  
 The Truth shall triumph. Art no longer blind  
 Man's opened eyes; which now distinctly see  
 That men, when love and knowledge are combined,  
 From craft of king and priest themselves may free,  
 And walk this goodly earth, in native Liberty.

Oh, never doubt of man, for even now,  
 The work of wrong redressing has begun;  
 Joy warms the heart, and hope illumines the brow;  
 For promise comes from noble victories won;  
 And courage springs from deeds already done.  
 Man will not rest nor intermission know,  
 Till every wrong its final race has run,  
 And men united live and love below;  
 And earth be altogether freed from misery, want, and wo.

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

## TOIL, BROTHERS, TOIL!

"Toil, brothers, toil,—till the work is done,—  
 Till bondage is o'er, and Freedom's won!" *Thomas Cooper.*

Oh, not alone with the horny hand,  
 Must we toil to free our father-land;  
 Or we toil in vain to shatter the chain  
 That fetters our noble working-band.

Working men must add their mental might  
 To the ever-strengthening cause of right;  
 Must toil with the brain to break the foul chain,  
 That binds them in eternal night.

We all must toil, in the mine of thought,  
 From its greatest depths rich gems are brought;  
 Or we toil in vain to sever the chain,  
 By the power and craft of tyrants wrought.

And from this mine of wealth untold,  
 We must bring forth the rich, long-buried gold;  
 We must now explore its hidden deep core,  
 To free our race from the lordling's hold.

Many bright gems still unrevealed,  
Lie hid in this mine, this mighty field;  
And which, if our youth would search with truth,  
Would a rich and mighty harvest yield.

Each man must till his own fallow ground,  
And scatter the seeds of mind around;  
Must toil with his brain to sever the chain,  
By which his mental powers are bound.

To make the oppressor quake with dread,—  
And bring self-shame upon his head:  
If we plough the soil in our daily toil,  
Mind's great prolific seeds will spread.

Think, ye toiling men, 'ye slaves by birth;  
Cast your eyes around o'er this wondrous earth!  
See the changes wrought by the power of thought,  
And then mark within your mental dearth.

Do this, and quickly we all shall see,  
The earth from bondage and slavery free;  
Yea, from earth's firm centre to ocean's brim—  
Mankind shall be free in mind and limb!

Ashton-under-Lyne.

A POWER LOOM WEAVER.

## CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848-9, AND 1849-50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

*Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'*

### III.—THE MIRACLES.

(Continued from last number.)

(3.) Mark has a peculiar narrative, and it is peculiar to himself (8 ch. 22 v.) Jesus has a blind man brought to him, at Bethsaida, and they beseech him to "touch" him. Jesus takes the blind man by the hand, leads him out of the town, spits on his eyes, puts his hands on him, and asks him if he sees aught. The blind man answers that he sees "men as trees, walking." Jesus, "after that," puts his hands *again* on the man's eyes, makes him look up, and the man is "restored" and sees "every man clearly." By Mark's conclusion, where Jesus sends the man home, and forbids him either to *go into* the town, or to *tell it to any in* the town—we perceive that the narrative means us to understand that a part of this singular procedure was intended to secure secrecy. But what then? If all this *were* done in secret, *who* was Mark's authority? Would Jesus himself be likely to rehearse all this circumstantial account of his performance? What! after telling the man to keep it secret? Was it the man that was cured, then, from whom Mark had the narrative? 'Mark' does not say!

Did 'Mark' ever see the man? Does 'Mark' know anything of his whereabouts, afterwards? *Silence*—is the answerless answer. Is *this* evidence for our belief of such a *peculiar* story?

Couple it with another of Mark's *peculiar* stories! the cure of a man that was "deaf, and had an impediment in his speech" (7 ch. 32 v.)—and note the resemblances! The multitude here, also, beseech Christ to "put his hand on him"—that is, to *touch* him, as in the other narrative: Jesus here,



also, takes the man aside from the multitude : here he uses great external means, as before—puts his fingers into the deaf man's ears, spits, and touches his tongue, looks up to heaven, *sighs*, and says to the man (in Syriac) *Ephphatha*, that is 'Be opened'—and gives charge that the whole procedure be kept secret !

How artlessly the imitative tendency displays the legendary birth of such narratives—of which 'Mark' is the most exquisite type for dramatic effect and elaboration. The multitude, he relates, "were beyond measure astonished"—(he *must* select the most exaggerated expressions)—saying, "He hath done all things well : he maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak."

In these two narratives, a class of commentators who are inclined to find *natural* interpretations of the Miracles, think they find a stronghold. Jesus, they say, by putting his fingers into the man's ears, discovered that the deafness arose from the hardening of secretions in the ear, and with his finger removed the hindrance to hearing ; by 'touching his tongue,' it is implied that Jesus cut the ligament of the tongue in the degree necessary to restore the pliancy of that organ ; and, again, by 'putting his hands' on the blind man's eyes—and repeating that operation—Jesus by gradual pressure removed the chrystalline lens which had become opaque. Further, say these interpreters, Jesus used saliva which, in the opinion of ancient physicians, has a salutary effect on the eyes ; and, perhaps, he moistened some medicament, probably a caustic powder, therewith, and applied it to the eyes and ears—but the blind and deaf men either did not observe the use of the mixture, or if they did, in accordance with the spirit of the age, they gave little heed to the natural means, and the narrative has not preserved them.

There would be no end of interpretations, if such as these were admitted. Our concern is not with them ; but with the credible nature of the testimony. It is not such as would justify us in receiving the account for fact if contained in any other book. Independently of the consideration that the transactions are not attested—since we neither know who the writer is, or the witnesses—the dramatic description of 'Mark,' his air of mystery, and tendency to exaggeration, are all characteristics of the legend. We have not here solidly attested facts, commanding that belief which is said to be necessary to salvation. And yet 'miracles' wrought to establish a Divine Revelation, ought to be so solidly attested as to *command* belief : their veritableness ought to be impregnable to the keenest scrutiny. Do not tell us that a Deity whose essence is Love, could mock His 'fallen creatures,' by clothing the 'Revelation' His compassion moved Him to give them, with 'evidences' such as resemble the details of romantic story, and utterly destitute of the features of duly attested history.

(4.) The cure of the man who was *born* blind, related by the fourth evangelist alone (John, 9 chap.) may form the concluding narrative for our investigation into this class of Miracles. The class of interpreters just alluded to, think that they find also in this narrative a great support for their theory that the cures wrought by Jesus were *natural* cures. Jesus "spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle ! and he anointed the eyes of the blind with the clay, and said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam, (which is by interpretation, Sent.) He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing." (John 9 ch. 6 and 7 vv.) From such a narrative, say these advocates for the *natural* cures, it cannot be known whether Jesus did not use something more than clay and saliva to make the eye-salve,—whether he did not remove something by extraction or friction, or otherwise effect a



change in the state of the man's eyes,—and, above all, whether the washing in the pool of Siloam had not to be repeated many days before the cure was complete. Our only remark is—all this would take the cure out of the class of *Miracles*: and *then*, the narrative would be of no higher importance to us than the cures performed by Hippocrates or Galen, Sydenham or Abernethy. It is only as a Miracle that the cure can be evidence of the commission of Jesus of Nazareth to introduce a Divine Revelation. Our business is to investigate the narrative as that of a Miracle.

Now, if we had found anything worth considering as testimony for the miraculous cures of the blind before noticed, it has already been observed that we should have had great difficulty in conceiving of their possibility. But how greatly is our difficulty increased, in this instance of a man "blind from his birth"! The fourth evangelist alone relates this 'miracle.' Why is it not related by the other three? "John wrote most expressly to supply important narratives omitted by Matthew, Mark, and Luke," remark several commentators. But how came they to omit *important* narratives? If they knew not of them, they did not possess 'plenary inspiration': if they knew of them, but did not judge them to be important, neither had they 'plenary inspiration'—for it would have supplied them with sagacity as well as perfect memory. Could any miracle be more important than this? Surely the cure of a man blind from his birth, as an incomparably more difficult miracle, was by all means to be chosen for narration, rather than those of men who had been blind but for a part of their lives. It is most unaccountable why, if they knew Jesus had really given sight to a man born blind, the first three evangelists should have omitted to relate that miracle, and yet have chronicled several cures of those who had been blind only for a part of their lives. True, if the less striking miracles were connected with conversations or discourses of a highly instructive nature—there might be said to be reasons for selecting them in preference to the more striking miracle. But the cure of this man, 'blind from his birth,' in 'John,' is accompanied by very remarkable conversations—first of Jesus with the disciples; then, of the cured man with the magistrates; and lastly, of Jesus with the cured man—such as there is no trace of in the cures of the blind given by the first three evangelists. And if the entire course of the narrative were not deemed important, yet there are in it some fine sayings ascribed to Christ, which it seems strange that only *one* out of *four* 'inspired' writers should have judged it necessary to give: such as these: (John, 9 ch. 4, 5, and 39 vv.)

"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work.

"As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.

"For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind."

If the first three evangelists had known anything of a cure accompanied by such remarkable sayings could they have failed to record the cure and the sayings? Was it because the miracle was done obscurely and in a remote corner, that they omitted the record of it? The fourth evangelist describes it to have been performed in Jerusalem, the metropolis of Judea; and, as making a great sensation in the city, and being highly offensive to the magistracy there. So that the transaction must have been extensively known, if it really occurred; and as it is not found in the earlier evangelical tradition, how can we avoid a suspicion that it never did occur?

Yet, it is said that the writer who attests it is the apostle John. But this becomes improbable when we subject the narrative to closer scrutiny. A false explanation is given of the name of the pool, Siloam—which does not



mean *Sent* ; but, according to the best scholars, a *Waterfall*. *Saluah* (*Sent*) indeed, so closely resembles *Siloah* (*a Waterfall*)—that any native of Palestine only imperfectly acquainted with the more ancient language of his country, might mistake the etymology of the latter word : but this cannot be supposed of an ‘inspired’ apostle such as John is affirmed to have been. Whoever the fourth evangelist was, he evidently chose his interpretation, because he sought for some significant relation between the name of the pool, and the sending thither of the blind man ; and thus seems to have imagined that the pool had, by a special providence, formerly received the name of *Sent*, because at a future time the Messiah, for the manifestation of his glory, was to send thither a blind man ! Such an instance of absurd trifling, accompanied by mistake, we cannot attribute to John. And those who place it to his account, cannot conceive that they are doing him much honour for intelligence.

There is then an insurmountable difficulty in the way of our receiving this narrative as a fact—from the absence of it in the first three evangelists, who, we have seen must have had such compelling reasons to give it, if they had known of the miracle ; from the trifling and ignorance of the writer who does give it ;—and lastly, it must be remembered, from our want of indubitable evidence as to who this writer is.

With one remark we may close our inquiry into this class of Miracles. We have, in this last case, as in others in the last gospel, one of the most striking and unmistakeable features of legend : the tendency to heighten wonder.

“Thus,” says Strauss, while the other evangelists have simple paralytics cured by Jesus, the fourth gospel has one who had been lame thirty-eight years ; while in the former Jesus resuscitates persons who had just expired, in the latter, he calls back to life one who had lain in the grave four days, in whom therefore it might be presumed that decomposition had begun ; and so here, instead of a cure of simple blindness, we have that of a man born blind.”

4. Paralytics. We will examine but one cure under this head, expressly : some other cures of paralytics will come under other heads, for our enquiry. It is related by the first three evangelists. (Matth. 9 ch. 1 v. Mark, 2 ch. 1 v. Luke, 5 ch. 18 v.) We will not stay to scrutinise the statement that Jesus pronounced the forgiveness of sins, contained in this narrative. One side of the Jewish culture of that age presented the belief that physical maladies were a punishment for sin : this idea was carried out to such an extent as to lead to the doctrine that a child who was born in an afflicted state had sinned in its mother’s womb ! The narrative now under consideration seems to present Jesus as a believer in this doctrine, at least to some extent. But, since there are other passages in the Gospels which tend to shew that Christ rejected the doctrine—we will not stay to unravel the difficulty. It is with the ‘Miracle’—with the cure of physical disease—that our immediate business lies.

No one can read over the narrative of the cure of this paralytic in the first three Gospels, without being struck with a remarkable gradation in the accounts. Matthew’s is the simplest : Mark’s (as usual) is the most highly elaborated. Matthew describes Jesus as returning to ‘his own city’—that is, Capernaum ; simply says ‘behold they brought to him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed’ ; and, after the passages relating to the forgiveness of sins, relates that Jesus told the paralytic to arise, take up his bed, and go into his house ; and that the man arose, and departed to his house ; and the multitudes who saw it ‘ marvelled and glorified God, which had given such power unto men.’ Luke, apparently, does not know where the miracle took place—for he does not mention the place ; and is

equally uncertain about the time—having the phrase ‘And it came to pass on a certain day.’ He then, first, describes the paralytic being brought, in a similar style to Matthew’s; but immediately adds, ‘And they sought to bring him in, and to lay him before him. And when they could not find by what way they might bring him in because of the multitudes, they went upon the housetop, and let him down through the tiling with his couch into the midst before Jesus.’ Knowing the structure of oriental houses, which had a flat roof, to which an opening led to the upper story,—we could not understand anything more from Luke’s account but, that the bearers—who, either by means of stairs leading directly thither from the street, or from the roof of a neighbouring house, gained access to the roof of the house in which Jesus was,—let down the sick man with his bed, apparently by cords, through the opening already existing in the roof. Mark, however, while he agrees with Matthew that the cure was performed in a house in Capernaum, piles still more remarkable circumstances upon the narrative: he tells us that the bearers of the deceased man were exactly four; and adds, ‘When they could not come nigh him (Jesus) for the press, they *uncovered the roof where he was: and when they had broken it up*, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay.’

Mark’s narrative thus diverges into the extravagant and uncalculating nature of legend—for how could the roof be broken up without danger to the heads and limbs of those beneath? Suppose we knew who the writers of this graduated narrative were, and had thus historic testimony for the real occurrence of the event, we might then ask whether this were not the sympathetic cure of a nervous man, by means of action on his idea that his disease was a punishment of his sin. But since we do not know who the writers were, and they present the marks of legend, by gradations of the wonderful, reason compels us to account for the relation, either by a probability that it has some foundation in a fact—the sympathetic cure of a nervous individual by Jesus; or, that it is one of the legends formed by Messianic expectation,—since in Isaiah (35 ch.) the Jewish people would find striking passages on which to build their secondary interpretations:

“Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. . . . . Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing,” &c.

The Evangelists describe Jesus himself as applying such ‘prophecies’ to himself; and if, in this and other cures we have examined, we have found ground for concluding that the accounts are legendary—the Evangelists thus show us the sources of the legends: the tendency of their minds to regard it as certain that Jesus must have performed all that was expected of the Messiah—even although the expectations were founded on merely secondary interpretations of the language of the prophets.

(To be continued.)

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## Correspondence.

February 23, 1850.

SIR,—Although differing entirely in theological opinion from the “Critical Exegesis,” permit me to suggest to you what appears an oversight on your part (page 106) viz., ‘That Luke relates as the occasion of the journey of Christ’s parents to Bethlehem, “a taxing of all the world by Augustus Cæsar.” This is decidedly a misquotation, as the cause given by the Evangelist is a *decree* for such a taxation. You will instantly see the difference is the same as between condemning a man to death, and the putting such a sentence into execution. The one does not necessarily follow the other immediately; perhaps not at all. It may, or may not, do so. However, it is not my wish to attempt anything like argument on the subject; but



merely to request that you will rectify the error. You will please observe, Luke makes two distinct statements: First, "That a decree went forth from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world (or land) should be taxed;" Secondly, that "this taxation took place when Cyrenius was governor of Syria." This is all; and I am not aware that either statement is hostile to Matthew's account. There is no contradiction, as you affirm. The first took place in Herod's time; the second some years afterward. History gives a reason for such an unusual occurrence; as, of course, you are aware, therefore I need not advert to it.

MR. THOMAS COOPER.

I am Sir, yours, most respectfully,

T. E. B.

[I have the full address of the writer of this letter; but, since he has only appended his initials to the letter itself, I print them there. Let me, first, remind him that, if instead of quoting page 106 of this Journal—where there is merely an *allusion* to the subjects of the two former discourses—he had procured No. 2. of the Journal, and dealt with the *investigation* at pages 27 and 28, he would have felt how unsatisfactory it would be to write the above letter. The first and second verses in our second chapter of Luke are *not* separated by brackets (or a parenthesis) in Greek manuscripts. *That* is an *emendation* of scholars in later times. Let not T. E. B. say "it is not my wish to attempt anything like argument on the subject; but merely to request that you will rectify the error." I cannot be so complying, for mere courtesy's sake. Let us have the *argument*; and then we will talk about rectifying "the error." Besides, T. E. B. must not suppose, that in so important a matter, his mere *affirmation* respecting the 'decree' and the 'taxing,' is to be taken for absolute truth:—"the first took place in Herod's time:"—Let T. E. B. *prove that*—not from Luke, but from *History*; or, let him shew it to be barely possible from *History*. "The second some years afterward. History gives a reason for such an unusual occurrence; as, of course, you are aware, therefore, I need not advert to it:"—*Of course* I am *not* aware; and shall be glad if T. E. B. will quote the "reason," which "History gives for such an unusual occurrence."—THOMAS COOPER.]

## Review.

EASTERN LIFE, PAST AND PRESENT. By Harriet Martineau.

THE great philosophical value of this book has led me to make much greater use of it for quotation than some readers may approve. But I knew that its price would prohibit the reading of it to thousands of working-men, and was unwilling to lose the opportunity of introducing them to some knowledge of its contents. I select, as a farewell extract, a passage proving that Miss Martineau, for one, could not disapprove of the spirit of the 'Critical Exegesis of Gospel History,' portions of which have appeared in this Journal. The following reflections are penned by the authoress, as introductory to the sights she saw in the Holy Land:—

"We hear much complaint from travellers of their pain from the superstition on the spot; but little or nothing of their perplexity or disturbance from the superstition they have left behind or brought with them. The superstition I refer to is the worship of the Letter of the Bible, to the sacrifice of its spirit. As to the comfort and pleasure of the traveller in the Holy Land, it may truly be said that "the letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive." I had opportunity to see the difference between those who were in bondage and those who were free. One of the best things that Coleridge ever said was that our idolatry would be succeeded by bibliolatry. When I saw abroad, as I continually see at home, the curse of this bibliolatry, I thought it hard to say which was the worst of the two. In idolatry, Christian or pagan, there is always some true idea involved, however much corruption may be associated with it: but in the awful error of mistaking the Records of the origin of Judaism and Christianity for the messages themselves, there seems no redeeming consideration. The error of bibliolatry is the more gratuitous of the two. There is no declaration in the Records themselves that they are anything more than records: and if the writers could have foreknown that the hearts and minds which ought to be occupied with the history and the doctrine would be enslaved by a timid and superstitious regard to the wording of the records, they would have been as much shocked at the anticipation as any of us can be at the sight of it.—We all know, as well as Coleridge did, that this is only a temporary form of an evil which took other shapes before, and will take other shapes again. We know that there was far more freedom of religious imagination, reason, argument, and, I may say, knowledge among our Protestant divines a century ago than there is now. This corruption of bibliolatry has so increased upon us, our faithless and irreverent timidity has so grown upon us, even in that time, that it would be an act of great courage in divines of our day to publish what divines of a century ago were honoured for publishing. It is difficult now for



philosophers to make known,—in England, for the incubus presses chiefly there—what can be proved to be scientifically true, in geology and some other directions, and it is much more difficult for philosophers and scholars to make known what can be proved to be historically true or false. Of course, our generation loses terribly by this, both in knowledge and in health of mind. But the evil will pass : and, though it is to be feared that it will only pass into some new form of idol homage, we will hope that men may ere long lift up their heads, and use their powers freely, as those should do who believe themselves sons of God, and heirs of Christian liberty, and not slaves or infants under the bondage of the Law or the Letter.

“No one at home could feel all this more strongly than I did before I went to the East : and I think no one who has felt it at home can help being full of sorrow and pity there for those who go through the scenes of Palestine with the timid heart, and narrow, anxious mind of superstition. Instead of “looking before and after,” and around them in the broad light of historical and philosophical knowledge, which would reveal to them the origin and sympathy and intermingling of the faiths of men, so that each may go some way in the interpretation of the rest ;—instead of having so familiarised themselves with the wants and tendencies of men as to recognise in successive faiths what is derived and what is original ;—instead of being warned that any faith becomes corrupted within a certain length of time by the very zeal of its holders ; instead of having the power of setting themselves back to the time when Christ lived and spoke, so as to see and hear him as if he lived and spoke at this day, our travellers may be seen,—even clergymen of the Church of England,—getting leave from the Bishop of Jerusalem to carry wax candles in Passion Week in the processions in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and making obeisances to the priests, candle in hand. Travellers may be observed throughout doing one of two things ;—overlooking, more or less consciously,—the incompatibilities of the Scriptural narrative,—the absolute contradictions which can by no means be reconciled ; or so fastening their whole attention upon one narration, to the exclusion of the parallel ones, as to escape the necessity of the recognition of variance. I met with one devout pilgrim who was actually unaware of any incompatibilities in the different narratives of the birth and infancy of Jesus ; and who declared, previous to inquiry, that there could be none, because—not the facts or doctrine—but the narrative was the Word of God ! I saw repeated instances of a grovelling superstition, a formal observance of days and places, which made me wonder whether, if the groves and altars of Baal and Ashtaroth had now been standing in their old places, there would have been much to choose between such homage paid to them and to the actual holy sites of Palestine.—How different is the truer reverence of those who go enlightened by knowledge, and animated by a higher faith !—who believe that the history of man is truly the Word of God : and that the reason why the gospel is especially called so is because those Glad Tidings are the most important event in the history of man. How infinitely venerable to them are the great religious Ideas which they know to have been the guiding lights of men from the remotest past, and which Christ presented anew, purified and expanded ! What an exquisite pleasure it is to stand where Jesus stood, and lood around upon the old faiths and sectarian tenets of the world, and bring forth from them all a faith and hope which should, notwithstanding dreadful corruptions, elevate mankind through many future ages !—to have insight into the sacred mysteries of Egypt, and the national theology and law of Sinai, and the ritual morality of the Pharisees, and the philosophical scepticism of the Sadducees, and the pure and peaceable and unworldly aspirations of the Essenes, and to see how from all these together come the ideas, and from the unseen world the spirit, of the religion which Jesus taught ! While the devotee looks for traces of his footsteps, the disciple finds everywhere traces of his spirit. While the devotee listens timidly to traditions, the disciple hears everywhere the echoes of his living voice. While the devotee pores over the text of the narrative, not daring even to bring parts to bear on each other, which may throw light on the whole, the loving disciple so opens his entire mind and heart as to perceive the Holy One with all his powers ;—with his understanding receiving the doctrine,—with hope accepting the promise, with his conscience adoring the spirituality,—and with his imagination accompanying the Teacher in all his haunts,—in the wilderness, and in the Temple courts, and by the shores of the Lake. On the spot, one hardly believes that it can be the same faith that takes one man through the land, holy guide-book in hand, with the timid, tentative gait of the devotee, and another man, confiding in his guiding instincts, with the free, joyous step of the disciple who has found his Lord.

“As for the superstition of the region,—the Christian superstition,—I need say nothing in advance of the pain which it causes. The merest mention of what was shown to us is enough. I do not think that travellers can be right in avoiding the Christian establishments in Palestine. The spectacle answers the same purpose as the reading of the Spurious Gospels. The spectacle and the reading are both painful ; but they are very useful and enlightening, and stimulate to a great deal of wholesome thought. Feeling thus, I saw everything that any one offered to show me, except the mummeries of Easter Week in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.”



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No. 11.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1850. [Price One Penny.

## DOING NOTHING, THE SEASON FOR MISCHIEF.

"I like a holiday, said bearded Peter;  
And I, said shaven Paul, in accents sweeter,  
Hold by the goodly proverb, to the full—  
That all work and no play makes bright boys dull.  
But while the shepherds played, the wolf grew bold,  
And played his pretty pranks, in turn, within the fold."

*Peter Pindar the Younger.*

A VISITOR from a distant country, unacquainted with the nature of our government, might very sensibly ask, just now,—What is the use of your Parliament? He would see troops of soldiers moving about with shouldered muskets and bayonets fixed, and crowds of loiterers waiting at the gates of Hyde Park to stare at the Queen coming by in her carriage, and would naturally conclude that he had then penetrated the secret of 'order' in England. Fixity, stamps our institutions: the morning papers boast of it; and he could not have any idea that it is not so. As for the theory, that our representative legislature affords the means of perpetual revision of the 'Constitution,' the 'leading journal' disowns it; and the traveller would behold, at this precise period, no proof of it.

*Nothing*, is to be the business of the Session, in the House of Commons. The *Times* declares there can be no change, *this year*: the Premier says that he and his colleagues have conferred together about the Franchise, and they have sagaciously determined that *nothing ought* to be done *this year*. The House of Commons, says the *Times*, merely resolved itself into a Debating Club when Mr. Hume's motion was brought on. The discussion was simply ideal. No rational man there supposed the proposition to be practical. And the debate was relinquished so soon, by Mr. Hume and his coadjutors, that they, also, plainly believed it to be ideal.

In the meantime whole nights are consumed in fierce contests as to whether a man may marry his deceased wife's sister, in one House; and, in the other, whether stupid Lord Roden has not been egregiously insulted by a common sense reprimand for playing the fool, and encouraging others to play the fool, at Dolly's Brae. The only consolatory thought is, that the trading and operative part of the community are sufficiently well employed, to be disposed to let 'Lords and Gentlemen' amuse themselves in the most childish way they please—so long as they do no harm. But there are two considerations which the thoughtful at least, cannot fail to bear in mind.

The most important is, that while play is going on, the work that ought to be done, and will have to be done, is accumulating until it may be impos-



sible to do it at all without machinery so powerful that it may be dangerous to use it. Lord John and Earl Grey proved this before, during the Reform Bill struggle. The sufficiency of labour, now, for perhaps, the great majority of the millions, renders them very inattentive to the Franchise question. How they will look at it, should scarcity of labour return, and they remember that no advances has been made for many years, and they are no nearer the vote than they were, remains to be seen. *Then*, they will need no rousing. Their necessities will bring up the consideration of the real cause of their sufferings, and it may not be easy to control their desperation. All this is known to 'statesmen' and premiers. But, since the desperation, even in its convulsive struggles, has hitherto been successfully controlled by police and military, imprisonments, and transportations,—the 'powers that be' trust to the like means for securing themselves and 'order' in the Future as in the Past.

Who that loves England, and yearns to see her advance in true civilisation and social happiness, can forbear to lament this guilty reign of selfish laziness? What a glorious opportunity a *real* statesman would perceive it to be for perfecting the institutions of his country—that of perfect peace under the happy recurrence of a flow of trade and the plenitude of labour. But we shall never have such a statesman so long as the Few are privileged to rule the Many. No man need ever dream of it. Shams must continue to strut and swell about 'surplus income' at one season, and impudently assert that the People do not desire Reform: at others, to mock and defy them when they cry out for it in the accents of distress and despair.

And who is to do the work of a true man, tell the Minister that he is a Sham and unfit for his place, and also rouse the People from the listlessness which comes over them when they can obtain labour as the means of obtaining bread? Who? Can the man or the party be named? Mr. Hume and *his* party do not seem to be the men for this work. The Suffrage question is shelved for the Session. It has been brought on early—glanced at—wrapped up—and put by; like as a piece of stuff from the loom is declared to be unfit for the season, and so is silently warehoused in the remote dark corner! This is Manufacturer's policy, with a vengeance!

But there is to be the great Reform Delegate Meeting in April! Well: let us try to be patient till then, and see what will come of it. At present, it looks like consulting about shutting the stable door (there is nothing like Old English!) after they have permitted the horse to be stolen. One could have understood the drift of a grand Delegate Meeting to back up a Motion pending before Parliament. But the grand Delegate Meeting when the Motion is shelved? *That* is the puzzle. Still, there *may* be some new and profound wisdom to be developed by these novel Reformers: some deep-laid and surpassing cunning in this scheme of considering how to shut the door when it is too late for this year! Mr. Hume's head is a very old one, and some of the other heads are very young ones: the alembic of the Conference may display some unheard-of essence of sagacity, from this amalgamation of the extremes of experience. We will wait hopefully, and see what the grand event will bring forth.

The other reflection which will take place with the thoughtful is, that while the majority sit around the National Gaming-tables, merely intent on amusement, sly and dexterous gamesters will be striving to take advantage of the jollity, and win. No close observer can be blind to the fact that there



is deep danger of this now. The Bigot party are marking their chance. The hint I gave last week needs repeating with emphasis, as the contents of the following letter will shew :—

42, Brick-Lane, St. Luke's, March 7th, 1850.

SIR,—In reading your admirable remarks on "Sabbath observance," I beg to say the Bill is far more stringent than you suppose it to be. Its effect will prevent the sale, or even the delivering of a newspaper, or periodical, from twelve on Saturday night till twelve on Sunday night. The Bill introduced (without success) last year, permitted them to be sold up to nine in the morning, and after one in the afternoon. The poor man by the new Bill is also to be prevented from obtaining even a potato or any vegetables, tea, coffee, or sugar, &c., after the hours of twelve on Saturday night. Meat and fish are allowed during June, July, August, and September,—but then only till nine in the morning. While the poor man is to be thus restricted, under the seventh clause, the nobility and gentry may have goods delivered at their habitations until ten in the morning, all the year round: namely, meat, poultry, fish, pastry, fruit, and ice. The penalties are five shillings for the first offence; 20s. second offence; not more than forty shillings for the third offence: after the third, then every separate article sold becomes a separate offence, and renders the offenders liable to the heavy cumulative penalties—namely 20s. for every separate article sold or delivered—which, if not paid, the magistrate is empowered to issue a distress warrant against the goods: if not sufficient goods to cover the distress warrant and expenses, then to commit to some common jail or house of correction, for any time not exceeding three months. I wish particularly to notice that this distraining and imprisoning is artfully kept out of the face of the bill itself; but is engrafted on the Police Act, under the powers of the eighth clause of the Bill. I had great difficulty in obtaining a copy of the Bill, or I would have sent you one. They told me at Hansard's, that they were not allowed to sell any Bills introduced by the Lords until they reached the Commons! I could scarcely believe that such a regulation existed, which deprives the people for so long a time of any proper knowledge of the tendency of measures that may operate to deprive them of common necessities, and even of personal liberty. I have been active in opposing this measure, and have, this morning, sent in to the House of Lords two petitions with upwards of a thousand signatures attached. If I had time I could show you some iniquitous proceedings in connexion with this measure.

I am, yours respectfully,

EDWARD MEDLEY.

Again, let me urge all who have any influence with Members of Parliament to see them personally, and rouse their opposition to this tyrannical and wicked bill—for all measures *are wicked* which have for their purpose the establishment of *false* religion. The Pagan festival of the Sun never was made a 'Sabbath' by Christ; and its observance, with all these grinding forms of the most vinegared Puritanism, is *not* binding upon Christians. If the orthodox have abandoned the observation of the proper 'Sabbath', under the intelligent discernment that it was only intended for the Jews—let them not seek to rivet a yoke about our necks, which is contrary to the nature of Christianity—the religion of the heart and intellect, *not* of days, and outward forms. Perhaps the unobtrusiveness which freethinkers have cultivated has caused the 'unco guid' to become bold. Why do we not try to rouse public feeling in favour of throwing open the British Museum and the National Gallery on Sundays? If the advocates of superstition will not rest from their aggressive attempts on our rational liberty, we, surely, ought to checkmate them by aggressive endeavours on our side. What an overwhelming amount of public feeling there might be raised in London for throwing open the Museum and Gallery on Sundays, any one acquainted with the habits of Londoners can understand. The effort has only to be made with energy and perseverance, and the successors of Sir Andrew Agnew would be put into a terrible sweat and trepidation. Instead of employing all their machinery, as they are now doing, to bother parliament with countless petitions for the 'Suppression of Sunday Trading,' they would be glad to lower their demand, and pray that things might remain as they are. So long as the friends of en-



lightenment make no demand for any alteration of 'Sabbath Observances', as they are falsely called, the Sun-festival people are sure to think there is an opportunity for them to tighten the yoke.

Nor, let it be forgotten, that it is not in this direction alone where danger lies to the cause of real progress. Mr. Fox's Education Bill, although, with unaccustomed fairness on the part of the bigots in Parliament allowed to be read a first time there,—has kindled the fiercest wrath among the bigots out of doors, and will be met with the most denunciatory opposition in the Commons, when it comes on for the second reading. The most remarkable sign yet given out of doors is that by the organ of the Conference party in Methodism—the *Watchman* newspaper. It attacks most violently, as might be expected, that provision of the Bill which gives the choice of the Committee of Education in each locality, to the inhabitants without distinction of class. It sees universal suffrage in that provision, and, according to its intolerant nature, dreads the principle being put into operation.

Thus it raves :—

"The committee is to be chosen by the 'inhabitants,' male or female, sober or drunk, solvent or insolvent, moral or immoral, and is to consist of any such 'inhabitants' as the collective wisdom of this miscellaneous body shall decree, without respect to age, property, intelligence, or benevolent habits, not to say religion, which is a thing certain in such a constituency to be the least consideration in the whole question. This committee, so constituted, shall elect a 'Clerk, Secretary, or Treasurer,' with a salary, of course, and afterwards a Teacher, such as shall please them, who may be, for anything this Bill provides to the contrary, unable to teach the commonest rudiments, and without a character. But lest we should suppose that there is to be no check whatever upon the Teacher, the Bill assures us that so grave a matter has been duly considered and provided for. But how?

"Risum teneatis amici?"\*

By lodging a power of complaint in the hands of the children, forsooth! This is universal suffrage in education, with a vengeance. We have heard it ironically suggested, many years back, by a staunch old Tory gentleman, that there might some day be a state of society in which the father should call his children together, in the morning, and put it to the vote, whether it should be beef, mutton, or pork for dinner, taking the precaution to use the ballot-box in taking the opinion of his constituents on the question. This is really something very like it, and one end very likely to be secured by it would be that these young urchins would not be troubled much either with hard lessons, hard words, or hard blows. Well, then, the next point to be attended to is the school, and as this money is all to be raised by rates, of course there is no need to stint. Accordingly, the school is to be built, and there are to be one or more free schools in each parish—the Teacher to be paid £2 per head for all the scholars he can coax to attend, and the children to be bribed by the promise of Fifty Shillings' worth of books, when they shall have completed their education, which may, for anything this document shews, be after a child shall have attended regularly for six months—given his teacher no trouble, and carefully read through the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. The only thing, in the form of a guarantee, given by this Bill, is the approbation, on some points, of the Committee of Council on Education, which is required, without, however, being very stringently or specifically enforced. We cannot now go further into this very loose affair. We believe the honourable member who has concocted this Bill, or, at any rate, given it the authority of his name, to be a very amiable, a very eloquent, a very honourable and enthusiastic person, but he should have established some better claim to be a legislator, or a statesman, before he presumed to submit a plan for the education of the people of England. . . . We shall revert to this Bill again."

In addition to this shew of an attempt to laugh down the Bill,—a mere shew, to conceal its anger,—the same paper has a pompous, serious article, in which as 'the *Watchman* on the walls of Zion'! it asserts its valorous resolve to do battle, and calls on all Methodists to 'take the field against all the assailants of a sound Scriptural Education.' Of Methodism, it says :—

"All that it wants is an adequate motive power, and this is likely now to be supplied. We shall make it our business to indicate, as plainly as we can, the force, tactics, and com-

\* Friends, can ye restrain your laughter?—*Horace's Art of Poetry.*



binations of the foe; and it shall not be our fault if the Methodists do not see, in time, THAT THE FUTURE DESTINY OF THE CHURCH OF JOHN WESLEY IN THIS COUNTRY WILL BE DECIDED BY THE ATTITUDE IT ASSUMES ON THE QUESTION OF THE SCRIPTURAL EDUCATION OF THE POOR."

One might say here,—Not so fast, confident Mr. Watchman! "The future destiny of the Church of John Wesley in this country will be decided"—it seems very likely, by the feuds now raging in Methodism. Better get *them* settled first. You will have need of all your strength for that combat. Do not waste it unwisely. Try to keep a house over your ears, rather than go out and leave it to be pulled down while you are fighting abroad! "But, do as you *like*," as the man said to his wilful neighbour who threatened to hang himself.

The determined hostility of these parties may serve to assure all who are unacquainted with Mr. Fox's Bill, that it is based on the broadest tolerance, and has some unusual merit about it—or the gall of opposition would not have been so sorely roused by it. Having received a copy of the Bill, by the kindness of its introducer, I will, in the next number, endeavour to present readers with a brief, but clear analysis of it—in the earnest hope that all help will be given, in the form of petitions (signed, in *this* instance *collectively*) for strengthening the possibility of a good measure of National Education being speedily secured.

THOMAS COOPER.

GAMBLERS.—A man who had gone over a great part of the world, returned at length home from his travels: his friends came, and requested him to relate what he had seen. "Listen," said he, "eleven hundred miles beyond the country of the Hurons, there are men whom I thought very strange, they frequently sit at table until late in the night; there is no cloth laid, they do not wet their mouths; lightnings might flash around them; two armies might be engaged in battle, even the sky might threaten to crush them in its fall, they would remain unmoved on their seats, for they are deaf and dumb. Yet now and then there escapes from their lips a half-broken, unconnected, and unmeaning sound; and they horribly roll their eyes at the same time. I often stood looking at them with astonishment, for when such sittings take place, people frequently come to witness them. Believe me, brethren, I shall never forget the horrible contortions which I there saw. Despair, fury, malicious joy, and anguish, were by turns visible in their countenances. Their rage, I assure you, appeared to me that of the furies—their gravity that of the judges of hell—and their anguish that of malefactors." "But what was their object?" asked his friends. "They attend perhaps to the welfare of the community?"—"Oh no!" "They are seeking the philosopher's stone?"—"You are mistaken." "They wish to discover the quadrature of the circle?"—"No." "They do penance for old sins?"—"Nothing of all this." "Then they are mad: if they neither hear, nor speak, nor feel, nor see, what can they be doing?"—"They are GAMBLING!"—*From the German of Lichtweh.*

POPULAR ERRORS.—Private persons would not be unhappy, (though with less possessions of land or money), and civil life would not be so obnoxious to law, contentions, fraud, perjury, and depression, if men would set some bounds to their desire of having. Commonwealths, well founded, would be eternal, if they could contain themselves within a reasonable extent of territory; and princes would make their own, and the condition of their people much more happy, if, instead of lending them out to foreign conquests, they would endeavour to rule them with wholesome laws, piety, and justice. But how have these errors, public and private, taken their rise? In all appearance it is from hence, that ever since the corruption of nature, (which is very ancient) we have given wrong names to things, and have allotted to vice the stamps and attributes of virtue. We term avarice, prudence and economy; we think none wise who abound not in wealth; and none honest, but whom fortune favours: we call the false arts of statesmen, and the evil faith, perjury, and dissimulation of princes, wisdom and deep policy; temerity, we style high courage; ambition, we call a noble thirst after glory; and they who vex, rob, and disturb the world, we dignify with the names of conquerors and heroes.—*D'Avenant's Essay on Universal Monarchy.*



## To Correspondents.

\* \* Correspondents will please address "Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London.

T. SYMPSON, Chancery-lane.—Josephus, who is most particular in his account of Herod, has not the slightest hint of the Massacre of the Innocents. The Rabbins, who seemed to have neglected no means of blackening that king's memory, say not a word of such an event. It is not until the 4th century, that a passage is found in Macrobius, which is advanced by Christian commentators as corroborative of the legendary account in Matthew. But that passage loses all claim to credit, when it introduces the son of Herod, Antipater, as one of the slaughtered children. Antipater, when executed by his father, was so far from being a child that he complained of his gray hairs!

ATTICUS, Glasgow.—He will find his question answered as pointedly as I am able to answer it, in the "Eight Letters" to Young Men, collected from the *Plain Speaker*.

W. R., Archer-street; 'Dolabella'; X. Y. Z.; J. D., Stockport.—Their poetry is respectfully declined.

J. M'A., Belfast.—Much obliged by all his communications.

R. D., Hull.—His verses display considerable power, but they lack compression: the same thoughts in half the number of line she must *try* to accomplish that:—and he is *able* to accomplish it.

JOHN BEVAN.—His letter is sensible, and is evidently the production of an earnest heart and mind; but it is too general in its description of working-men's wrongs. It would be impossible to print half of the letters I receive, of a similar kind. This is hinted with the sincerest respect.

'EXCELSIOR.'—I cannot answer his question without incurring an advertisement duty. If I am to answer him privately he must send me his real name.

'YOUNG APPRENTICE,' Leicester.—Let him not be discouraged: every difficulty may be mastered by care and attention. Will he send me his real name?

'CAPTAIN C.,' Liverpool.—There wants a first-rate life of him. One is to be met with, sometimes, on old book-stalls; but it has no author's name. Another was published in Leeds, some years ago. There are also pamphlets—but they are worthless.

E. EVES.—Copies of the 'People's Charter' in print? Ay, thousands to be had for a whisper—at Watson's, and almost every newsvenders. What innocent questions some people ask!

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### Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

SUNDAY, March 17, at 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square,) City Road. "Real character of Mahommed, and the design of Mahommedanism"—Thomas Cooper. At 7, Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square. "England's February Revolution without bloodshed"—Walter Cooper. At 7, Bethnal Green Mutual Instruction Society, 42, Church Street. "Art of Memory,"—E. Taylor.

MONDAY, March 18, at half-past 8, Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars. "Life and Genius of Coleridge"—continued—Joseph Fearn. At a quarter to 9, Finsbury Hall, 66, Bunhill Row. "Hampden, Milton, and the Men of the Commonwealth"—Walter Cooper. At half-past 8, Finsbury Mechanics' Institute, Bell Yard, City Road. "Life and Health—continued"—Dr. Curl. At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenæum, 17, Chapel Street. "Education"—Thos. H. Rees. At a quarter-past 8, Literary Institution, Carlisle Street, Edgeware Road. "Carlyle: his works and philosophy"—P. W. Perfitt. At 8, Temperance Hall, Broadway, Westminster, "Fallacies of the Political Economists"—Samuel M. Kydd.

WEDNESDAY, March 20, at 8, Hackney Literary and Scientific Institution. "Ancient Rome"—James Silk Buckingham.

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BIOGRAPHY.—To find that great lengths have actually been gone in learning and virtue—that high degrees of perfection have actually been attained by men like ourselves, entangled among the infirmities, the temptations, the oppositions from wicked men, and the other various evils of life—how does this show us to ourselves as utterly inexcusable, if we do not endeavour to reach the heights we know have been gained by others of our fellow creatures? Biography sets before us the whole character of a person who has made himself eminent either by his virtues or his vices—shows us how he came first to take a right or a wrong turn—the prospects which invited him to aspire to higher degrees of glory, or the delusions which misled him from his virtue and his peace; the circumstances which raised him to true greatness, or the rocks on which he split, and sunk to infamy. And how can we more effectually, or in a more entertaining manner, learn the important lesson, what we ought to pursue, and what to avoid?—*Burgh's Dignity of Human Nature*.



## THINKINGS, FROM OWEN FELLTHAM.

**CONTENTMENT.**—Those who preach contentment to all, do but teach some half to dwell in misery ; unless you will grant content desire, and chide her but for murmuring. Let not man so sleep in content, as to neglect the means of making himself more happy and blessed : nor yet when the contrary of what he looked for comes, let him murmur at that providence, which disposed it to cross his expectation. I like the man who is never content with what he does enjoy ; but by a calm and fair course, has a mind still rising to a higher happiness.

**IMMORAL BOOKS.**—The vicious author cannot offend alone. A corrupt book is an *amphisbœna* : a serpent headed at both ends ; one of which bites him that reads, the other stings him that writes : for if I be corrupted by his pen, the guilt grows his, as well as mine. I will not write so as to hurt myself and posterity. I will not read so as to hurt myself and predecessors. A foolish sentence dropt upon paper sets folly on a hill, and is a monument to make infamy eternal.

**OSTENTATION.**—Vain glory, at best, is only like a window cushion, specious without, and decorated with tasseled pendants ; but within, nothing but hay, or tow, or some such trash, not worth looking on. Where I have found a flood in the tongue, I have found the heart empty. It is the hollow instrument that always sounds the loudest ; and when the heart is full, the tongue is seldom liberal.

**CONSCIENCE.**—It is the blushing part of the soul, that will colour and kick at every little crumb that goes awry against its swallow. And we can neither cozen it, nor be rid of it. It is a kind of inward Deity ; it will be with us wheresoever we are, and will see us in whatever we do. It can give us rest, in unjust sufferings ; and can whip us, in the midst of unjust applauses.

**INTEGRITY OF CHARACTER.**—He who is not morally honest, whatsoever gloss his religion bears, he wears it but in water-colours, which either a warm breath or a wet storm, will melt away or blemish.

**COMFORT DERIVED FROM STUDY.**—Virtuous study will relieve the tediousness of decrepit age, and the divine raptures of contemplation will beguile the weariness of the pillow and the chair. It makes him not displeasing to the young, revered by the aged, and beloved of all. A grey head with a wise mind, enriched by learning, is a treasury of grave precept, experience, and wisdom. It is an oracle to which the lesser wise resort to know their fate. He that can read and meditate, need not think the evening long, or life irksome ; it is, at all times, a fit employment, and a particular solace to him who is bowed down with years.

**OF DANCING.**—Doubtless, it was out of the jollity of nature, that this art was first invented and taken up among men. Bate but the fiddle ; and the colts, the calves, and lambs of the field do the same.

**DRESS.**—Every man's palate may as well be confined to one kind of cookery, as his fancy tied down in dress, to one kind of fashion.

**ARROGANCE.**—I never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. It may seem strange to an inconsiderate eye, that such a poor violet as virtue, should ever dwell with honour : and that such an aspiring fame as pride should ever sojourn with baseness. It is certain, we seldom find the latter but in those who, being conscious of their own deficiency, think there is no way to get honour, but by boldly assuming it. It is he that has nothing else to recommend him, who would invade men's good opinions, by an unbecoming haughtiness. If you search for high and strained carriages, you shall, for the most part, meet with them in low men. Arrogance is a weed, which grows on a dunghill : it is from the rankness of that soil that she has her height and spreadings.

**FAME.**—The noble acts of our predecessors, are as flaming beacons, which fame and time have set on hills, to call us to a defence of virtue, whensoever vice invades the commonwealth of man. Who can endure to skulk away his life in an idle corner, when he has the means of usefulness within him ; and finds, how fame has blown about deserving names ? In weak and base minds, worth begets envy ; but in those which are magnanimous, emulation. Roman virtue, made Roman virtues lasting. A brave man never dies ; but like the phoenix, others rise out of his preserved ashes.



## SONNET.

"The poet,—  
He hath th' enjoyment of a flower  
Before it's budding."

Hood.

It is a lovely morn! In majesty  
Sublime, the sun the cloudless east ascendeth.  
I move amidst a kindling galaxy  
Of dewy radiance! O'er yon flowery lea,  
Bearing her teeming pails, the milkmaid wendeth.  
Woodland to woodland whispers, elms and oaks  
Wave their huge arms, and shake their dewy locks;  
While music, breathed from hill and valley, blendeth,—  
And echo the wild melody still mocks.  
'Tis bright—yet clouds may rise, loud thunder-shocks  
Pealing around be heard, before day endeth.  
Man's life, at first so beautiful, is soon  
O'ercast:—flow'rs fade with which his path is strewn:  
Happy, when, drest in smiles, his sun at last descendeth !

Leicester.

WILLIAM JONES.

## SONG FROM BURGER.

The winter with his frosty hand  
Has stripped the poplar tree :  
Upon the lowly meadow land :  
No summer green I see ;  
No blossom blue, or white, or red,  
In snowy garden lifts its head.

Yet not for these will I lament,  
In mournful elegy ;  
I know a glance that downward sent,  
Brings back the summer sky :  
An eye more deeply blue, a face  
Which red and white more sweetly grace

What care I 'mong the summer limes  
The nightingale to hear ;  
My love she sings a hundred times  
As sweet and silver-clear :  
Her breath is like the breath of Spring,  
'Mong hyacinth beds wandering.

Full on the lip and sweet the kiss  
She sometimes gives to me,  
Refreshing to the mouth, as is  
The ruddy strawberry.  
Oh May ! Why should I sit and sing  
To thee ! With her abides the spring.

W. MOY THOMAS.

THE PASSIONS.—All the passions, in themselves simply considered, are neither good nor evil. Love, hate, hope, fear, joy, sorrow, and the rest, as they are parts of our nature, are things indifferent ; but when they are *fitly circumstantiated and ordered*, they become morally good, and serve many excellent purposes ; but when they are misplaced and extravagant, when they command us and are our masters, they then become morally evil, and the most troublesome things in the world both to ourselves and others.—*Dr. Calamy's Sermons.*

THE SUFFRAGE.—According to my apprehension we might as well make the possession of forty shillings per annum the proof of a man's being rational as of his being free.—*Major Cartwright.*

## CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848-9, AND 1849-50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

*Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'*

## III.—THE MIRACLES.

*(Continued from last number.)*

5. Involuntary Cures. Some of the most astounding accounts of miraculous healing, are given in the first three Gospels, in such passages as these: "And when they were gone over, they came into the land of Gennesaret. And when the men of that place had knowledge of him, they sent out into all that country round about, and brought unto him all that were diseased; and besought him that they might only touch the hem of his garment; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole." (Matthew, 14 ch. 34, 35, 36 vv.)

"And a great multitude from Galilee followed him, and from Judea, and from Jerusalem, and from Idumea, and from beyond Jordan; and they about Tyre and Sidon, a great multitude, when they had heard what great things he did, came unto him. And he spake to his disciples, that a small ship should wait on him because of the multitude, lest they should throng him. For he had healed many; insomuch that they pressed upon him to touch him, as many as had plagues." (Mark, 3 ch. 7, 8, 9, 10 vv.)

"And when they had passed over, they came into the land of Gennesaret, and drew near to the shore. And when they were come out of the ship, straightway they knew him, and ran through that whole region round about, and began to carry about in beds those that were sick, where they heard he was. And whithersoever he entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought him that they might touch if it were but the border of his garment: and as many as touched him were made whole." (Mark, 6 ch. 53, 54, 55, 56 vv.)

"And he came down with them, and stood in the plain, and the company of his disciples, and a great multitude of people out of all Judea and Jerusalem, and from the sea coast of Tyre and Sidon, which came to hear him, and to be healed of their diseases; and they that were vexed with unclean spirits; and they were healed. And the whole multitude sought to touch him: for there went virtue out of him, and healed them all." (Luke, 6 ch. 17, 18, 19 vv.)

What man who has arrived at the resolve to think for himself, can read these verses without a kind of consternation of the understanding? Who wrote these words—words of earthquake, if they relate facts? Is it possible that in an age when Palestine was under Roman power, none of the philosophic intellects existing in the metropolis of the world could have heard of such swooping triumphs over the natural laws, if they had ever taken place? What! is it possible that an individual really walked this earth, but 1800 years ago who healed 'multitudes'—entire masses of diseased human beings—not by any expressed voluntary act, but by "virtue going out of him"—virtue which pervaded his clothes, even the very 'hem' or 'border of his garment,'—and yet these events—which seem enough to move the earth out of its course with astonishment—are only to be found recorded in writings of which no one can tell us the real authors? We can but wonder and pass on—for this is no evidence with which any process of investigation can deal. It is a relation of wonder, and we can say no more about it.

But, a detailed example of involuntary cure is given us, in the history of the woman who had the issue of blood. All the first three evangelists give this relation, and interweave it in a peculiar manner with the account of the resuscitation of the daughter of Jairus, making Jesus cure the woman on his way to the ruler's house. (Matth. 9 ch. 20 v. Mark, 5 ch. 25 v.



Luke 8 ch. 40 v.) This interweaving is of importance, since it serves to identify the three narratives as relating to one and the same event—for some critics have striven to show that there were two cures of women here related, and thus to account for the different expressions of the evangelists. Matthew simply relates that the woman came behind Jesus, and touched the hem of his garment, saying within herself ‘If I can but touch his garment, I shall be whole;’ and that Jesus turned him about, and when he saw her, he said ‘Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole’—and the woman was made whole from that hour. Luke adds to Matthew’s expression that the woman had an issue of blood for twelve years—‘which had spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any:—’ And had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, *but rather grew worse*’, says Mark—with his usual tendency to exaggeration for effect! Matthew, we have seen, states that Jesus pronounced the words ‘Daughter, &c.’—and the woman was made whole from that hour. Mark and Luke, however, state that she was *immediately* healed when she had touched the garment of Jesus; and that he then turned about and asked who touched him—that the disciples, wondering at his question, reminded him of the pressure of the crowd, and exclaimed ‘And sayest thou who touched me?’ According to Luke, Jesus persists in his assertion; according to Mark, he looks enquiringly round him in order to discover the party who touched him: then, according to both Mark and Luke, the woman approaches trembling, falls at his feet and confesses all, whereupon Jesus gives her the tranquillising assurance that her faith has made her whole. This complex train of circumstances makes no part of Matthew’s narrative. Why did ‘plenary inspiration’ fail to make him acquainted with it, and to inform him that the woman was *healed* before Jesus spoke to her?

But was the curative power of Jesus, then, like that of a magnetiser, who, in operating upon a nervous patient, is conscious of a diminution of strength? Could it go out from him without his volition, and without his knowing exactly who had been benefitted by it? Could he ask a question in uncertainty, or only *appear* to be in earnest in asking it? Or, is it to be understood that he knew the woman had been healed by the ‘virtue which had gone out of him’, and only asked to draw forth her confession? That is, clearly, not the conception of Mark and Luke: *they* evidently do *not* attribute the cure to the act of the will in Jesus, but to the believing touch of the woman; and they make Jesus attribute the cure to her faith: so that the materialistic character of their representation is still brought back, either to the domain of animal magnetism,—or to the operation of imagination in the woman. But what a vast conception, either of Christ’s magnetic power, or of the power of the imagination in a sick woman, is here demanded, by the opinion that either healed a disease of twelve years’ duration! Could we believe such a narrative, if it were given in any other book, even if written by a well-known author whose veracity was, in itself, an historic fact?

Let us not forget that this relation, together with the swooping relations of the cure of masses, are not the only narratives of the kind in the New Testament. In the Acts (19 ch. 12 v.) we are told of Paul, “that from his body were brought unto the sick *handkerchiefs* and *aprons*, and the diseases departed from them”; and in the same book (Acts 5 ch. 12, 15, 16 vv.) the narrative has even increased traits of the marvellous:

“And by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the



people; insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at least *the shadow of Peter passing by*, might overshadow some of them. There came also a multitude out of the cities round about unto Jerusalem, bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits, *and they were healed every one*!"

In the Apocryphal 'Gospels of the Infancy' are numerous narratives of cures wrought by means of swaddling bands of the infant Jesus, and by the water in which his mother washed him! "But we *know* that all that is legend," the the orthodox believer will reply. Of course, we do. But wherein are the handkerchiefs and aprons brought from the body of Paul to be distinguished from those wrought by the swaddling bands of the infant Jesus, as the more probable and historical? Not by their nature that is certain, and how by the testimony for them? Who is the author of either story? If the accounts of the cures by touching Christ's garments, or by receiving Paul's handkerchiefs, had not been in the *canonical* books—but in what the orthodox are pleased to call the 'apocryphal', of course they would not have been believed. But it is not the *assumed* authority of a book which makes a narrative credible: it is from the nature of its narratives that we judge of the authority of a book,—in all other cases—and why not in this?

No relations in the Gospels and Acts are more palpably legendary than these. They betray the grossest tendency of superstition,—at least its grossness is only surpassed by those later stories of the Dark Ages which attributed miraculous power to the bones of the saints when distributed as relics. All such stories have evidently their origin in a deformed veneration for the moral excellence of some remarkable person. They are not products of the mind in the person's life-time; but arise when his moral image has become dim by the lapse of time, and few pattern after it. "The less"—remarks Strauss, with pregnant meaning—"the church retained of the words of Jesus, the more tenaciously she clung to the efficacy of his mantle; and the farther she was removed from the free spiritual energy of the Apostle Paul, the more consolatory was the idea of carrying home his curative energy in a pocket-handkerchief."

(Commencement of the second Discourse on the Miracles in next number.)

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## Review.

*A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion.* By THEODORE PARKER. (Watson, London: Joseph Barker, Wortley, near Leeds.)

Now that Mr. Barker has made this book so cheap, no working-man who is resolved to *think* on religious subjects should neglect to procure it. It evinces more soul than one hundred of the books, taken together, issued by ordinary religious writers in the course of a year. But this American is not an ordinary man. He writes with the true inspiration—that of genius, and with the severe and yet passionate love of verity. His heart sickens at false respectabilities. He must and will speak out against them. And yet his worship of moral beauty is expressed with all the ardour of the most devout religionist. This is a lesson which free-thinkers are slow in learning. And yet, they will never succeed in hastening the march of free-thought, till they have earned it.

Mr. Parker's introduction, like an appropriate vestibule to a beautiful tem-



ple, prepares all who enter on his book for the real nature of its contents. Witness these sentences :—

“The name of Infidel is applied to the best of men, the wisest, the most spiritual and heavenly of our brothers. The bad and the foolish naturally ask, if the name be deserved, what is the use of Religion, as good men and wise men can be good and wise, heavenly and spiritual, without it? The answer is plain—but not to the blind.”

“The prevailing theology represents God as a being whom a good man must hate; religion as something alien to our nature, which can only rise as Reason falls. A despair of man pervades our theology. Pious men mourn at the famine in our churches; we do not believe in the inspiration of goodness now; only in the tradition of goodness long ago.”

“Our reverence for the Past is just in proportion to our ignorance of it. We think God was once everywhere in the world—in the soul; but has now crept into a corner as good as dead; that the Bible was his last word. Instead of the Father of all for our God, we have two Idols,—the Bible, a record of men’s words and works, and Jesus of Nazareth, a man who lived divinely some centuries ago. These are the idols of the religious; our standard of truth; the gods in whom we trust. Mammon, the great idol of men not religious—who overtops them both, and has the truest worshippers—need not now be named. His votaries *know* they are idolaters; the others worship in ignorance, their faith fixed mainly on transient things.

“I know there are exceptions to this rule. Saints never fail from the earth. Reason will claim some deserted niche in every church. But wise men grieve over our notions of religion; so poor, so alien to Reason; Pious men weep over our practice of religion; so far from Christianity. What passes for Christianity in our times is not reasonable; no man pretends it. It can only be defended by forbidding a reasonable man to open his mouth. We go from the street to the church. What a change! Reason and good sense, and manly energy, which do their work in the world, have here little to do; their voice is not heard. The morality, however, is the same in both places; it has only laid off its working dress, smoothed its face, and put on its Sunday-clothes. The popular religion is hostile to man; tells us he is an outcast—not a child of God, but a spurious issue of the devil. He must not even pray in his own name. His duty is an impossible thing. No man can do it. He deserves nothing but damnation. Theology tells him that is all he is sure of. It teaches the doctrine of immortality; but in such guise, that if true, it is a misfortune to mankind. Its heaven is a place no man has a right to. Would a good man willingly accept what is not his?—pray for it? This theology rests on a lie. Men have made it out of assumptions. The conclusions came from the premises; but the premises were made for the sake of the conclusions. Each vouches for the other’s truth. But what else will vouch for either? The historical basis of popular doctrines, such as Depravity, Redemption, Resurrection, the Incarnation; is it formed of Facts or No-Facts? Who shall tell us? Do not the wise men look after these things? One must needs blush for the patience of mankind.

“But has religion only the bubble of Tradition to rest on; no other sanction than authority; no substance but Belief? They know little of the matter who say it. Did religion begin with what we call Christianity? Were there no Saints before Peter? Religion is the first thing man learned; the last thing he will abandon. There is but one Religion, as one Ocean; though we call it Faith in our church, and Infidelity out of our church.”

None can expect to find in this book the old, worn-out, conventionalities of orthodoxy, after they have alighted on such sentences in the author’s introduction. The whole work is divided into six books. The first treats “of Religion in general;” and is also entitled “A Discourse of the Religious Sentiment and its Manifestations.” In this book, the author describes with a power which almost equals painting, for its impressive distinctness, the forms which Religion takes among men—Fetichism, Polytheism, Dualism, Pantheism, Monotheism; and descants, both learnedly and philosophically, on practices and doctrines arising out of these forms of Religion—such as Sacrifices and a Future State.

The other five books treat of “the Relation of the Religious Sentiment” to “God”—to “Jesus of Nazareth”—to “the Greatest of Books”—and to “the Greatest of Human Institutions”: they are also, severally, entitled “Discourses” of “Inspiration”—of “Christianity”—of “the Bible”—and of “the Church.” It will be seen, from this arrangement, that Theodore Par-



ker, like Strauss, is a logician in his attachments. "What are we to do with this inexorable logic?" exclaimed the orthodox divines of Germany, in a complete paralysis at the first appearance of Strauss's 'Leben Jesu.' The fine rhetoric of Parker, in some measure, conceals the prevalence of the logic throughout his book; but the thinker cannot fail to feel it.

In his first book, he had defined the Religious Sentiment to be "a sense of dependence"—felt and experienced by the whole human family; and had thus argued: "Now the existence of this religious element—of this sense of dependence,—this sentiment of something without bounds, is itself a proof by implication of the existence of its object,—something on which dependence rests." The Absolute, the Infinite,—that is to say—God, is thus 'proved by implication' from the universal sense of our want of Him, as a dependence—according to Parker. Readers must, however, examine his entire argument for themselves, in order to determine for themselves, whether it be sound.

The second book is full of intense interest to the abstract thinker. The second chapter of it I cannot refrain from extracting, as one of the best samples of Parker's powers of thought and expression combined. Can the reader separate its teachings *distinctly* from what we call '*Pantheism*'? The chapter is entitled "The Relation of Nature to God."

"To determine the relation of Man to God, it is well to determine first the relation of God to Nature—the material world—that we may have the force of the analogy of that relation to aid us. Conscious man may be very dissimilar to unconscious matter, but yet their relation to God are analogous: both *depend* on Him. To make out the point, and decide the relation of God to Nature, we must start from the Idea of God which was laid down above,—a Being of Infinite Power, Wisdom, and Goodness. Now to make the matter clear as noonday, God is either present in all space, or not present in all space. If Infinite, He must be present everywhere in general, and not limited to any particular spot; as an old writer so beautifully says, 'Even Heaven and the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain him.' Heathen writers are full of such expressions. God, then, is universally present in the world of matter. He is the substantiality of matter. The circle of his being in space has an infinite radius. We cannot say, Lo here, or lo there, for He is everywhere. He fills all nature with his overflowing currents: without Him, it were not. His Presence gives it existence—his Will its law and force—his Wisdom its order—his Goodness its beauty.

"It follows unavoidably, from the Idea of God, that he is present everywhere in space: not *transiently* present, now and then, but *immanently* present, always; his centre here—his circumference nowhere; just as present in the eyelash of an emmet as in the Jewish holy of holies, or the sun itself. We may call common what God has cleansed with his presence; but there is no corner of space so small—no atom of matter so despised and little, but God the Infinite is there.

"Now, to push the inquiry nearer the point. The nature or substance of God, as represented by our Idea of him, is divisible or not divisible. If Infinite, he must be indivisible; a part of God cannot be in this point of space, and another in that,—his Power in the sun, his Wisdom in the moon, and his Goodness in the earth. He must be wholly, vitally, essentially present, as much in one point as in another point, or all points; as essentially present in each point at any one moment of time, as at any other or all moments of time. He is there, not idly present, but actively, as much now as at creation. Divine Omnipotence can neither slumber nor sleep. Was God but transiently active in matter at creation—his action now passed away? From the Idea of him it follows that He is immanent in the world, however much He also transcends the world. 'Our Father worketh hitherto;' and for this reason Nature works, and so has done since its creation. There is no spot the foot of hoary Time has trod on, but is instinct with God's activity. He is the ground of nature—what is permanent in the passing—what is real in the apparent. All nature, then, is but an exhibition of God to the senses; the veil of smoke on which his shadow falls; the dewdrop in which the heaven of his magnificence is poorly imaged. The Sun is but a sparkle of his splendour. Endless and without beginning flows forth the stream of divine influence that encircles and possesses the All of things: from God it comes, to God it goes. The material world is perpetual growth, a continual transfiguration, renewal that never ceases. Is this without God? Is it not because God, who is ever the same, flows into it without end? It is the fulness of God that



flows into the crystal of the rock, the juices of the plant, the life of the emmet and the elephant. He penetrates and pervades the world. All things are full of Him, who surrounds the sun, the stars, the universe itself; 'goes through all lands, the expanse of oceans, and the profound Heaven.'

"Inanimate matter, by itself, is dependent,—incapable of life, motion, or even existence. To assert the opposite is to make it a God. In its present state it has no will; yet there is in it existence, motion, life. The smallest molecule in a ray of polarized light, and the largest planet in the system, exist and move as if possessed of a Will, powerful, regular, irresistible. The powers of Nature, then,—that of Gravitation, Electricity, Growth,—what are they but modes of God's action? If we look deep into the heart of this mystery, such must be the conclusion. Nature is moved by the first Mover; beautified by him who is the Sun of Beauty; animated by Him who is of all the Creator, Defence, and Life.

"Such, then, is the relation of God to matter up to this point: He is immanent therein, and perpetually active. Now to go farther. If this be true, it would seem that the various objects and things in nature were fitted to express and reveal different degrees and measures of the divine influence, so to say; that this degree of manifestation in each depends on the capacity which God has primarily bestowed upon it; that the material but inorganic, the vegetable but inanimate, and the animal but irrational world, received each as high a mode of divine influence as their several natures would allow.

"Then, to sum up all in brief: The material world, with its objects sublimely great, or meanly little, as we judge them; its atoms of dust, its orbs of fire; the rock that stands by the sea-shore, the water that wears it away; the worm, a birth of yesterday, which we trample underfoot; the streets of constellations that gleam perennial over head; the aspiring palm-tree, fixed to one spot; and the lions that are sent out free;—these incarnate and make visible all of God their natures will admit. If man were not spiritual, and could yet conceive of the aggregate of invisible things, he might call it God, for he could go no farther.

"Now, as God is Infinite, imperfection is not to be spoken of Him. His Will, therefore—if we may so use that term—is always the same. As nature has of itself no power, and God is present and active therein, it must obey and represent his unalterable will. Hence, seeing the uniformity of operation—that things preserve their identity, we say they are governed by a law that never changes. It is so. But this Law—what is it but the Will of God?—a mode of divine action? It is this in the last analysis. The apparent secondary causes do not prevent this conclusion.

"The things of Nature, having no will, obey this law from necessity. They thus reflect God's image, and make real his conception—if we may use such language with this application: they are tools, not artists. We never in Nature see the smallest departure from Nature's law. The granite, the grass, keep their law; none go astray from the flock of stars; fire does not refuse to burn, nor water to be wet: we look backwards and forwards, but the same law records everywhere the obedience that is paid to it. Our confidence in the uniformity of Nature's law is complete,—in other words, in the fact that God is always the same—his modes of action always the same. This is true of the inorganic, the vegetable, the animal world. Each thing keeps its law, with no attempt at violation of it. From this obedience comes the regularity and order apparent in Nature. Obeying the Law of God, his omnipotence is on its side;—to oppose a law of Nature, therefore, is to oppose the Deity. It is sure to redress itself.

"But these created things have no consciousness, so far as we know,—at least nothing which is the same with our self-consciousness. They have no moral will—no power in general to do otherwise than as they do. Their action is not the result of forethought, reflection, judgment, voluntary obedience to an acknowledged law. No one supposes that the Bison, the Rosebush, or the Moon, reflect in themselves; make up their mind and say, 'Go to, now let us bring up our young, or put forth our blossoms, or give light at night-fall, because it right is to do so, and God's law.' Their obedience is unavoidable,—they do what they cannot help doing. Their obedience, therefore, is not their merit, but their necessity;—it is power they passively yield to—not a duty they voluntarily and consciously perform. All the action, therefore, of the material, inorganic, vegetable, and animal world, is mechanical, vital, or, at the utmost, instinctive; not self-conscious, the result of private will. There, is therefore, no room for caprice in this department. The Crystal must form itself after a prescribed pattern; the Leaf assume a given shape; the Bee build her cell with six angles. The mantle of Destiny is girt about these things;—to study the laws of nature, therefore, is to study the modes of God's action. Science becomes sacred, and passes into a sort of devotion. Well says the old Sage—'Geometry is the praise of God.' It reveals the perfections of the divine Mind; for God manifests himself in every object of science,—in the half-living molecules of powdered wood—in



the Comet with its orbit which imagination cannot surround—in the Cones and Cycloids of the Mathematician, that exist nowhere in the world of concrete things, but which the conscious mind carries thither.

“Since all these objects represent, more or less, the divine mind, and are in perfect harmony with it, and so always at one with God, they express, it may be, all of Deity which matter in these three modes can contain, and thus exhibit all of God that can be made manifest to the eye, the ear, and the other senses of man. Since these things are so, Nature is not only strong and beautiful, but has likewise a religious aspect. This fact was noticed in the very earliest times; it appears in the rudest worship, which is adoration of God in nature; it will move man's heart to the latest day, and exert an influence on souls that are deepest and most holy. Who that looks on the ocean, in its anger, or its play—who that walks at twilight under a mountain's brow, listens to the sighing of the pines touched by the indolent wind of summer, and hears the light tinkle of the brook murmuring its quiet tone,—who is there but feels the deep Religion of the scene? In the heart of a city we are called away from God; the dust of man's foot, and the sooty print of his fingers, are on all we see;—the very earth is unnatural, and the heaven scarce seen. In the crowd of busy men who set through its streets, or flow together of an holiday—in the dust and jar, the bustle and strife of business,—there is little to remind us of God: men must build a cathedral for that. But everywhere in nature, we are carried straightway back to Him. The fern, green and growing amid the frost—each little grass and lichen—is a silent memento. The first bird of spring, and the last rose of summer; the grandeur or the dullness of evening and morning; the rain, the dew, the sunshine; the stars that come out to watch over the farmer's rising corn; the birds that nestle contentedly; brooding over their young, quietly tending the little strugglers with their beak;—all these have a religious significance to a thinking soul. Every violet blooms of God, each lily is fragrant with the presence of Deity. The awful scenes of storm and lightning and thunder seem but the sterner sounds of the great concert wherewith God speaks to man. Is this an accident? Ay,—earth is full of *such* accidents. When the seer rests from religious thought, or when the world's temptations make his soul tremble, and though the spirit be willing the flesh is weak; and the perishable body weighs down the mind, musing on many things; when he wishes to draw near to God, he goes not to the city—there conscious men obstruct him with their works,—but to the meadow, spangled all over with flowers, and sung to by every bird; to the mountain, ‘visited all night by troops of stars;’ to the ocean the undying type of shifting phenomena and unchanging law; to the forest, stretching out motherly arms, with its mighty growth and awful shade;—and here in the obedience these things pay, in their order, strength, beauty, he is encountered front to front with the awful presence of Almighty power. A voice cries to him from the thicket, ‘God will provide.’ The bushes burn with Deity. Angels minister to him. There is no mortal pang but it is allayed by God's fair voice as it whispers in nature, still and small, it may be, but moving on the face of the deep, and bringing light out of darkness.

“Now to sum up the result. It seems, from the very Idea of God, that He must be Infinitely present in each point of space. This immanence of God in matter is the basis of his influence; this is modified by the capacities of the objects in nature; all of its action is God's action; its laws, modes of that action. The imposition of a law, then, which is perfect, and is also perfectly obeyed, though blindly and without self-consciousness, seems to be the measure of God's relation to matter. Its action therefore is only mechanical, vital, or instinctive, not voluntary and self-conscious. From the nature of these things it must be so.”

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THE WORTH OF A GOOD COMPANION.—A companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companions, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for ‘’tis the company and not the charge that makes the feast.”—*Isaac Walton*.

FUTURE STATE.—A dialogue between two infants in the womb concerning the state of this world, might handsomely illustrate our ignorance of the next, whereof methinks we yet discourse in Plato's den, and are but embryo philosophers.—*Sir Thomas Browne*. (*Religio Medici*.)

TOLERANCE.—I have endeavoured to make it one of the governing principles of my life, never to abate anything of humanity and charity to any man, for his difference from me in opinion.—*Abp. Tillotson*.



**RELIGION.**—When temporal advantages are annexed to any religious profession, they will be sure to call in all those who have no religion at all : knaves will embrace it for the sake of interest ; fools will follow them for the sake of fashion ; and when once it is in such hands, omnipotence itself can never preserve its purity.—*Soame Jenyns*.

**HONESTY.**—A right mind and generous affection hath more beauty and charms than all other symmetries in the world besides ; and a grain of honesty and native worth is of more value than all the adventitious ornaments, estates, or preferments, for the sake of which some of the better sort so oft turn knaves, forsaking their principles, and quitting their honour and freedom for a mean, timorous, shifty state of gaudy servitude. *Shaftesbury*.

**REAL KNOWLEDGE.**—There is no difference between knowledge and temperance ; for he who knows what is good, and embraces it ; who knows what is bad, and avoids it, is learned and temperate. But they who know very well what ought to be done, and yet do quite otherwise, are ignorant and stupid.—*Socrates*.

**LIFE.**—Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age ; then to be a man of business ; then to make up an estate ; then to arrive at honours ; then to retire.—*Spectator*.

**HATRED.**—Hate is of all things the mightiest divider, nay, is division itself. To couple hatred, therefore, though wedlock try all her golden links, and borrow to her aid all the iron manacles and fetters of law, it does but seek to twist a rope of sand.—*Milton*.

**ON THE MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE.**—There are few countries, which, if well cultivated, would not support double the number of their inhabitants ; and yet fewer where one third part of the people are not extremely stinted, even in the necessaries of life.—*Swift*.

**HOW TO REFORM MANKIND.**—There is no way but one to reform men, and that is to render them happier. It is good and easy to enfeeble vice by bringing men nearer to each other, and by rendering them thus more happy. All the sciences, indeed, are still in a state of infancy ; but that of rendering men happy has not so much as seen the light yet, even in Christendom.—*St. Pierre's Studies of Nature*.

**HOW TO GIVE ADVICE.**—The most difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him, not so much to please ourselves as for his own advantage. The reproaches, therefore, of a friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.—*Budgell*.

**BEFORE AND AFTER DINNER.**—Before dinner, men meet with great inequality of understanding ; and those who are conscious of their inferiority, have the modesty not to talk : when they have drunk wine, every man feels himself happy, and loses that modesty, and grows impudent and vociferous ; but he is not improved ; he is only not sensible of his defects.—*Johnson*.

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No. 12.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1850. [Price One Penny.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND, THE LORD HARRY OF EXETER.

"Tis not the least disparagement  
To be defeated by the event;  
Nor, to be beaten by main force,  
That does not make a man the worse—  
Although his shoulder with baton,  
Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune."

*Hudibras.*

MY DEAR BISHOP,—You are the most ill-used man in England—for nobody will let you do as you like. Even the Privy-Council and the Queen herself—the sacred head of the Church—have now taken against you. This is very hard. You have need of great inward and spiritual consolations to enable you to bear up against it all.

And it is not simply defeat, after all this wrangling with the fellow Gorham—but he is to go back to his living of Bamford Speke, in spite of you, and there continue to spread his heresy. How galling, how cantankerously mortifying to your right reverend stomach! What will you do, my dear bishop? You don't intend to let him alone, do you? Egad, I make you to have as much pluck as any man in England; and I cannot imagine you will let him be quiet. No, no—let us have another opening of the "Great Gorham Case;" and let it be soon. Look sharp after him; and you are sure to catch him tripping—for it is evident enough that he is a mere heretical Puritan in disguise.

But, my dear bishop, be sure, when you bring him up to the scratch again, to make your charge a little more definite. The Privy Council really had the whip-hand of you, when they complained that you had not hewn either, that Gorham's doctrine was contrary to that of the Church of England, or that yours was in accordance with it. You were too mild, my dear bishop, too meek in your procedure. Give them a stronger dose, next time. Let even the Privy Council see, (if they dare again to meddle with such matters,) that you have the spirit to act like a thorough High-Churchman, and to denounce and anathematise them, too, if they have the unseemly assurance to differ from you.

"The Privy Council!" why, my dear fellow, to be serious, there is something in this procedure which demands profound consideration on your part. Bethink you, are *you*, a consecrated overseer of the church, really to be snubbed by these ignoramuses who know no more of theology than a horse knows of one of the ungodly new florins? For, of course, none of us give the two archbishops any credit for theological knowledge; and as for long-



headed Blomfield, he was on *your side*. That, in fact, is the only grain of satisfaction remaining to you, out of this long struggle. Is your sacred office to be interfered with, I say, by a few arrogant presuming laicals, and are you to sit down quietly; and not even say "muff?" Would Beckett have done that? My dear bishop, remember that your reputation is now at stake. If you do not put in a demurrer, in some shape, and a pretty strong one besides, against this presumptuous interference with your office—or, rather defiance of your episcopal authority—you will be a "done coon," as the Americans say, in the eyes of all England. You must not submit to be thus checked. You ought to protest against this lay interference with the deeds of spiritual overseers. Depend upon it your protest would call up the spirit of hundreds of the clergy, who are scarlet with shame and vexation at the worldly subservience to a godless administration of the majority among the bishops, and who would shout for joy to see you 'come out' and do battle valorously and to the full length, for the independence of the church.

If you do not take upon you to lead this band of the real church militant, there is none else that will. And if you do not protest *now*, it will soon be too late. The spirits of all who are willing to commence the fight will sink, if they see that you are brought to an humbling dead-lock, in this matter.

Think of it, my dear bishop : think of it, seriously. And, above all things, beware of sly Blomfield. He voted on your side ; but he is sure to counsel you to submit, and to be quiet. Beware of him : he is a master in the art of playing double ; but that will not do for you. Straightforward ! play out your part to the end, as the pattern High-Churchman of the nineteenth century ;—and may you live to the very end of it as a pattern of *consistency*—that scarce virtue !—prays,

Yours, my dear bishop, ever lovingly,

THOMAS COOPER.

*Postscriptum.*—Soho ! I see there is one Church of England priest bold enough to set you the example. Denison, the orthodox Vicar of East Brent, has protested, "in the name of the most Holy Trinity," against the Privy Council's decision. Will you be outdone by him ? Fye upon you, bishop, if you be a craven ! Up, and at them, my dear bishop ! Snap your finger and thumb at the paltry threat of *præmunire* in the *Times*. Do your deed, like a true man—head the 'holy catholic and apostolic' malecontents, and make the Privy Council shake in their wicked shoes—the impertinent heretics !

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### THE TEN HOURS' ACT.

THE cause of the children, women, and young persons, working in factories, is once more before the public. The re-discussion of this question arises from a recent decision in the Court of Exchequer legalizing the relay system. According to the decision of the judges, women and young persons can only work ten hours per day, but the time of working these ten hours may be spread over fifteen or sixteen hours,—having, of course, stated intermissions.

This is a practical, although, perhaps, a legal, evasion of the intention of the Legislature in passing the Ten Hours' Act. The late John Fielden, under whose management an agitation of thirty years' continuance was crowned with success, unmistakeably meant ten hours' work, which, with meal hours deducted, signified a day's work, beginning at six in the morning and ending at six at night.



The passing of the Ten Hours' Act was most warmly opposed (with the most perfect consistency) by the advocates of free and unrestricted action. Among the influential names, we find, in opposition to the restriction of factory labour, are those of John Bright and Joseph Hume. Mr. Bright, and the richer mill-owners, who opposed the passing of the Bill through the House of Commons, have not, to my knowledge, ever attempted to evade the law, since the Ten Hours' Act received the assent of royalty. A small knot of keen competitive money-getting men, living chiefly within a circle of ten miles round Manchester, have uniformly worked their hands on the relay system; and several decisions have been given in their favour by local magistrates. The judges have decided in their favour; and if the law be not changed, by the House of Commons passing a declaratory Act expressive of the real meaning of the Ten Hours' Act, the relay system will no doubt become general.

It is hardly necessary for me to argue in favour of the Ten Hours' Bill. I hear a great deal about the rights of capital; but this I demand of all men, that they either establish justice, or acknowledge humanity. If justice were the rule no Ten Hours' Bill would be necessary: men would be capable of making their own bargains, without the protection of law-makers. If humanity be acknowledged, decrepid men, helpless women, and infant children, have on all the strongest claims.

The deep-rooted and fearful antagonism and hatred, unhappily of too long standing in the crowded and busy hives of manufacturing industry, will be quickened and deepened by the recent decision of the judges; and the next turn of dull trade will carry in its wake an accumulated and treasured-up load of spleen and revenge. It is of no use mincing the matter: clever men may talk and write about enlightened principles, and the influence of love; but these factory operatives look round them, and see piles of wealth which they know that their industry has contributed to create; and they believe the owners of this wealth, the rich capitalists, to be their enemies—"their tyrants"—to use the every-day expression of their lives. If the wise men of St. Stephen's believe that "the safety of the people is the highest law," they will quickly settle this already too-long unsettled point of difference between the employers and the employed,—and settle it too in favour of the factory operatives. If they do not so settle it, they may, it is feared, live to repent of their neglect. Hatred is more easily engendered than dissipated; and long-settled sores that have become almost, if not entirely, organic, bear but little additional irritation without causing insupportable uneasiness.

Numerous meetings have of late been held in Oldham, Manchester, and other important towns; delegated meetings have been numerous attended,—more so than at any former period of the Short Time movement. The renewed agitation is now fairly afloat; and we earnestly hope that it may have speedy and satisfactory settlement. There have been, it is true, some differences among the delegates, as to the straightforwardness and honesty of public leaders: but there has been no difference, as to the necessity of having a speedy and final settlement of the question. Lord Ashley has introduced his motion thereon, in his place in Parliament; so that the entire case will once more be discussed.

The principal argument upon which the opponents of the Ten Hours' Act rest their opposition, was thus cleverly put by Sir Robert Peel:—"If you reduce the hours of labour in factories from twelve to ten, you will necessarily reduce the wages from twelve to ten. Are you prepared to make such an



enormous reduction from the earnings of a large portion of the working population, whose wages even at twelve hours per day, are not more than their necessities require?" The factory operatives do not quite concede this point, so ingeniously contended for. But waiving the argument of decreased hours, and possibly decreased wages, they say,—“We prefer the shorter hours, even with lessened wages, conscious that what we lose in the money coins is more than made up to us by increased home-comforts, physical rest, and other improvements and advantages, which we cannot have under the long-hour system.”

It is of comparatively trifling value to talk about national education, mental and moral improvement, freehold land societies, and even franchises, if it be an inevitable and irresistible necessity that life shall resolve itself into a ceaseless struggle of man-machine against metal-machine. I think no such struggle is necessary; and after as calm and as deliberate a reflection on the whole case, as made out by the opponents to, and advocates of, reduced hours of labour, as my mind is capable of, I am convinced that, in the end, short hours of labour must be advantageous to the ultimate interests of all concerned, employers as well as employed.

SAMUEL M. KYDD.

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#### ABSTRACT OF MR. FOX'S EDUCATION BILL.

*The Bill is entitled “A Bill to Promote the Secular Education of the People in England and Wales.”*

1. The Preamble briefly sets forth the purpose of the Bill, and Clause 1. defines the terms used in it, such as ‘Parish,’ ‘Overseers,’ ‘Inhabitants,’ ‘Inspectors of Schools.’ The following are the principal enactments of the succeeding Clauses:

2. “The Inspectors of Schools shall make full and detailed Reports to the Committee of Privy Council for Education, of the State of Secular Education in each Parish of their respective Districts, and of the Adequacy of the existing Provisions of each Parish to afford Secular Education for the Wants of the entire Population thereof; and that in such Reports the said Inspectors shall take cognizance of Secular Education only; and in estimating the Proportion of Educational Means to the Wants of the entire Population, private Schools which submit to Inspection by the Inspectors of Schools, and Schools in connexion with the Established Church and any other Religious Body, shall be included; and regard shall be had to the Effect of every Exclusion from Instruction, whether arising from the Expense of Schooling, from peculiar or special Religious Teaching adopted in any School, or from any other Cause whatsoever.”

3. “That whenever it shall appear from any such Report of the Inspectors of Schools that the existing Provisions for Education in any Parish are insufficient for the Wants of the entire Population of such Parish, the Committee of Privy Council for Education shall, by a Letter signed by their Secretary, addressed and sent to the Overseers of such Parish, direct the Overseers to summon a Meeting of the Inhabitants, within a Time to be named in such Letter, who shall elect not less than [*Five*] nor more than [*Fifteen*] of the Inhabitants of such Parish to form the Educational Committee for such Parish; and thereupon the Election of such Educational Committee, and the Names of the Members thereof, shall be forthwith certified to the Committee of Council on Education by the said Overseers; and such Educational Committee shall remain in Office for *Twelve* Calendar Months from the Day of Election; and Fifteen Days at least before the Expiration of such *Twelve* Calendar Months the said Overseers shall summon a meeting of the Inhabitants, who shall elect a like Educational Committee for the Year then next succeeding the Expiration of the said *Twelve* Calendar Months, and so on from Time to Time for every succeeding Year.”

4. “That the first elected Educational Committee of any Parish shall forthwith propose a Plan to supply the Deficiency of the existing Provisions for Secular Education in such Parish, for the Approval of the Committee of Council on Education, and on being approved



by the said Committee of Council, the same shall be carried into execution by the Educational Committee."

5. "That in every Parish where such Deficiency as aforesaid shall be reported, One or more Free School or Schools shall be established under the Provisions of this Act, which shall be under the Management of the Educational Committee of such Parish, who shall appoint the School Master and Mistress; and in all Schools established under this Act (except the Infant, Evening Adult, and other Schools herein-after mentioned,) Provision shall be made for affording gratuitously sufficient Instruction, which shall be secular only, to all the Children of each Parish between the Ages of *Seven* and *Thirteen* Years; and every School Master and Mistress shall be allowed a net yearly Salary of not less than *One hundred Pounds* for every Fifty Pupils who shall attend the Free School of such Master or Mistress for One Year: Provided always, that the same Course of Secular Education shall be afforded to all the Pupils attending any such Free School as aforesaid; and all such Pupils shall be free from all Charges and Payments whatever: Provided also, that the Master and Mistress of every Free School shall allow to each Pupil sufficient Time for receiving Religious Instruction, under the Direction of the Parents of such Pupils."

6. "The Educational Committee of any Parish may propose Plans for establishing an Infant School for the Instruction of Children under the Age of *Seven* Years, an Evening School for the Instruction of young Persons above the Age of *Thirteen* Years, and Schools for the Instruction of deaf and dumb or blind persons."

7. Complaints may be made against the School Masters or Mistresses, of incompetency or misconduct, and the Local Committees have power of removal; but the Teacher has an Appeal to the Committee of the Privy Council. "That the Educational Committee of each Parish shall direct the Overseers of such Parish to levy an annual School Rate for the Purposes of this Act on the rateable Property of such Parish; and such School Rate shall be made, raised, levied, and collected by the Overseers in the same Manner and with the like Powers and Authorities as they by Law possess for making, levying, and collecting Rates for the Relief of the Poor; and such rates shall be paid over by the Overseers to the Educational Committee or their appointed Officer, to be applied in carrying into effect the Plan so approved as aforesaid."

9. "That every Educational Committee shall have perpetual Succession for the Purposes of this Act, and shall be entitled to take, purchase, and hold Land of Freehold, Copyhold, or Leasehold Tenure whereon to erect Schoolhouses, Residences for School Masters or for industrial Training, for the Use of any School to be established under this Act: Provided always, that Land purchased by any Educational Committee, shall be conveyed free from all Stamp Duty whatsoever."

Clauses 10, 11, and 12, enact that the Local Committees shall keep accurate accounts of receipts and disbursements, &c., to be laid before the Committee of Privy Council.

Clause 13, enacts that if no Local Committee should be elected, or no Plan proposed, the Committee of Privy Council shall establish "a Free School or Schools under this Act, and exercise the Powers hereby given to the Educational Committees of such Parishes."

Clause 14 enacts that the Committee of Privy Council "Shall make yearly a Full Report upon the State and Progress of Education"—to be laid before Parliament.

## Correspondence.

12th March, 1850.

SIR,—I referred to page 106 on the supposition that a writer best understands his own meaning, and because you there sum up your former argument. It is evidently a deduction rather than an allusion. But the question now before us is, Does Luke relate as the occasion of the journey of Christ's parents to Bethlehem, a *taxing* of all the world by Augustus Caesar? Now, Sir, I say he does not, and the only way to decide on so simple a point, is to refer to Luke. History will not avail us here, and I must say it seems rather absurd, to ask me to prove whether Luke harmonizes with History, before we agree as to what his statement really is. You state in page 106, "We have seen \* \* \* that he (Luke) relates as the occasion of their journey to Bethlehem, a "taxing of all the world by Augustus Caesar." To use your own words, I cannot receive this on your *mere affirmation*, but request you will *prove* it. Not from History but from Luke himself; for in my humble judgment, the only way to ascertain what an author has written, is to refer to his work. But further have the goodness to reconcile the statement relating to the *decree*



in page 27 with the other in page 106, or say which is the correct one, unless you are prepared to prove a decree for a registration and an actual taxation are one and the same.

I beg to remain, Sir,

Yours most respectfully,

MR. THOMAS COOPER.

T. E. B.

[If T. E. B. "must say it seems rather *absurd*" to be asked "to prove whether Luke harmonizes with *History*"—why was he so *absurd* as to say in his first letter (see page 158, or No. 10 of this *Journal*) "The first (the decree) took place in Herod's time; the second, (the taxing) some years afterward. *History* gives a reason for such an unusual occurrence; as, of course, you are aware, therefore I need not advert to it?" The *affirmation* that "Luke harmonizes with *History*" is his own. I challenged him to prove his *affirmation*. He knows he cannot; and now wishes to back out of his own dilemma. Let him understand me fully; I repeat that he *cannot* show from any *history* whatever that "a decree went forth from Cæsar Augustus that all the world (or land) should be taxed" in Herod's time; that the taxing did not take place till some years afterwards; and that "*History* gives a reason for such an unusual occurrence."

Besides, if he *could* prove that the 'decree' went forth in Herod's time, unless he could shew that the census, or enrolment, was made immediately—he does not enable Luke to bring Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem, from Nazareth. But Josephus informs us that Cyrenius made the census, at least ten years after Herod's time—the time in which Matthew says Christ was born: Matthew having no need of the census—since he does not bring Christ's parents from Nazareth. I had shewn T. E. B. the inconsistency of Luke's story, (at page 28 of this *Journal*) and how it originated in the real ignorance of the Third Evangelist respecting the political relations of the period. I have also shewn T. E. B. that—in spite of the parenthesis in the modern text and translation—no one can suspect, from the original, that Luke relates *two* events; but that his 'decree' and 'taxing' describe one event. *History*—to which T. E. B. first appealed, speaks of but *one* event, and places that at such a date as, in my conception, to make Matthew and Luke contradict each other. If T. E. B. chooses to abandon his first position, and take up with a meaning derived from the modern insertion of a parenthesis, and unsupported by *History*—he is quite at liberty to do so; but he must allow others to draw their conclusions as to his consistency.—T. C.]

### To Correspondents.

\* \* Correspondents will please address "Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London.

'FEDOR.'—I cannot answer his question without incurring danger of an Advertisement Duty. If he had given me his *real* address I would have answered him privately.

L. L.—He may receive a *satisfactory* answer at Mr. Watson's, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

W.—I do not know what 'Letter' he alludes to, and think it must be some communication I have not received.

J. K. Hoxton.—He must excuse my not *obliging* him. For two thousand years before Mr. Owen was born, that controversy divided the deepest thinkers. I am unwilling to swell the rivers of ink already shed upon it.

### Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

SUNDAY, March 24, at 7, Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square. "Cortes, and the Conquest of Mexico"—Thomas Cooper. At 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square,) City Road. "Association, the only remedy for the Evils, under which the Working Classes are suffering"—Walter Cooper. At 11, Farringdon Hall, King's Arms' Yard, (bottom of Snow Hill.) "The Labour Question"—S. M. Kydd: at 7, "Association"—Robert Owen. At half-past 7, Institute of Progress, 1, George Street, Sloane Square. "The Deluge"—W. Baker.

MONDAY, March 25, at half-past 8, Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars. "Hydrostatics"—John Robinson. At a quarter to 9, Finsbury Hall, 66, Bunhill Row. Quarterly Meeting of Members. At half-past 8, Finsbury Mechanics' Institute, Bell Yard, City Road. "Life and Health—continued"—Dr. Curl. At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenæum, 17, Chapel Street. Quarterly Meeting of Members. At a quarter-past 8, Literary Institution, Carlisle Street, Edgeware Road. "Living Philanthropists of America"—Miss Dyer.

TUESDAY, March 26, at half-past 5, Young Man's Mutual Instruction Society, 2, Little Dean Street, Soho. Anniversary, Tea and Soiree—Walter Cooper in the Chair.



## THINKINGS, FROM WILLIAM GODWIN.

**ON THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.**—The character of any man is the result of a long series of impressions communicated to his mind, and modifying it in a certain manner so as to enable us, from a number of these modifications and impressions being given, to predict his conduct. Hence arise his temper and habits, respecting which we reasonably conclude, that they will not be abruptly superseded and reversed; and that, if they ever be reversed, it will not be accidentally, but in consequence of some strong reason persuading, or some extraordinary event modifying his mind. If there were not this original and essential connexion between motives and actions, there could be no such thing as character, or as a ground of inference enabling us to predict what men would be from what they have been.

**JUDGMENT.**—No two men can ever judge alike; those who are dissimilarly situated cannot agree in their thoughts. Two men view a picture; they never see it from the same point of view, and, therefore, strictly speaking, never see the same picture. If they sit down to hear a lecture, they never sit down with the same degree of attention, seriousness, or good humour: the previous state of the mind is different, and therefore the impression received cannot be the same.

**POLITICAL JUSTICE.**—Every man is entitled, so far as the general stock will suffice, not only to the means of being, but of well-being. It is unjust, if one man labour to the destruction of his health, that another may abound in luxuries; it is unjust, if one man be deprived of leisure to cultivate his rational powers, while another man contributes not a single effort to add to the common stock. The faculties of one man are like the faculties of another. Justice directs that each, unless, perhaps, he be employed more beneficially to the public, should contribute to the cultivation of the common harvest, of which each consumes a share. This reciprocity is the very essence of justice.

**INEQUALITY OF PROPERTY.**—In the most refined states of Europe the inequality of property has risen to an alarming height. Vast numbers of their inhabitants are deprived of almost every accommodation that can render life tolerable or secure. Their utmost industry scarcely suffices for their support. The women and children lean with an insupportable weight upon the efforts of the man, so that a large family has in the lower order of life become a proverbial expression for an uncommon degree of poverty and wretchedness. If sickness, or some of those casualties which are perpetually incident to an active and laborious life, be superadded to those burdens, the distress is still greater.

**EQUALITY.**—It was perhaps necessary that a period of monopoly and oppression should subsist, before a period of cultivated equality could subsist. Savages, perhaps, would never have been excited to the discovery of truth and the invention of it, but by the narrow motives which such a period affords. But surely, after the savage state has ceased, and men have set out in the glorious career of discovery and invention, monopoly and oppression cannot be necessary to prevent them from returning to a state of barbarism. Thus much is certain, that a state of cultivated equality is that state which, in speculation and theory, appears most consonant to the nature of man, and most conducive to the extensive diffusion of felicity.

**A SLAVE.**—Independence is the birth-right of man, and that which each of us ought to cherish beyond all earthly possessions. I will tell you what a slave is. A slave is he who watches, with abject spirit, the eye of another; he waits timidly for another man shall have told him whether he is to be happy or miserable to-day: his comforts and his peace depend on the breath of another's mouth. No man need be this unless he pleases. If he has fallen as to externals, into another's power, still there is a point which at his own will he can reserve. He may refuse to be touched; he may walk fearlessly and erect; the words that he utters may be supported by that reason, to which the high and low, rich and poor, have equally access; and if he that the mis-judging world calls a slave may retain all that is most substantial in independence, is it possible that he whom circumstances have made free, should voluntarily put the fetters on his own feet, the manacles on his own hands, and drink the bitter draught of subjection and passive obedience?



## A WINTER DREAM.

THE night's thick shadows still are thickening slow  
 Hanging around the trees that overshadow  
 The silence of the sepulchres below,  
 Whose branched canopy the stars invade,  
 And even among the stately cedar, laid  
 In shelves of blackest hue, their lustres rest,  
 And in its dark hair weave a jewelled braid:  
 And as the Moon moves onward towards the west  
 The Winter maketh keen the brightness of her crest.

One diamond-star attends her through the sky,  
 Almost encircled by the ring that grows  
 Far off around her brightness silently;  
 And there it seems the blue more deeply glows  
 Than even within its circle, round the brows  
 Of that most gentle beauty. Far away,  
 Across the silent field, some cottage throws  
 Its smoke towards heaven, made pale in the Moon's ray,  
 And rising thin it dies upon the evening grey.

The dim-seen cloudlets darken not the sky,  
 But sleep in stillness on the frosted blue,  
 Or as the stately moon goes slowly by  
 Arouse themselves, and as she glitters through,  
 Shrouding her beauty, they grow brilliant too,—  
 Till, as she swells forth on the wintry night  
 Unveiled again, as slowly as they grew  
 In brilliancy they lose their borrowed light,  
 And growing fainter still, fade from the moon-charmed sight.

The City's noises have become a sound  
 Still fainter than the murmuring of these  
 Dim groves, that lowly rustle, while around  
 Their leafless Wintry branches comes the breeze,  
 And bends the sleepy boughs with lazy ease;  
 Then sinks, and sinks, till all its sound is lost.  
 And silently the tomb-o'ershadowing trees  
 Spread to the Moon their branches, robed in frost,  
 That glitters white and cold by her cold lustre crossed.

Far in the dusky windings of the grove,  
 Concealed in mist, the vision-spirit lies;  
 Waiting till Night is thicker, forth to rove;  
 And, where it findeth slumber-closed eyes,  
 To cause wild towers and rainbowed crags to rise,  
 And realms that only Sleep doth ever see;  
 Till as the Sun comes up the reddening skies  
 The shroud of Slumber parteth gradually;  
 And back to shadowy dells the fay of dreams doth flee.

Strange freaks they have, these vision-fays of Sleep,  
 Wild and fantastic as the forms that lie  
 On early Spring's oft-changing heaven; and creep  
 O'er the departed Sun's last pageantry;  
 When dusky orange has usurped the dye  
 Of purple-streaked crimson mixed with gold;  
 And every cloud that resteth on the sky  
 Grows silently into some giant mould  
 Of dragon wild or fiend, in misty pomp enrolled.

Strange freaks they have, these slumber-roving fays  
 But such as leave this frozen place of tombs  
 Such cheerless regions round the sleeper raise  
 As cypress forests dark, whose woven glooms  
 Grow gloomier as the rising Moon assumes  
 More strength to pierce among the woven boughs  
 And downward in a feeble glimmering comes;  
 Revealing only darkness: till there grows  
 A dew of silent fear upon the dreamer's brows.

But gentler fays through Night are wandering  
 To give the day-worn sleeper peaceful dreams;  
 Sometimes from out the dusky town they bring  
 His willing spirit where the sunlight gleams  
 Upon the river's gentle face, which streams  
 In silent windings through the meadows, where  
 In childhood he had played: and still there seems  
 The willow bending o'er its surface there;  
 And still the skylark sings high in the trembling air.

Not only poets gaze on Fairy-land:  
 Sleep shadows it to all of us;—we ride  
 O'er waveless seas in charmed boats, unfanned  
 By any breeze; and forward smoothly glide,  
 Drawn on by unseen fairy bands, whose stride  
 Stirs not the surface of the golden sea;  
 Until we rest in silence at the side  
 Of some green isle of flowers; that seems to be  
 The home of voices wild, that sing melodiously.

But other joys than sleep attend thee, Night!  
 Thou dost reveal the Moon who lets us gaze  
 Upon her splendour with undazzled sight.  
 How oft in silent loveliness I raise  
 My tranced eyes to watch her, as she strays  
 With smoothed flight along the even sky;  
 And looking towards our dusky planet, lays  
 A shroud of light upon it silently,  
 That like a silver bloom doth on the tree-tops lie.

The frozen grass is twinkling bright, beneath  
 The starlight of a myriad suns; and now  
 From the dim northern groves the Night's cold breath  
 Comes half awakened, silently and slow,  
 And in the bare, stiff bushes moaneth low;  
 But not a blade is bent in all the field,—  
 For that snow-fingered frost hath crisped it so  
 That it refuseth to the wind to yield,—  
 Opposing to its foe a diamond-sparkling shield.

The ever-moving Moon reveals a cloud,  
 White as the plumed pinion of a swan:  
 Outstretched before her path, it spreads a shroud  
 To hide her brightness as she moveth on;  
 She floats among its silence now; and wan,  
 And yet more wan, her faded brightness seems,  
 As closer curtains round her couch are drawn:  
 Till pale as Morning's latest star she gleams;  
 And Earth and Heaven alike lie soothed in silent dreams.

HEREWARD.

## CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848—9, AND 1849—50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

*Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'*

### IV.—THE MIRACLES.

THE heart and the imagination govern a child; but reason is the guide of the civilised man. As it is with the individual, so it is with men, collectively. A nation often remains long in its childhood; but when it reaches manhood, it "puts away childish things." Yet, the struggle through which it has to



pass is severe. There is a sore combat between the heart and the head : between the feelings and the reason. The heart clings to its childish images, and often wishes to palm them upon the reason as realities ; and as often as the reason sternly asserts its rejection of the dreams of childhood, the heart grieves, and feels it hard to give up what it has loved, and to be compelled to confess that its idols have no real existence—that what it has worshipped is not a substance, but a shadow.

Even Man's discoveries in the outward realm of Nature are not made and accepted without this conflict being undergone. Men and nations cling fondly to the fables of their childhood, as it respects the sun and the moon and stars ; thunder and lightning ; the winds, the ocean, and the rivers ; the woods, and hills, and plains. Personal powers superior to man, gods and demons and dryads and nymphs, were assigned, in man's childhood, distinct dominions and localities in Nature ; and her operations were adjudged to be immediate acts of these personal powers. As science grew up, these dreams of man's infancy passed away ; but it was not without difficulty that they were dispelled.

Nor does the bringing home of science to the augmentation of the conveniences of life annihilate this reluctance of the heart to part with early associations. Can a single scientific or mechanical improvement be mentioned which has been introduced without opposition, or, at least, without some degree of dislike towards it, being manifested ? True, this opposition has often arisen from thousands who suffered by the new mechanic invention ; and, in other instances, from a few powerful and wealthy owners of a peculiar species of property who knew they would be injured by the new discovery. Independent of any feeling of deep suffering, or of pecuniary loss, however, thousands dislike what is new, though it be an improvement,—especially if they be advanced in life. Is it so very long, for instance, since we heard of Wordsworth, the patriarch poet-laureate, protesting against railways, because they were about to disturb the solemn and sublime scenery of Cumberland and Westmoreland, amidst which he dwells ?

Happily, by the laws of Man's nature, all these infantile complainings, these childish fondnesses for the continuance of what has been, because it has been, are vain. Progress lies in the very essence of humanity. Man must onward ! He cannot look at the granite rock, or on the flowers of the field, or at the stars above, or the waters below, without learning something more about them. What some of his wise fathers knew they have not only left written, but it is now printed—so that millions know it ; and, now, knowledge must, by necessity, accumulate. Murmur and grumble about discovery and invention, and exclaim you don't like it ! That may be ; but you must have it. In the depth of their suffering, workingmen, at one time of the day, broke machinery. They don't do so now. They know that it is as vain to attempt to stop the invention of machinery, as to stop the ebb and flow of the tides, and that it would be as evil. They purpose something better than that—the lessening of labour, and a share of the gain, by machinery ; and they'll have it, sooner or later. Arrest science ! You might as well try to put out the sun. Murmur and grumble about it you may, if you wish the world to think you superannuated ; but nothing can you gain by it. Vituperate against railroads as you may, people will travel by them. You may go by the slow coach, if you will ; but you will have few fellow-travellers, even when you have found the slow-coach—for, alas ! for you, there are now few on the road ! As for the old wain in which your forefathers jolted from



York to London in the 'amazing short time' of one fortnight—making their wills before they set out—that's all over : you can't travel by that venerable great-grandfather ! Cry out against this glaring gas—declare you won't have it, with all its dangers ; but others will, and risk the danger for the sake of the brighter and steadier light. You may go back to tallow, if you like—or even to the old dim oil lamp ; but nobody will find your shop ; or if they happen to see it, they will only laugh and pass on !

Equally vain is it, equally childish, for any man, or any class of men, to think of staying and arresting the progress of the human mind in the moral regions of thought. As surely as man has left his infantile notions of outward nature, so surely will he shake off the benumbing power of superstition, and wake up to nobler and purer and more consistent notions of moral truth. He has been long told that moral truth depends on a Revelation made supernaturally. He had a kindred dream in his childhood, about the operations of Nature ; but that is gone—and so must this other dream. He was once told it was impious to doubt the special agency of a plurality of superior powers in the thunder and the winds and the waves ; but man came not only to doubt it, but to deny it, and to laugh at it—yet the thunder did not destroy him—the winds did not blow him away—nor the waves swallow him up the more swiftly, for his denial. Franklin drew down the lightning,—and yet Jove never struck him with his thunder-bolts : every miller uses the wind, and never prays to Eolus, but the millers thrive for all that : the steam-ship careers over the Atlantic,—but Neptune never lifts up his 'placid head' as in that epic description of Virgil, and though the sailor no longer prays to him, he does not strike the ship with his trident. That old polytheistic creed of the imagination is gone, and men found they could be good moral men and happy men without it ; and now the elder part of another creed is fast going, for even dignitaries of the Church are openly declaring their repudiation of it. Dr. Buckland, Dean of Westminster, himself admits that geologic science upsets the hitherto orthodox reckoning of the Mosaic Age of the World. I'll be bound for it he would, if he dared, declare himself fully as sceptical about the verity of the Old Testament stories of Samson, Jonah, and others. And what is there to fear for morality if even the New Testament Miracles become generally disregarded and treated as legends ? Let us again pursue our investigation, and enquire whether they belong to any other region of record than the mythical or legendary. The last discourse closed with a brief enquiry into the truth of the 'Involuntary Cures' which class as a part of the Miracles recorded in the Gospels. A class of cures next claim our attention which are the opposite of these : namely,

6. Cures at a distance. The 'involuntary cures,' as it appeared by the narrative, were effected by mere corporeal contact, without a special act of the will ; but this new class of cures are described as being effected solely by the act of the will, without corporeal contact, or even nearness of the miracle-worker to the patient. The former class of cures is strictly material or physical, as it regards the power by which they were performed : the latter, simply, intellectual or spiritual. Our last investigation led us to the conviction that this purely physical mode of influence, if it existed at all, was natural—or what in modern language is termed 'magnetic ;' though the marvellous accounts which came especially under notice were deemed improbable : free space, however, is thus left for the purely spiritual, and our decision on the latter must depend entirely on the examination of the narratives of these alleged 'facts,' themselves.



One of these narratives will need but little scrutiny : it is that relating the cure of the daughter of a Canaanitish or Syro-phenician woman (Matth. 15 ch. 22 v., Mark, 7 ch. 25 v.) First, the conduct of Jesus is described with considerable divergency : he 'answered not a word,' Matthew says, and even resisted the entreaty of his disciples—till the woman 'came and worshipped him, saying, Lord help me !' There is nothing of all this in Mark—who, strange to say, is here outstripped by Matthew in the tendency to exaggerate. The critical reason presents itself for this : namely, that whoever the First Evangelist was, he had more Jewish prejudice about him than the Second ; for this narrative displays the veriest acerbity of Jewish prejudice—Jesus himself being represented as conveying, by no obscure inuendo, that the Gentiles are *dogs*, and the poor woman being pictured as willing like a dog, to eat the children's (the Israelites') crumbs, as they fall from the table !

But a picture so unlike the benign Jesus as he is elsewhere drawn, need not revolt us by gazing upon it : our business is with the testimony for the miracle :—Where is it ? Matthew had described the woman as saying "my daughter is grievously tormented with a devil," and concludes his narrative with these words, "Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith : be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour." (Matth. 15 ch. 28 v.) Mark's conclusion is, "And he said unto her, For this saying go thy way ; the devil is gone out of thy daughter. And when she was come to her house, she found the devil gone out, and her daughter laid upon the bed." (Mark, 7 ch. 29, 30 v.v.)

Need we repeat our former question—What is a devil ! Need we ask *how* the woman '*found* the devil gone out ?' If orthodox believers do not like such questions, and point to Matthew's conclusion, since *he* does not make Jesus expressly recognise demoniacal possession in this case,—then we ask, how 'inspired' writers can differ ? But what is our warrant for confidence in Matthew's narrative—if we consent to abandon Mark on account of his evidently legendary conclusion ? Where is the account of the circumstances that 'her daughter was made whole from that very hour ?' Who sees her afterwards ? What becomes of her ? How does the writer show that he knows the story to be true ?

Let no one complain of this mode of examination. We repeat, that no one would believe this story—*thus related*—in any other book ; and since our eternal salvation is declared to depend on our belief of these accounts, how can we forbear to express our surprise that we are expected to believe them, on such evidence ? *This is a legend*, in our conviction ; because it is destitute of the features of historic testimony,—not to say one word about its contrariety to the natural laws. We will next examine a more remarkable instance of 'Cure at a distance.'

(To be continued in next number.)

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## Review.

A Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion. By THEODORE PARKER. (Watson, London : Joseph Barker, Wortley, near Leeds.)

(Continued from last number.)

After the reader has thoughtfully perused the author's view of 'the Relation

of God to Nature,' he will be prepared for the following heterodox, but beautiful and liberal descant on the real nature of 'Inspiration':

"If God be omnipresent and omniactive, this inspiration is no miracle, but a regular mode of God's action on conscious spirit, as gravitation is on unconscious matter; it is not a rare condescension of God, but a universal uplifting of man. To obtain a knowledge of duty, man is not sent away, outside of himself, to ancient documents, for the only rule of faith and practice: the Word is very nigh him, even in his heart, and by this Word he is to try all documents, whatever. Inspiration, like God's omnipresence, is not limited to the few writers claimed by the Jews, Christians, or Mahometans, but is co-extensive with the race. As God fills all space, so all spirit; as he influences and constrains unconscious and necessitated matter, so he inspires and helps free and conscious man.

"This theory does not make God limited, partial, or capricious. It exalts man. While it honours the excellence of a religious genius—of a Moses or a Jesus,—it does not pronounce their character monstrous, as the supernatural; nor fanatical, as the rationalistic theory; but natural, human, and beautiful, revealing the possibility of mankind. Prayer, whether conscious or spontaneous, a word or a feeling, felt in gratitude or penitence, or joy or resignation, is not a soliloquy of the man, not a physiological function, nor an address to a deceased man, but a sally into the infinite spiritual world, whence we bring back light and truth. There are windows towards God, as towards the world. There is no intercessor, angel, mediator between man and God; for man can speak and God hear, each for himself. He requires no advocate to plead for men, who need not pray by attorney. Each soul stands close to the omnipresent God; may feel his beautiful presence, and have familiar access to the All-Father; get truth at first-hand from its Author. Wisdom, Righteousness, and Love, are the spirit of God in the soul of man;—wherever these are, and just in proportion to their power, there is inspiration from God. Thus God is not the author of confusion, but of Concord;—Faith and Knowledge, and Revelation and Reason, tell the same tale, and so legitimate and confirm one another.

"God's action on matter and on man is perhaps the same thing to Him, though it appear differently modified to us. But it is plain, from the nature of things, that there can be but one *kind* of Inspiration, as of Truth, Faith, or Love. It is the direct and intuitive perception of some truth, either of thought or of sentiment: there can be but one *mode* of Inspiration; it is the action of the Highest within the soul, the divine presence imparting light; this presence is Truth, Justice, Holiness, Love, infusing itself into the soul, giving it new life; the breathing in of Deity; the income of God to the soul, in the form of Truth through the Reason, of Right through the Conscience, of Love and Faith through the Affections and Religious Sentiment. Is inspiration confined to theological matters alone? Most surely not. Is Newton less inspired than Simon Peter?"\*

On the universality of 'Inspiration' of all great souls, whether classed in history among Pagans or Jews, Catholics or Protestants, prophets or legislators, poets, philosophers, or artists, Theodore Parker afterwards makes these startling declarations—for such they will appear to the orthodox; while men of all sects will admire the eloquence in which the declarations are couched:

"This inspiration reveals itself in various forms, modified by the country, character, education, peculiarity of him who receives it, just as water takes the form and the colour of the cup into which it flows, and must needs mingle with the impurities it chances to meet. Thus Minos and Moses were inspired to make laws; David to pour out his soul in pious strains, deep and sweet as an angel's psaltery; Pindar to celebrate virtuous deeds in high heroic song; John the Baptist to denounce sin; Gerson and Luther and Bohme, and Fenelon and Fox, to do each his peculiar work, and stir the world's heart deep,—very deep. Plato and

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\* So long as inspiration is regarded as purely miraculous, good sense will lessen instances of it, as far as possible; for most thinking men feel more or less repugnance at believing in any violation, on God's part, of regular laws. As spiritual things are commonly less attended to than material, the belief in miraculous inspiration remains longer in religious than in secular affairs. A man would be looked on as mad, who should claim miraculous inspiration for Newton, as they have been who denied it in the case of Moses. But no candid man will doubt that, humanly speaking, it was a more difficult thing to write the *Principia* than the Decalogue. Man must have a nature most sadly anomalous, if, unassisted, he is able to accomplish all the triumphs of modern science, and yet cannot discover the plainest and most important principles of Religion and Morality without a miraculous revelation; and still more so, if, being able to discover, by God's natural aid, these chief and most important principles, he needs a miraculous inspiration to disclose minor details.



Newton, Milton and Isaiah, Leibnitz and Paul, Mozart, Raphael, Phidias, Praxiteles, and Orpheus, receive into their various forms the one spirit from God the most high. It appears in action not less than in speech;—the Spirit inspires Dorcas to make coats and garments for the poor, no less than Paul to preach the Gospel. As that bold man himself has said, 'there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit; diversities of operations, but the same God who worketh all in all.' In one man it may appear in the iron hardness of reasoning, which breaks through sophistry and prejudice, the rubbish and diluvial drift of time;—in another it is subdued and softened by the flame of affection; the hard iron of the man is melted, and becomes a stream of persuasion, sparkling as it runs.

"Inspiration does not destroy the man's freedom; that is left fetterless by obedience. It does not reduce all to one uniform standard; but Habukkuk speaks in his own way, and Hugh de St. Victor in his. The man can obey or not obey—can quench the spirit or feed it, as he will. Thus Jonah flees from his duty; Calchas will not tell the truth till out of danger; Peter dissembles and lies. Each of these men had schemes of his own, which he would carry out, God willing or not willing. But when the sincere man receives the truth of God into his soul, knowing it is God's truth, then it takes such a hold of him as nothing else can do. It makes the weak strong—the timid brave; men of slow tongue become full of power and persuasion. There is a new soul in the man, which takes him, as it were, by the hair of his head, and sets him down where the Idea he wishes for demands. It takes the man away from the hall of comfort, the society of his friends; makes him austere and lonely—cruel to himself, if need be; sleepless in his vigilance, unfaltering in his toil; never resting from his work. It takes the rose out of the cheek; turns the man in on himself, and gives him more of truth. Then, in a poetic fancy, the man sees visions—has wondrous revelations; every mountain thunders—God burns in every bush, flames out in the crimson cloud, speaks in the wind, descends with every dove, is All in All. The Soul, deep-wrought in its intense struggle, gives outness to its thought, and on the trees and stars, the fields, the floods, the corn ripe for the sickle, on man and woman, it sees its burthen writ. The spirit within constrains the man. It is like wind that hath no vent;—he is full of the God. While he muses, the fire burns; his bosom will scarce hold his heart; he must speak or he dies, though the earth quake at his word. Timid flesh may resist, and Moses say, 'I am of slow speech.' What avails that? The Soul says, 'Go, and I will be with thy mouth, to quicken thy tardy tongue.' Shrinking Jeremiah, effeminate and timid, recoils before the fearful work—'The flesh *will* quiver when the pincers tear.' He says, 'I cannot speak; I am a child.' But the great Soul of All flows into him and says, 'Say not I am a child; for I am with thee. Gird up thy loins like a man, and speak all that I command thee. Be not afraid at men's faces, for I will make thee a defenced city, a column of steel, and walls of brass. Speak, then, against the whole land of sinners; against the kings thereof, the princes thereof, its people and its priests. They may fight against thee, but they shall not prevail; for I am with thee.' Devils tempt the man, with a terror of defeat and want, with the hopes of selfish ambition. It avails nothing;—a 'Get-thee-behind-me, Satan!' brings angels to help. Then are the man's lips touched with a live coal from the altar of Truth, brought by a Seraph's hand. He is baptised with the spirit of fire. His countenance is like lightning. Truth thunders from his tongue—his words eloquent as Persuasion; no terror is terrible—no fear formidable. The peaceful is satisfied to be a man of strife and contention, his hand against every man, to root up and pluck down and destroy, to build with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. He came to bring peace, but he must set afire, and his soul is straightened till his work be done. Elisha must leave his oxen in the furrow; Amos deserted his summer fruit and his friend; and Bohme, and Bunyan, and Fox, and a thousand others, stout-hearted and God-inspired, must go forth on their errand into the faithless world, to accept the prophet's mission, be stoned, hated, scourged, slain. Resistance is nothing to these men;—over them steel loses its power, and public opprobrium its shame: deadly things do not harm them; they count loss gain, shame glory, death triumph. These are the men who move the world;—they have an eye to see its follies, a heart to weep and bleed for its sin. Filled with a Soul wide as yesterday, to-day, and forever, they pray great prayers for sinful man;—the wild wail of a brother's heart runs through the saddening music of their speech. The destiny of these men is forecast in their birth;—they are doomed to fall on evil times and evil tongues, come when they will come. The Priest and the Levite war with the Prophet, and do him to death;—they brand his name with infamy; cast his unburied bones in the Gehenna of popular shame;—John the Baptist must leave his head in a charger; Socrates die the death; Jesus be nailed to his cross; and Justin, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, and millions of hearts stout as these, and as full of God, must mix their last prayers, their admonition, and farewell blessing, with the crackling snap of faggots, the hiss of quivering flesh, the impotent tears of wife and child, and the mad roar of the exulting crowd. Every path where mortal feet now tread secure has been beaten out of the hard flint by prophets and holy men, who went before us, with bare and bleeding feet, to



smooth the way for our reluctant tread. It is the blood of prophets that softens the Alpine rock;—their bones are scattered in all the high places of mankind. But God lays his burthens on no vulgar men;—He never leaves their souls a prey;—He paints Elysium on their dungeon wall. In the populous chamber of their heart, the light of Faith shines bright and never dies. For such are on the side of God, there is no cause to fear."

At length, the question of the historical or legendary character of the gospel relations is touched; and the consonance of Parker's convictions with those of Strauss, is plainly perceived,—as in the following extract:—

"To speak of the four Evangelists:—admitting for the sake of argument, that we have their evidence, and that the books in our hands come really from Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and that they bore the relation to Jesus which they claim;—the question comes, Are they competent to testify in the case?—can we trust them to give us the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Admitting that they were honest, yet if they were but *men*, there must be limitations to the accuracy of their testimony. They must omit many things that Jesus said and did,—perhaps both actions and words important in estimating his doctrines. They can express only so much of their teacher's opinions as they know; to do this they might perhaps modify, at least colour, the doctrine in their own minds. They might sometimes misunderstand what they heard; mistake a general for a particular statement, and the reverse; a new doctrine of the teacher might accidentally coincide in part with an old doctrine, and he be supposed to teach what he did not teach; a parable or an action might be misunderstood; a quotation misapplied or forgotten, and another put in its place; a general prediction, wish, or hope, referred to a specific time or event, when it had no such reference. He may have merely allowed things which he was afterwards supposed to have commanded. The writers might unconsciously exaggerate or diminish the fact; they might get intelligence at second hand, from hearsay, and popular rumour. Their national, sectarian, personal prejudices, must colour their narrative; they might confound their own notions with his, and represent him as teaching what he did not teach. They might not separate fact from fancy; their love of the marvellous might lead them astray. If they believed in miracles they would ascribe prodigious things to their teacher; had they a faith in ghosts and devils, they would naturally interpret his words in favour of their own notions, rather than in opposition thereto. If the writers were ignorant men; if they wrote in one language, and he spoke in another; still more, if they wrote at some distance of time from the events, and were not skilled in sifting rumours and separating fact from fiction,—the difficulty becomes still greater. These defects are common, more or less, to all historical testimony;—in the case of the Evangelists they constitute a very serious difficulty. We know the character of the writers only from themselves; they relate much from hearsay; they mingle their own personal prejudices in their work; their testimony was not reduced to writing, so far as we know, till long after the event; we see they were often mistaken, and did not always understand the words or actions of their teacher; that they contradict one another, and even themselves, that they mingle with their story puerile notions and tales which it is charitable to call absurd. Such testimony could not be received if found in Valerius Maximus and Livy, or offered in a court of justice, when only a few dollars were at stake, without great caution.

"Now the difficulty in this case is enormous; it has been felt from an early age. To get rid of the evil, it has been taught, and even believed, that the Evangelist and Apostles were miraculously inspired, to such a degree that they could commit no mistake of any kind in this matter, and had none of the defects above hinted at. The assumption is purely gratuitous; there is not a fact on which to base it. From the doctrine of inspiration as before laid down, it appears that such infallibility is not *possible*; and from an examination of the facts of the case, it appears it was not *actual*. The Evangelists differ widely from the Apostles; the Synoptics† give us in the Jesus a very different being from the Christ whom John describes; and all four make such contradictory statements on some points, as to show that they were by no means infallibly inspired;—for in that case, not only the smallest contradiction would have been impossible, but, without concern, they must all have written exactly the same thing; yet John omits the most surprising facts, the Synoptics the most surprising doctrines.

"What has been said is sufficient to show that we must proceed with great caution in accepting the statements of the Gospels. The most careless observer sees inconsistencies, absurd narrations; finds actions attributed to Jesus, and words put into his mouth, which are directly at variance with his great principles and the general tone of his character. Still there must have been a foundation of fact for such a superstructure; a great spirit to have com-

† Matthew, Mark, and Luke.



menced such a movement as the Christian ; a great doctrine to have accomplished this, the most profound and wondrous revolution in human affairs. We must conclude that these writers would describe the main features of his life, and set down the great principles of his doctrine, its most salient points and his most memorable sayings, such as were poured out in the highest moments of inspiration. If the teacher were true, these sayings would involve all the rest of his doctrine, which any man of simple character, religious heart, and mind free from prejudice, could unfold and develope still farther. The condition and nature of the Christian records will not allow us to go farther than this, and to be curious in particulars. Their legendary and mythical character does not warrant full confidence in their narrative. There are certain main features of doctrine in which the Evangelists and the Apostles all agree, though they differ in most other points." \*

\* The character of the record is such that I see not how any stress can be laid on particular actions attributed to Jesus. That he lived a divine life, suffered a violent death, taught and lived a most beautiful religion,—this seems the great fact about which a mass of truth and error has been collected. That he should gather disciples, be opposed by the Priests and Pharisees, have controversies with them,—this lay in the nature of things. His loftiest sayings seem to me the most likely to be genuine. The great stress laid on the person of Jesus by his followers, shows what the person must have been;—they put the person before the thing, the fact above the idea. But it is not about vulgar men that such mythical stories are told.

(To be concluded next week.)

DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.—The strong barriers which confined the stores of wisdom have been thrown down, and a flood overspreads the earth: old establishments are adapting themselves to the spirit of the age; new establishments are rising; the inferior schools are introducing improved systems of instruction, and good books are rendering every man's fireside a school. From all these causes there is growing up an enlightened public opinion which quickens and directs the progress of every art and science, and through the medium of a free press, although overlooked by many, is now rapidly becoming the governing influence in all the affairs of man.—*Dr. Arnott.—Elements of Physics.*

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No. 13.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1850. [Price One Penny.

## THE CHURCH *REALLY* IN DANGER.

"Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free  
Assume an honest layman's liberty?  
I think, according to my little skill,—  
To my *own* mother-church submitting still,—  
That many have been saved, and many may,  
Who never heard this question brought in play."

*Dryden's Religio Laici.*

THE shadow on the dial-plate of the Age, is now telling the Church of England that the sun of her supremacy is fast sinking in the political horizon. All who can read the signs of the times, written as they are, in broad text-hand on the walls of the holy temple within and without, cannot deny that the constitution of the Church is on the eve of important changes. The High Priest party, or, as they may justly be styled, the Romanizing section of Protestantism, see the revolution advancing, and are inclined to hail it with rejoicing; the low Church or self-dubbed 'Evangelical' party of the Establishment, perceive the gathering clouds, and tremble for the consequences. The iron is growing warmer and warmer every day, and will soon be ready for the anvil, when the Anti-State-Church Association must awake from its lethargy, and assist in hammering out the consummation of its hopes. Extremes are often said to meet, and on the question of the separation of Church and State, Democratic Dissent will probably be aided in its efforts to liberate religion from political control, by the most bigoted advocates of Hierarchy. Differing on every other point, these two parties at last agree that the civil authorities have no right to regulate ecclesiastical doctrine and discipline. At all events, the ultra-church party says so *now*, because the secular arm has lately inflicted rather an ugly blow on the dignity and fancied independence of Mother Church. When, however, the question of *church property* comes to be overhauled, perhaps this unanimity will be turned to discord. When tithes, church-rates, the taxing one creed to support another, and some other little privileges enjoyed by the Act-of-Parliament Clergy, are brought under investigation, war will certainly be proclaimed. The Church will say then, as it says now, "if we are disunited from the State, we shall not give up our property; we must still retain our tenths, and enjoy the privilege of mulcting dissenters to maintain the true worship." But the champions of religious freedom will say that they understand by the phrase 'separation of Church and State' no less than this, viz.: the appropriation of the tithes for educational and national purposes, the abolition of Church-rates, the abrogation of the royal supremacy in spiritual matters, the expulsion of the Bishops from the House of Lords, the abolition of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and, may be, the repeal of the statute which now precludes men



in 'holy orders' from sitting and voting as Members of the House of Commons. To bring all these things to pass, we shall no doubt have to sustain a hard fight; but ultimately realised they must be.

The recent trial of the "Gorham and Exeter" case, has imparted a powerful impetus to the wheel of church reform. In a religious point of view, the decision of the Privy Council on that case was as unimportant as if the question to be decided had been the average number of hairs on a tom-cat's tail. In spite of the solemn judgment of the royal court, some folks will believe in 'baptismal regeneration,' and some won't; some of the clergy will continue to preach the spiritual influence of baby-sprinkling, and endeavour to excite reverence for the damp finger of an ordained priest, while others will regard the ceremony as necessary to be performed, but having no effect on the infantine soul. Men of free thought will treat baptism and no-baptism as subjects unworthy the consideration of an enlightened mind, except as matters of history and antiquarianism. In a political point of view, however, this 'Gorham' business is not to be despised. It is fraught with vast results. It has brought to a crisis the divisions that have long been fermenting in the ministration of the Church. Look at the frantic protest of the Rev. G. A. Denison, and other clergymen, against the decision; look at the meetings of the clergy held to express their feelings against the authority of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, declaring it an illegal tribunal; look at the number of pamphlets advertised on both sides of the question; read the two sermons just published by the Rev. W. Bennett, of Wilton Place Church, Knightsbridge, entitled "The Crown, the State, and the Church," in which the Church is made to lament its crushed position, cries out for liberty of conscience, and deploras royal dictation; and then who shall say that the Church is not *really* in danger of a rupture with the State? Time was when Mother Church trampled on dissenters with unrestricted foot; time was when she ruthlessly struggled to keep down the growth of freedom, and sought to smother every voice but her own; but circumstances have altered; truth and justice are more and more recognised, and are shining more and more unto the perfect day. The Church of England is no longer a compact body; external influences, direct and indirect, have succeeded in changing her relationship with the governing powers of the realm, as the feelings of those governing powers toward her are also changed, and now she is "a House divided against itself." The rock on which she once stood is crumbling beneath her foundations, and ere many years the 'Establishment' must give place to a system of voluntarism and congregational discipline.

LAYMAN.

## THE PEOPLE'S DUTY REGARDING 'NATIONAL EDUCATION.'

Mr. Fox, in the spirit of real enlightenment, has renewed the demand in the Legislature—it now remains to be seen what the People *without* are inclined to do. It is surely high time that something should be done. Thousands of children are daily growing up into men and women, without receiving any proper moral or intellectual training to qualify them for the discharge of the great duties of citizens. What we designate *crime*, is only the necessary result of our own greater criminality—and the fitting punishment upon us for the wicked neglect of our duties to those who, by this very neglect, become criminals. It is surely wiser and better to provide schools, than to build prisons,



Crime is not dangerous, but very expensive. In this, as in other respects, education is the "cheap defence of nations."

We scour the world in search of objects of benevolence ; we expend hundreds of pounds daily for the enlightenment of the Heathen at the Antipodes, while, if we would only venture into the courts and back slums and blind alleys in our immediate neighbourhood, we should find, at least, equally deserving objects for our philanthropic zeal : Heathens quite as ignorant, and requiring as much instruction, under our own pious and charitable noses. Is it not scandalous, that with all our vaunted civilization and intelligence, one-half of the population, according to the report of the Registrar-General, should be unable to write their own names,—while it also appears that only one child out of thirteen is receiving the benefit of School instruction ? And how much even of this is altogether unworthy of the name. Education is not only deficient in quantity, but miserably defective in quality. The education of the children of the poor has chiefly been left to the benevolent zeal of the different bodies of religionists. All honour to them for the good they have accomplished—for the kindly feeling and excellent motives by which I believe they have been, generally, actuated ! But it is a fact notorious to all who have made any enquiries into the subject, that with them in the great majority of instances, instruction is not only made subordinate, but subservient, to the work of Proselytism. The School is made a supplement to the Chapel. It may be regarded as a sort of theological manufactory ; and children are the raw material, to be wrought up into Churchmen, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, Catholics, as the proprietors may determine. They are educated, not for this world, but the next. They are drugged with creeds, collects, catechisms ; they are loaded with all sorts of unintelligible ignorance ; they are made to parrot forth a belief in the abstrusest mysteries, which have baffled the comprehension of men of the profoundest learning, and largest calibre of intellect ; and to all this "intolerable deal of" theological "sack," there is scarcely furnished one "halfpenny worth" of "the bread" of secular instruction. For, according to the evidence of the Government Commissioners, secular instruction, even in its "most elementary form," is very scantily administered. Need we wonder that the opponents of education should be enabled to quote jail statistics, to prove that such instruction has failed to elevate the moral character of those subject to its influence ?

Our present system of education displays neither faith in God, nor trust in man. We are guilty of the blindest, saddest idolatry—the worship of ourselves. We seek to perpetuate in our children the mental image of ourselves. We must raise the standard of instruction. We must familiarize the public mind with a higher estimate of the true purposes of education. It is *not* education, to load the child's memory with words and doctrines the relations of which it does not perceive—the meaning of which it cannot comprehend. It is *not* education, to cram into the child's mind as much as we can, as if it were a trunk, or a carpet-bag, made to carry luggage. I apprehend that the object of education should be to educe, to draw out the best qualities and tendencies of the child's own being ; to develope and strengthen its powers of observation, reflection, and memory ; to cultivate its kindly sympathies, its love of goodness, its reverence for truth ; to make it, in short, *not what we will* : not a stereotype impression of our own imperfect natures, but that which God intended it should become.

We may be a long way off this yet ; but I believe the plan proposed by Mr. Fox is an approximation towards it. He is doing his part ; and now *we* have ours to perform. Let me appeal to those of my own order.



Working men, if you desire that your children should be well and freely educated, by competent Teachers, without the degradation of receiving it as charity, and without having it contaminated by sectarian influences ; if you love your country, and desire its freedom ; if you are proud of its truest glory, and seek to elevate the character of its people, I call upon you to be up and doing *instantly* and earnestly. Indifference will be criminal. Be determined to do your utmost to prevent any portion of the people being hoodwinked or deceived, by an appeal to, and a misuse of party watchwords ! Be resolved to defeat the narrow-minded, who have already commenced their war-cry. Commence public meetings in every locality. Let every real Mechanics' Institution, every Mutual Instruction Society, every Working Man's Association, send in Petitions in support of the Bill for the *Secular* Education of the People. And where this cannot be done collectively, let it be done individually, and immediately. There is no time to lose. Government is waiting for your response. Let it be prompt and decisive. Tell the Legislature "that there can be no wise and efficient Legislation while the People are suffered to remain in ignorance ; that it is injustice and cruelty to punish men without previously instructing them ; that it is a mockery and an insult to withhold from men their political rights, on the plea that it would be dangerous to intrust them to an ignorant people,—and yet to perpetuate that ignorance, by refusing them those means and facilities necessary for its removal."

Above all, tell them that you "claim education as the birthright of your children ; of every child born into a civilized community,—a birthright from which none, under any pretext whatever, should be debarred." Tell Legislators and Statesmen, that this is a right which no sophistry can destroy, the practical recognition of which can neither be evaded or delayed, without incurring the most fearful guilt. Say to bigots and fanatics, "Stand out of the sunshine !—God hath said, and the people re-echo—let there be light !"

THOMAS SHORTER.

#### NOTES, WHICH THEY WHO RUN MAY READ.

FRANCE.—Every succeeding number of the morning papers shews, more and more, how fearfully the volcano is gathering for another and more tremendous explosion. The situation of the humblest mechanic in England is enviable compared to that of the President-Pretender. Any slight and unlooked-for incident may create the outburst that will engulf him in ruin ; and he lives in the hourly consciousness of it, amidst all his tinselled splendour. Thousands of the soldiery have voted for the three Socialists who have just been returned to the National Assembly, by triumphant majorities ; and crowds of shopkeepers joined the working-classes, in voting for them. Socialist unions exist in activity throughout the provinces, circulating tracts, and employing missionaries ; and, every week, the papers record the dismissal of schoolmasters for spreading Socialism. The cabinet formed a short time ago, so resolutely, by Louis Napoleon, is found to be so incompetent that he would willingly get rid of it—but cannot get men of brains to take their places : Thiers, Molé, De Broglie, and Berryer, consent to give him advice, but declare that they dare not become ministers—so that there is an *imperium in imperio*—a government within the government. The body of Red Republicans, meanwhile, manifest such perfect discipline, that they obey the injunctions of the Democratic press with the greatest unanimity, and preserve a sternly defensive attitude which alarms their opponents. A law is projected for making the publication of newspapers impossible unless by depositing a large sum with the government, as 'security ;' another scheme is on foot for curtailing the suffrage ; and the rumour continues that the term of the Presidency is to be extended for the present holder. But the truth is, that not only he, but the long-headed *reaction-*

*naires* who consent to give him counsel without daring to hold office—are alike at thier wit's end; and were it not for Changarnier's resolution and influence with a part of the soldiery, Paris would be again in a revolution more incontrollable than any it has witnessed since 1789.

A CHANGE.—A singular toast was given the other day by Lord Carlisle (late Morpeth) in the Guildhall of the City of London—Prince Albert, a crowd of the aristocracy, the Foreign Ministers, and the Mayors of the United Kingdom, being the guests. It was “*The Working-men of the United Kingdom.*” And so it has come to that! The great people are compelled to acknowledge, at their banquets, that the little people are in existence. Such an event never occurred, in such a company, before 1850. Yet, there was no one selected to *respond* to the toast. One step at a time. Next time, it may be, some nice young man, properly bedizen for the occasion, may be selected to respond—who knows? Seriously, there is policy in all this preparation for the ‘Grand Exhibition of Industry;’ and whoever put it into Albert's head, knew what he was about. The whole country is beginning to be astir with it; and it will serve to keep trade prosperous for some time. The head which really projected the scheme—(for it is not very likely that a mere ‘Prince’ should have devised it, though it is a skilful flattery to give him the honour),—knew that so long as working-men have plenty of employ it is difficult to get them to think about politics; and that they would be sure to take a deep interest in such an exhibition of their workmanship as would bring them into rivalry with the workmen of other nations. He was *not* ‘born yesterday’ who devised this scheme.

THE RICH LACKEY.—The Marquis of Westminster—the richest of all the nobility—and said to have an income of nearly half-a-million a-year—“has finally attained the object of his life,” says the sarcastic *Times*, “and is appointed to the office of LORD STEWARD, with the full privilege of carrying a white stick about, like Polonius in the play, whenever the QUEEN gives a party to the lieges.” What paltry souls must reside in the bodies of some of these aristocrats! What beggars' minds they have, with all their wealth! This man might have raised institutions for literature and art—built schools or colleges—founded hospitals or almshouses—he might have won the love and attachment of millions, have been more sovereign in the affections of Englishmen than any crowned or anointed sovereign,—in a word, he might have been a *real* king in the land;—and yet he chooses rather to be another's lackey! Fortune *must* be blind, as they say she is, or she would never have made this natural-born lickspittle into a rich marquis.

PRIMOGENITURE.—Mr. Locke King drew the House of Commons into an unexpected discussion of this grievance, the other night—by moving that, when a land-owner dies without making his will, the land shall be divided among his relatives, instead of being claimable solely by his ‘heir-at-law.’ Hume, Ewart, and others backed up the mover, stoutly; and the veteran Joseph said a few savage things about the aristocracy keeping up the ‘Law of Primogeniture,’ and thereby being necessitated to struggle for keeping up the Army, Navy, &c., in order to provide for their younger sons. Some affected to laugh him out of the force of his remarks; and Monckton Milnes fenced with the phrase ‘Law of Primogeniture.’ Every one of them know, however, that although there is no such ‘law’ or *statute*—yet if a landlord dies without making a will, he can have but *one* heir-at-law, who, of course, is his eldest son—if the eldest son be living; and, if not, the nearest of kin. They know, also, that land can be so tied down by *entail* that it cannot be willed away without the consent of the heir-at-law. And, above all, they know, that so long as titles of nobility exist, the wearers *must* take care that their successors in title must also succeed to their land—or the titled would become public laughingstocks. The *Times*—which can laugh at the lackey-Marquis with the other side of its face—gravely asserts, in this instance, that the English people have a ‘respect’ for the custom of Primogeniture, and that “it is part of a system which works tolerably well!” “Lord, lord! how the world is given to lying!” as Falstaff said.

THOMAS COOPER.



## SONNETS.

TO MAZZINI.

The noble Gracchi to the People's cause,  
 Devoted heart, and thought, and speech, and life,  
 Undaunted, though opposed in deadly strife,  
 By all whose power lay in the ancient laws,  
 They fell; but others from their ashes rose,  
 Whose spirits roused by Freedom's holy cry,  
 Resolved to bravely win, or bravely die.  
 Again these fell, o'erwhelmed by mighty foes;  
 Then, doubters deemed no more again for Rome  
 Would daring Tribunes rise. But this our time  
 Hath seen thee—noblest, purest, most sublime,  
 That ever told to earth the tyrant's doom;  
 And proudly to Rienzi's age-stamped fame,  
 We join, with hopeful hearts, Mazzini's name!

Birmingham.

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

TO KOSSUTH.

The annals of the world contain no name,  
 At which we freely with more reverence bow,  
 Than thine, immortal Kossuth! Thou art now  
 Dear to the hearts of all, whose bosoms flame  
 With hope for the redemption of mankind.  
 Well hast thou done and bravely. Hearts there be  
 Thy name hath roused from hopeless lethargy,  
 To holy work. Oh, that thy prophet mind  
 Had been united to a Cromwell's sword;  
 And in the field thy guiding arm been seen,  
 As from the council thy strong voice was heard.  
 Ah, then how changed thy Country's fate had been!  
 But, we despair not: if thy work be done,  
 Yet, thou undying fame hast surely won!

Birmingham.

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

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 To Correspondents.

\* \* Correspondents will please address "Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London.

P. L. W., Ashton; 'Leander'; A. A.; 'Sappho.' Their poetry is respectfully declined.  
 J. C., Finsbury; he will see the subject of his letter (for which I am, nevertheless, obliged) taken up in another shape.

'Friend of the People.' I am gratified with his earnest letter; but have no hope of seeing a *Progress Union* realised, at present. So long as abundance of employment continues working men *cannot* be roused to effort. And who can wonder at it, that remembers their long and severe deprivations and the influences with which they are surrounded?

'Kappa.' The letters are usually placed after *unfinished* quotations of Greek, and have the same import as 'et cetera,' in Latin, or 'and so forth,' in English.

HENRY DAWES.—Will he please to write me his Address more legibly? I wrote to him; but the letter is returned by the Post-Office.

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 Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

SUNDAY, March 31, at 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square,) City Road. "Superstitions of the Middle Ages, and the Dreams of the Alchymists."—Thomas Cooper.  
 At 7, Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square. "Importance of Mr. Fox's Secular Education Bill, and its provisions, as means of teaching the People"—G. J. Holyoake.

WEDNES., April 3, at 8, Hackney Literary and Scientific Institution. "Ancient Rome"—James Silk Buckingham.

## THINKINGS FROM BEN JONSON.

**QUALIFICATIONS FOR COUNSELLORS.**—The two chief things that give a man reputation in counsel, are the opinion of his honesty, and the opinion of his wisdom : the authority of these two will persuade, when the same counsels, uttered by other persons less qualified, are of no efficacy, or working.

**A HINT FOR ORATORS.**—A man should so deliver himself to the nature of the subject whereof he speaks, that his hearer may take knowledge of his discipline with some delight : and so apparel fair and good matter that the studious of elegance be not defrauded ; redeem arts from their rough and brakey seats, where they lay hid, and overgrown with thorns, to a pure, open, and flowery light ; where they may take the eye, and be taken by the hand.

**AUTHORITY OF ANTIQUITY.**—I know nothing can conduce more to letters, than to examine the writings of the ancients, and not to rest in their sole authority, or take all upon trust from them ; provided the plagues of judging and pronouncing against them be away ; such as envy, bitterness, precipitation, impudence, and scurril scoffing. For to all the observations of the ancients, we have our own experience ; which if we well use, and apply, we have better means to pronounce. It is true they opened the gates, and made the way that went before us ; but as guides, not commanders. *Non domini nostri, sed duces fuere.* Truth lies open to all ; it is no man's several.

**HONOURABLE AMBITION.**—If divers men seek fame or honour by divers ways, so both be honest neither is to be blamed ; but they that seek immortality, are not only worthy of love, but of praise.

**SPEECH THE IMAGE OF THE MIND.**—Language most shews a man. Speak, that I may see thee. It springs out of the most retired and inmost parts of us, and is the image of the parent of it, the mind. No glass renders a man's form, or likeness, so true as his speech. Nay, it is likened to a man ; and as we consider feature and composition in a man, so words in language ; in the greatness, aptness, sound, structure, and harmony of it.

**LOVE OF MONEY.**—Money never made any man rich, but his mind. He that can order himself to the law of nature, is not only without the sense but the fear of poverty. O ! but to strike blind the people, with our wealth and pomp, is the thing ! what a wretchedness is this, to thrust all our riches outward, and be beggars within ; to contemplate nothing but the little, vile, and sordid things of the world ; not the great, noble, and precious. We serve our avarice ; and not content with the good of the earth that is offered us, we search and dig for the evil that is hidden.

**IMPOSTURE.**—Imposture is a specious thing : yet never worse than when it feigns to be best, and to none discovered sooner than the simplest. For truth and goodness are plain and open ; but imposture is ever ashamed of the light.

**KINDNESSES.**—Nothing is a courtesy, unless it be meant us ; and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers, that they carry our boats ; or winds, that they be favouring and fill our sails ; or meats, that they may be nourishing. For these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, trees shade us, but they know it not. It is true, some men may receive a courtesy, and not know it ; but never any man received it from him that knew it not. Many men have been cured of diseases by accidents ; but they were not remedies. I myself have known one helped of an ague by falling into a water, another whipped out of a fever : but no man would ever use these for medicines. It is the mind, and not the event, that distinguisheth the courtesy from wrong. My adversary may offend the judge with his pride and impertinences, and I win my cause ; but he meant it not me as a courtesy. I scaped pirates by being shipwrecked, was the wreck a benefit therefore ? No : the doing of courtesies aright, is the mixing of the respects for his own sake, and for mine. He that doeth them merely for his own sake, is like one that feeds his cattle to sell them ; he hath his horse well drest for Smithfield.



## THE MARCH WIND.

Hark! hark! 'tis abroad, and no fetters can bind,  
 Nor tyrant controul it—the mighty March Wind—  
 It calls the pale worker from factory and *frame*—  
 I even imagine it calleth his name!—  
 In a voice deep as thunder, it seems thus to speak—  
 "Come forth to old Charnwood! come forth to the Peak!  
 See the tall Clifton Grove, how it bends to the blast!  
 How around and above the huge shadows sweep past!"  
 Away! there is vigour and joy for the mind—  
 There is freshness and health in the mighty March Wind!

How many drear months, since the flow'rs ceased to bloom,  
 Have ye breathed latent death, in th' o'ercrowded work-room.  
 How oft, when without the thick fogs have hung low,  
 Have ye sighed for sweet spring, and the wild winds to blow.  
 Well, the wild winds are blowing, and spring now is nigh;  
 And spots of gold sunshine in low valleys lie;  
 Haste forth, then, and feel the fresh gale and warm sun;—  
 Call the poor winders, too, and let them have a run,  
 For there's death in the *wheel*,—but there's life to the mind—  
 Nay, there's rapture and bliss in the mighty March Wind!

If it loosen the roots of the sturdy old tree,—  
 Why, the sap to the top-branch will rise the more free.  
 If the bough that is rotten be dashed to the ground,  
 'Twill afford the growth-room to those that are sound.  
 If it thin the old forests, and trouble the seas,  
 'Twill awake stalwart courage, and scatter disease.  
 Like a true Briton's friendship, though rough, 'tis sincere,  
 Shouting, "Yonder goes winter, boys, be of good cheer!"  
 Oh! boundless as genius, as thought unconfined,—  
 It is grand to enjoy it—the mighty March Wind!

Ye linger. Is tyranny's hest in the way?  
 Or your limbs, are they nerveless the will to obey?  
 Fear nothing;—when dangers our pathway bespread,  
 Then the sap of true energy tends to the head!  
 With a crust in your scrip, and a staff in your hand,  
 And resolve in your hearts, ye the hills rainbow-spanned  
 May ascend—nay, methinks, I now hear your blithe cheer,—  
 "Hurrah for blest Freedom! 'tis good to be here!"  
 "Hurrah!" replies echo, and startles the hind—  
 And your voice mounts to heav'n on the mighty March Wind!

Away, then, nor quail at the sharp-driving sleet;  
 Away to the wild scenes with firm-planted feet;  
 There mark how the mountain groves bow the tall head—  
 For the gale is still rude, though the shadows are fled.  
 And the shadows of mind too, like clouds disappear;  
 And the broad disc of knowledge begins to shine clear;  
 And the Voice of the People loud shakes every shore,  
 Like the crash of the elements—hark to its roar!  
 And their pow'r shall increase till they go forth combined,  
 Resistless and free as the mighty March Wind!

Leicester.

WILLIAM JONES.

FRIENDSHIP.—A likeness of inclinations in every particular is so far from being requisite to form a benevolence in two minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we shall find some of the firmest friendships to have been contracted between persons of different humours; the mind being often pleased with those perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own accomplishments. Besides that a man in some measure supplies his own defects, and fancies himself possessed of those good qualities and endowments which are in the possession of him who in the eye of the world is looked on as his other self.—*Budgell.*

## CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848-9, AND 1849-50.

BY THOMAS COOPER, —

*Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'*

## IV.—THE MIRACLES.

COMMENTATORS have experienced indescribable difficulty with the 'Cure at a distance' described by Matthew, 8 ch. 5 v.; Luke, 7 ch. 1 v.; and John, 4 ch. 46 v. Matthew and Luke make the applicant for the cure a 'centurion'; John makes him a 'nobleman,' or, as it might be better translated, a *royal officer*: Luke makes the patient a servant: John makes him a 'son.' Matthew, according to the English version, agrees with Luke—but one of the Greek words employed by Matthew may mean either 'son' or 'servant.' In all the three, the patient is at Capernaum when the cure takes place; and in Matthew and Luke, Jesus is there also—but in John, Jesus is at Cana, and pronounces the cure of the patient at Capernaum! In Matthew, the patient is described as 'sick of the *palsy*, grievously tormented'; in Luke, he is, simply 'sick, and ready to die'; in John, he is 'at the point of death,' and the disease is a '*fever*.' Matthew and John make the 'centurion' or 'nobleman' apply *in person* to Jesus: Luke makes the 'centurion' send 'the elders of the Jews' to Jesus—relates that Jesus 'went with them'—but never brings Jesus and the centurion together, for before Jesus can arrive, the centurion *again* sends 'friends' to him, entreating him to 'say in a word,' and the cure would be performed. The man's faith is eulogised as unique, by Jesus, according to Matthew and Luke; while according to John, Jesus either reprehends the man for his want of faith—or, if the reprehension be intended for others—Christ, at any rate, does not utter the eulogy upon the applicant.

These, and other divergencies, which you will observe by an attentive perusal of the three narratives, have caused some commentators to contend that we have in them, either *two* or *three* different cases of 'cure at a distance.' But this, like similar attempts at explication of difficulty in other relations of the Gospel Miracles, *fails*, on a close analysis. Those who wish to make it appear that *three* cures are described, are puzzled to explain away the similarities which exist among the divergencies of the three narratives; while they who are for the scheme of *two* cures—making Matthew and Luke describe one, and John the other—are still in difficulty with the strange divergencies between Matthew and Luke! A severer criticism will discover a more likely source of divergence in the three narratives considered as intended relations of *one* 'cure at a distance'—in the tendency of legend to differ, and pile marvel, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another. Lest it should be thought, however, that we are here pushing our theory too far,—and that there is in reality room for regarding John's narrative as utterly distinct from that of Matthew and Luke—we will suspend criticism, or rather, leave the commentators to their own difficult work—and turn to the question of the *possibility* of such a cure.

It is only in animal magnetism that any analogy is found for this *distant* influence—whether directed, by Jesus, say from one street to another at Ca-



pernaum,—or from *Cana* to Capernaum. The annals of mesmerism affirm that kindred cures have been performed ; but the analogy is *not* perfect. The operator, or magnetiser, must have been in *previous contact* with the patient ; and this is not related of Jesus and the person healed, in either of these three narratives. Orthodox believers, it is true, can solve the difficulty at once—Jesus was a supernatural being, and wielded supernatural power ! But that is the very gist of our difference with the orthodox. ‘ Prove it ’—we say to them ; and they point us to these three narratives, among others,—which are all confusion, if taken as relations of one event—scarcely less confused, if taken as relations of two events—and if understood as three utterly distinct relations, come to us without the names of the writers, without the writers’ assurance that they witnessed the cures—in short, without the unquestionable features of historical evidence.

7. Cures on the Sabbath—form the next class of Miracles marked out for our enquiry. According to the Gospels, Jesus gave great offence to the superstitious by not seldom performing his miraculous cures on the Jewish Sabbath. Matthew, Mark, and Luke give us one example of this : Luke has two other examples, peculiar to himself ; and John also two additional examples.

The example in the first three evangelists unites two cases of supposed sabbath-breaking—the plucking of the ears of corn by the disciples, and the cure of the man with the withered hand by Jesus. (Matth., 12 ch. 1 to 13 v. Mark, from 2 ch. 23 v. to 3 ch. 5 v. Luke, 6 ch. 1 to 10 v.) But a divergence presents itself at once. Matthew and Mark continue as if Jesus went immediately from the corn-field into the synagogue ; but Luke separates the events and uses the words—“ on another sabbath.” Need we repeat the observation, that ‘ plenary inspiration ’ must have enabled the Gospel writers to avoid these discrepancies ? Will it be expected that we receive *any* narrative for testimony of the performance of a miracle, when that narrative, as given by different narrators, is at variance with itself ?

Yet there is something noteworthy here. Jesus defends himself against the superstitious Pharisees ; and let us mark how variedly the legend has preserved his defence. In Mark and Luke this defence is—“ Is it lawful to do good on the sabbath day, or to do evil, to save life, or to destroy it ? ” In Matthew, Christ’s defence consists in a part of this question, together with the striking aphorism on saving the sheep which might fall into the pit on the sabbath. Luke places this aphorism (varied by the substitution of “ an ass or an ox ” for a sheep) in connexion with the cure of a man who had the dropsy (Luke, 14 ch. 5 v.)—and that narrative has, moreover, a strong similarity to this of the man with the withered hand—but I leave you to note that for yourselves. *Again*, Luke (13 ch. 10 v.) in relating the cure of a woman bowed down by demoniacal influence, performed by Jesus on the sabbath—makes Jesus reply to the ruler of the synagogue by asking—Whether every one does not loose his ox or ass from the stall on the sabbath, and lead them away to watering ?—a question which is but a variation of the former one. Strauss observes :

“ Thus we have here, not three different incidents, but only three different frames in which legend has preserved the memorable and thoroughly popular aphorism on the domestic animal, to be rescued or tended on the sabbath. Yet, unless we would deny to Jesus so original and appropriate an argument, there must lie at the foundation a cure of some kind actually performed by him on the sabbath ; not, however, a miraculous one. We have seen that Luke unites the saying with the cure of a demoniacal patient : now it might have been uttered by Jesus on the occasion of one of those cures of demoniacs of which, under certain limitations, we have admitted the natural possibility. Or, when Jesus in cases of illness among his followers applied the usual medicaments without re-



gard to the sabbath, he may have found this appeal to the practical sense of men needful for his vindication. Or lastly, if there be some truth in the opinion of rationalistic commentators that Jesus, according to the oriental and more particularly the Essene custom, occupied himself with the cure of the body as well as of the soul, he may, when complying with a summons to the former work on the sabbath, have had occasion for such an apology. But in adopting this last supposition, we must not, with these commentators, seek in the particular supernatural cures which the Gospels narrate, the natural reality; on the contrary, we must admit that this is totally lost to us, and that the supernatural has usurped its place. Further, it cannot have been cures in general with which that saying of Jesus was connected; but any service performed by him or his disciples which might be regarded as a rescuing or preservation of life, and which was accompanied by external labour, might in his position with respect to the Pharisaic party, furnish an occasion for such a defence."

One of John's narratives of cures on the Sabbath has already been considered: it is that remarkable one of the man born blind. The other is that of the man healed near the pool of Bethesda (John, 5 ch, 5. v.) It may be observed that no such sanative institution as *Bethesda* is described to be by John, is mentioned either by Josephus or the Rabbins. Either then, the popular notion concerning the miraculous cures performed at this pool, were not shared by them; or the writer of the Fourth Gospel rehearses, on hearsay, something which did not exist, even as a popular notion, in Jerusalem.

The man who had been lame eight and thirty years, unable to walk, and bed-ridden, is declared (at v. 13) to have had no knowledge of Jesus whatever—so that this extraordinary cure could not have been performed by any influence upon the man's mind. And, since no touch is related, this case cannot come within the range of possible magnetic cures. The circumstance of Jesus being described as selecting this man afflicted with the most obstinate malady, from among the "great multitude of impotent folk,—blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water," (v. 3) and the relation in the next verse—"For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had"—gives the whole narrative a mythical character. The aim of the Fourth Evangelist is, invariably, to glorify the miraculous power of Jesus, as the Messiah: thus, instead of extending the curative agency of Christ over large masses and to a variety of diseases, as the first three evangelists do, John concentrates it on a few cases which proportionately gain in intensity.

But the more peculiar aim of the Fourth Evangelist in this narrative, is unfolded by the long discourse which he puts into the mouth of Jesus, in the remaining part of the chapter. How differently Jesus defends his activity on the sabbath, in the three earlier gospels! They ascribe to him three arguments: the example of David, who ate the shewbread; the precedent of the sabbatical labours of the priests in the temple (quoted also by John, in another place, ch. 7. v. 23.); and the course pursued with respect to an ox, ass, or sheep, that falls into a pit, or is led out to watering on the sabbath—all which arguments are entirely in the practical spirit that characterises the popular teaching of Jesus, as described throughout the first three Gospels. John, on the contrary, makes Christ argue from the uninterrupted activity of God—"My Father worketh hitherto"—resembling a sentence of Philo, "God never ceases to act"—a metaphysical proposition of Alexandrian Platonism more likely to be familiar to the author of the Fourth Gospel than to Jesus. In Matthew, Mark, and Luke, miracles of healing on the sabbath are followed up by declarations respecting the nature and design of the sabbatical institution—a species of instruction of which Jesus saw that the people were in need;



but in this discourse in the fifth chapter of John, a digression is immediately made to the *main theme of this Gospel*—the supernatural character of Christ, and his hypostatic union with the Father. That this discourse was really pronounced by Jesus becomes questionable, when the close resemblance of some part of it to the language in the First Epistle of John, is considered. Yet, it may be replied, that John formed his style upon that of Jesus. But then, how does it happen that Jesus does not discourse in this style in the other Gospels?

Again, Jesus in other parts of this discourse is made to use almost the exact words, and to speak in the same style as John the Baptist. But who, on reading the Gospel records of their characters, can imagine that they at all resembled each other in their style of discourse?—It is not difficult to discern that the discourses, in the Fourth Gospel are, usually, *neither* Christ's nor the Baptist's—but the Evangelist's own. Indeed, the same may be said of nearly *all* his characters, for they each and all converse in the same Platonic style.

It need only be remarked, that an author who could put his own language into Christ's mouth, is not to be depended upon for accuracy in his narrative of events—even if his narrative were not evidently legendary. We need not stay here to repeat the question—why did not 'plenary inspiration' furnish Matthew, Mark, and Luke, with this extraordinary instance of cure?

8. Raising the Dead. The Gospels recite three instances in which Jesus recalled the dead to life. One of these is common to the first three, one belongs solely to Luke, and one to John.

The instance which is common to the first three evangelists is the resuscitation of a girl, and is in all these Gospels united with the narrative of the woman who had an issue of blood. This union of the two narratives is of the highest importance, because it overthrows the hypothesis attempted to be set up in this instance, as in others, that there must have been two resuscitations of a girl with some similar circumstances—to account for the divergencies of the narrators. (Matth. 9 ch. 18 v. Mark, 5 ch. 22 v. Luke, 8 ch. 41 v.) The divergencies are as follows: Matthew terms the father of the girl 'a certain ruler'—Mark and Luke describe him as a ruler of the synagogue named Jairus.' Mark and Luke say that the girl was twelve years of age, and Luke states that she was her father's only child; but of these particulars Matthew is ignorant. Matthew makes the ruler, in the first instance, speak to Jesus of his daughter as being dead, and intreats him to restore her to life: Mark and Luke make her father leave her while yet living, though on the point of death, that he might fetch Jesus to avert her actual decease; and, first, when Jesus was on the way with him, people came out of his house with the information that his daughter had in the mean time expired, so that to trouble Jesus further was in vain. Mark and Luke make Jesus take with him only his three most confidential disciples: Matthew knows nothing about this; he gives no such trait of mystery, but simply makes Jesus say 'Give place'—to the 'minstrels and the people making a noise.' Matthew does not relate that Jesus said anything to the maiden when he 'took her by the hand'; but Mark and Luke give his words 'Maid, arise,' and Mark, in addition, states that he uttered the words 'Talitha cumi'—being the same in Syriac. Matthew states that 'the fame thereof went abroad into all that land,'—and does not intimate that Jesus either commanded or wished the contrary: Mark and Luke make Jesus impose the strictest secrecy on the parents of the girl, and the narrative passes on without intimating, in the slightest manner, that he was disobeyed.

The Naturalist school of interpreters, think that their views receive great support from the declaration of Jesus in this case—that the maid *is not dead*—such being the statement of all the three evangelists. If it be conceded to them that Jesus used no figure, then the case is taken out of the list of miracles : it was merely an instance of Christ's discernment in distinguishing a sleep-like swoon from actual decease. But in the case of Lazarus, Jesus is related to have said 'this sickness is not unto death'; and, again, 'Our friend Lazarus sleepeth'—yet he afterwards says 'Lazarus is dead.' We must therefore maintain, that the evangelists in this instance also intended to describe Jesus as using a figure of speech, and that they really mean us to understand that the girl was dead, and was brought to life by the curative power and word of Christ. Let us, for reasons that will appear, suspend further remark on this case of resuscitation from the dead, until we have examined the instance in Luke—the Son of the widow of Nain,—and the more extraordinary case of Lazarus, related only by John.

*To be continued in next number.*

## Reviews.

*Lays of a Struggling Heart.* (By J. W. King, of Sheffield.) Mitchell, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

THE poems in this volume give evidence of their young author's deeply affectionate nature. He is another proof that the rising talent of our country has but one direction in its yearnings—to the good and true, as well as the beautiful. Many of his verses breathe very sweet and tender music. The following is in his more robust manner:—

### THE DEATH OF CAXTON.

Within a spacious antiquated room,—  
The Almonry of ancient Westminster,  
An aged man, whose years had reached fourscore,  
Was pacing to and fro, his mind intent  
On projects great and precious to his heart.  
On either hand a ponderous "press" was ranged  
In order all complete; while here and there  
A workman plied his art, placing in "form"  
The emanations of the worthy seer.  
With watchful scrutiny he traced each line,  
Correcting and improving while he read:  
And as the good work rapidly progressed,  
A tranquil smile passed o'er his thoughtful brow.  
For this he'd spent a life of studious thought,  
And laboured day and night, incessantly,  
That England might no longer buried lie  
In ignorance, but that her meanest sons  
Might know and prize the thoughts of worthy men,  
Whose works for centuries ne'er saw the light,  
Or were, perchance, penn'd in an unknown tongue!  
O! who can know or estimate his worth,  
Who gave his soul to such an arduous task?  
Unravelling the endless mysteries  
Which, till he breathed, had veiled the "printer's" art!  
The day wore on; they toiled till eventide;  
The morning came, but ah! a sad, sad change  
Had now come o'er the scene. The sun burst forth,  
Shedding his beams athwart the old Almonry,  
But he, who loved to greet his dawning rays,  
Was lingering long behind. In mute surprise  
Each artizan gazed on the vacant chair,  
Where they had left him—as was oft their wont;



Drear hours passed by, but still no master came;  
 Conjecture on conjecture rose, when lo!  
 A neighbouring bell, with sad and solemn sound,  
 Forboded sorrow!—CAXTON was no more.  
 The work, for which he was designed, was done,  
 And now he slept the long, long sleep of death.

Yes! raise to him a noble monument,  
 And let "Great Caxton" be engraved thereon,—  
 Deep as in hearts of those who reverence  
 Memories immortal for their learned worth!  
 The towering obelisk, the Parian slab,—  
 On some fair site, or in some sacred niche,  
 Commemorates achievements won with blood,  
 And lauds the slaughtering hero to the skies!  
 Look round yon precincts of the royal dead,  
 And while are seen, on every hand, the names  
 Of chiefs invincible by flood and field,—  
 Whose glory oft was slaughtering nobler men  
 Who dared to fight 'gainst slavery and wrong,—  
 The eye, alas! can trace no scroll to him  
 Whose master-mind burst through the midnight gloom!  
 Enveloping his knowledge—breathing art,  
 And gave our land her brightest gem—the PRESS!  
 Shall he, who swept rude Ignorance from the land,  
 Where peasants, yea, and monarchs, were unlearned,  
 Spreading the "Mirror of the World" abroad,  
 "Troy's History" and "Lives of Holy men;"  
 Who published famous Chaucer's deathless lays,  
 And raised a tablet to the good old bard;  
 Shall he, neglected, slumber in the tomb,  
 And have no lasting tribute to his worth?  
 Forbid it, England!—and, with hand and heart,  
 Make known through all the peopled universe,  
 That while the sun on Britain's shores shall shine,  
 Immortal CAXTON's name shall never die!

*A Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion.* By THEODORE PARKER.  
 (Watson, London : Joseph Barker, Wortley, near Leeds.)

(Continued from last number.)

Fearing that, although this volume is now made so cheap, some may not be able to purchase it, who yet felt a deep earnestness on the great subjects concerning which it treats—I venture to make two more extracts from it, by way of conclusion. The first, treats of a most important question; and the reader will not fail to note the concluding paragraphs of the answer:

## 2. *Did Miracles occur in the case of Christianity?*

"This question is purely historical,—to be answered, like all other historical questions, by competent testimony. Have we testimony adequate to prove the fact?

"Antecedent to all experience, one empirical thing is as probable as another. To the first man, with no experience, birth from one parent is no more surprising than birth from two; to feed five men with five ship-loads of corn, or five thousand with five loaves; the reproduction of an arm, or a finger nail; the awaking from a four days' death, or a four hours' sleep; to change water into wine, or mineral coal into burning gas; the descent into the sea, or the ascent into the sky; the prediction of a future, or the memory of a past event;—all are alike—one as credible as the other. But to take our past experience of the nature of things, the case wears a different aspect. We demand more evidence for a strange than for a common thing. From the very constitution of the mind, a prudent man supposes that the Laws of Nature continue; that the same cause produces always the same effects, if the circumstances remain the same. If it were related to us, by four strangers who had crossed the ocean in the same vessel, that a man, now in London, cured diseases, opened the blind eyes, restored the wasted limb, and raised men from the dead—all by a mere word; that he himself was born miraculously, and attended by miracles all his life,—who

would believe the story? We should be justified in demanding a large amount of the most unimpeachable evidence. This opinion is confirmed by the doubt of scientific men in respect of animal magnetism, where no law is *violated*, but a faculty hitherto little noticed is disclosed. Now if we look after the *facts* of the case, we find the evidence for the Christian miracles is very scanty in extent, and very uncertain in character. We must depend on the testimony of the epistolary and the historical books of the New Testament. Now it is a notorious fact that the genuine Epistles, the earliest Christian documents, make no mention of any miracles performed by Jesus; and when we consider the character of Paul, his strong love of the marvellous, the manner in which he dwells on the appearance of Jesus to him after death, it seems surprising, if he believed the other miracles, that he does not allude to them. To examine the testimony of the Gospels: Two profess to contain the evidence of eye-witnesses. But we are not certain these books came in their present shape from John and Matthew; it is certain they were not written till long after the events related. But still more, each of them relates what the writers could not have been witness to; so we may have nothing but hearsay and conjecture. Besides these authors shared the common prejudice of their times, and disagree one with another. The Gospels of Mark and Luke—who were not eye-witnesses—in some points corroborate the testimony of John and Matthew; in others, add nothing. But there are still other documents—the Apocryphal Gospels—some of them perhaps older than the Gospels of Matthew and John, and these make the case worse by disclosing the fondness for miracles that marked the Christians of that early period. Taking all these things into consideration, and remembering that in many respects the three first Gospels are but one witness, adding the current belief of the times in favour of miracles, the evidence to prove their historical reality is almost nothing admitting we have the genuine books of the disciples; it is, at best, such evidence as would not be considered of much value in a court of justice. However, the absence of testimony does not prove that miracles were *not* performed, for a universal negative of this character cannot be proved.

“If one were to look carefully at the evidence in favour of the Christian miracles, and proceed with the caution of a true inquirer, he must come to the conclusion, I think, that they cannot be admitted as facts. The Resurrection—a miracle alleged to be wrought *upon* Jesus, not *by* him,—has more evidence than any other, for it is attested by the Epistles as well as the Gospels, and was one corner-stone of the Christian Church. But here, is the testimony sufficient to show that a man thoroughly dead as Abraham and Isaac were, came back to life, passed through closed doors, and ascended into the sky? I cannot speak for others—but certainly I cannot believe such facts on such evidence.

“There is far more testimony to prove the fact of miracles, witchcraft, and diabolical possessions, in times comparatively modern, than to prove the Christian miracles. It is well known that the most credible writers among the early Christians, Irenæus, Origen, Tertullian, Cyprian, Augustine, Chrysostom, Jerome, Theodoret, and others, believed that the miraculous power continued in great vigour in their time. But to come down still later, the case of St. Bernard of Clairvaux is more to the point. He lived in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. His life has been written in part by William Abbot of St. Thierry; Ernald, Abbot of Bonnevaux; and Geoffery, Abbot of Igny; ‘all eye-witnesses of the saint’s actions.’ Another life was written by Alanus, Bishop of Auxerre, and still another by John the Hermit, not long after the death of Bernard, both his contemporaries. Besides, there are three books on his miracles, one by Philip of Clairvaux, another by the monks of that place, and a third by the above mentioned Geoffery. He cures the deaf, the dumb, the lame, the blind, men possessed of devils, in many cases before multitudes of people. He wrought thirty-six miracles in a single day, says one of these historians; converted men and women that could not understand the language he spoke in. His wonders are set down by the eye-witnesses themselves, men known to us by the testimony of others. I do not hesitate in saying that there is far more evidence to support the miracles of St. Bernard than those mentioned in the New Testament.”

Perhaps, there is nothing so beautiful in Parker’s volume as his thoughtful portrait of Christ. His heart is here breathed out—in defiance of the idolatry of superstition—but with a fervid love of moral excellence which renders the reader desirous of imitating the great and good Exemplar. The following is but a part of the picture; but it is the most impressive part:—

#### MISTAKES ABOUT JESUS—HIS RECEPTION AND INFLUENCE.

We often err in our estimate of this man. The image comes to us, not of that lowly one, the carpenter of Nazareth, the companion of the rudest men, hard-handed and poorly clad, not having where to lay his head; ‘who would gladly have stayed his morning appetite on



wild figs, between Bethany and Jerusalem; hunted by his enemies, stoned out of a city, and fleeing for his life. We take the fancy of poets and painters,—a man clothed in purple and fine linen, obsequiously attended by polished disciples, who watched every movement of his lips, impatient for the oracle to speak. We conceive of a man who was never in doubt, nor fear; whose course was all marked out before him, so that he could not err. But such it was not, if the writers tell truly. Did he say, 'I came to fulfil the Law and the Prophets,' and 'it is easier for Heaven and Earth to pass, than for one jot or tittle of the Law to fail?' Then he must have doubted and thought often, and with a throbbing heart, before he could say, 'I am not come to bring peace, but a sword; to kindle a fire, and would God it were kindled!'—many times before the fulness of peace dwelt in him, and he could say, 'The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshipper shall worship in spirit and in truth.' We do not conceive of that sickness of soul which must have come at the coldness of the wise men, the heartlessness of the worldly, at the stupidity and selfishness of the disciples. We do not think how that heart—so great, so finely tuned, and delicately touched—must have been pained to feel there was no other heart to give an answering beat. We know not the long and bitter agony that went before the triumph-cry of faith, 'I am not alone for the father is with me;' we do not heed that faintness of soul which comes of hope deferred, of aspirations all unshared by men—a bitter mockery the only human reply, the oft-repeated echo to his prayer of faith. We find it difficult to keep unstained our decent robe of goodness when we herd only with the good, and shun the kennel where Sin and Misery,—parent and child,—are huddled with their rags; we do not appreciate that strong and healthy pureness of soul which dwelt daily with iniquity, sat at meat with publicans and sinners, and yet with such cleanness of life as made even sin ashamed of its ugliness, but hopeful to amend. Rarely, almost never, do we see the vast divinity within that soul, which, new though it was in the flesh, at one step goes before the world whole thousands of years; judges the race, decides for us questions we dare not agitate as yet, and breathes the very breath of heavenly love. The Christian world, aghast at such awful beauty in the flesh, transfixed with wonder as such a spirit rises in his heavenly flight, veils its face and says, 'It is a God;—such thoughts are not for men; such life betrays the God.' And is it not the Divine which the flesh enshrouds?—to speak in figures, the brightness of his glory, the express image of his person; the clear resemblance of the all-beautiful; the likeness of God in which man is made! But alas for us! we read our lesson backward; make a God of our brother, who should be our model. So the new-fledged eaglets may see the parent bird, slow rising at first with laborious efforts, then cleaving the air with sharp and steady wing, and soaring through the clouds, with eye undazzled, to meet the sun; they may say, we can only pray to the strong pinion; but anon their wings shall grow, and flutter impatient for congenial skies, and their parents example guide them on. But men are still so sunk in sloth, so blind and deep with sensuality and sin, they will not see the greatness of man in him, who falling back on the inspiration which God imparts, asks no aid of mortal men, but stands alone, serene in awful loveliness, not fearing the roar of the street, the hiss of the temple, the contempt of his townsmen, the coldness of this disciple, the treachery of that; who still bore up, had freest communion when all alone; was deserted, never forsaken; betrayed, but still safe; crucified, but all the more triumphant. This was the last victory of the soul—the highest type of man. Blessed be God that so much manliness has been lived out, and stands there yet, a lasting monument to mark how high the tides of divine life have risen in the world of man! It bids us take courage and be glad, *for what man has done, we may do.*"

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No. 14.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1850. [Price One Penny.

## TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.

### LETTER IV. NEW SERIES.

"'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone.  
Though high as our ambition ;  
'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can  
Give life to th' ashes of a man—  
But *verses* only : they shall fresh appear  
Whilst there are men to read or hear.  
Poets by death are conquered ; but the wit  
Of poets triumphs over it !"

Cowley.

MEN OF THE FUTURE,—What is the best standard and school of Poetry ?—is a question I often hear repeated among you, and often conveyed to me by letter. On this, as on other subjects, I beg that whatever I may say, may be received simply as the sentiments of an individual, and not as intended to dictate to others in the regulation of their taste and judgment.

Let me commence by observing, that, in youth, I had, like many of you, my strong preferences in the catalogue of Poets. I remember well, that when I was about twenty, the writers in the *London Magazine*—the best periodical of the time—so perseveringly decried Pope and his school, that I imbibed their prejudices, and, for some years after, was disinclined to acknowledge that the great author of the 'Essay on Man' was a *real* poet ; or that his followers had any claim to be ranked with the genuine worshippers of the Muses. That prejudice—for it was nothing less—is now often brought to my remembrance, by a kindred spirit of partisanship observe in some young poets, as it regards the high names of Byron and Shelley. Many of the fervent admirers of Shelley are accustomed to depreciate Byron in the strongest terms. Even among maturer lovers of poetry there is a similar prejudice, in favour of Shakspeare against Milton.

Surely, all this is wrong. Why should *any* school of Poetry be set up as the *only* school ? Did not Milton express the most passionate love of Shakspeare's poetry ? And if Shakspeare could have read the 'Paradise Lost' would he not have extolled its sublimity—for who could have estimated the transcendent excellence of that quality in Milton so fully as Shakspeare ? Were not Byron and Shelley brothers in friendship, and accustomed to confer together respecting their poetical projects ? If they had not been swayed by a mutual admiration could they have formed that intimate friendship ? Did Pope never express admiration for Chaucer and Spenser, Shakspeare and the elder Dramatists ?—whom it was the fashion with certain writers, five and twenty years ago, to eulogise—not beyond their merits—but with the distorted purpose of depreciating the poetry of Pope.—Some of you, doubtless, remember how manfully Byron at length stepped



forth and took up 'cudgels for Pope—much to the dismay and vexation of those who had so long and unfairly attempted to oust him from the list of genuine poets.

A catholic, or universal, taste in Poetry, seems, to me at least, the only creditable taste. I do not mean, of course, that a man of any judgment in poetry, will rank all poets on the same level; but that while he feels Shakspeare and Milton, Chaucer and Spenser, are higher poets than Pope and Dryden,—he will still discern that the two latter have their peculiar excellence, and are also entitled to the world's admiration. Nay, an extended acquaintance with the manners and mental condition of historic periods, will shew him that even the greatest poets lose something of their individuality, and become the representatives of their time—even in their *modes* of writing, as well as in the sentiments they express.

Thus it may be fairly owned that Pope is not the author of any high poetry: that is to say, his verse is not distinguished by daring imagination, exquisite tenderness, or entrancing embodiment of beauty. And who that becomes familiar with the history of the Court and the Nation in the reign of Anne, can imagine that a poet possessing the highest qualities could have risen to eminence in that sorry period of our history? Yet, who fulfilled the poet's mission (to use a phrase which now begins to be hacknied) more fully than Pope? How unsparingly he lashed the vices of his time—lashed them, too, with the true skill of an intelligent flogger, if I may continue the figure—not in the sturdy, coarse, and over-powerful style of Juvenal (you will know what I mean when you can read that appalling satirist in Latin); but with the courtly smartness, point, and delicacy, which were sure to be most forcibly felt in that age of porcelain—that period of varnished, tinselled, and japanned civilization—the reign of Anne! And if it be an indispensable duty of the poet to pourtray the manners of his time—who has more truly fulfilled that duty than Pope? For his conscience's discharge of a higher duty, let the 'Essay on Man'—perhaps the greatest moral treatise ever written in verse—speak his praise.

Many great excellencies, indeed, abound in Pope, though he did not produce what I have hastily termed 'high poetry.' What concentration of meaning he displays! Well might his friend, the shrewd Dean Swift, say in that playful, and yet deeply reflective, essay on—his own death!—

" In Pope, I cannot read a line,  
 " But with a sigh I wish it mine:  
 " When he can in one couplet fix  
 " More sense than I can do in six;  
 " It gives me such a jealous fit,  
 " I cry—Deuce take him and his wit!"

Think me not severe when I say, that *our* age might copy Pope in this particular, with great benefit. All of us employ too many words to convey our meaning. In the fitness of his words, Pope is likewise a model. You could not, after the greatest labour, think of any word that you would judge to be more appropriate if inserted in the place of one that he employs. He is a perfect master of the vocabulary of fitness. And the ease and finish of his versification have been themes of praise, ever since his time. In this respect he is a deep study for young poets. Whoever would learn lessons of correct mechanism may find them in *his* poetry—or nowhere. He scarcely ever perpetrates a bad *foot*: never jars in his modulation: while the sparkling and yet delicate wit, refined raillery, and striking antithesis, which supremely characterise him—must ever render him a choice favourite with all who delight to read for instruction, rather than to experience high

notion. Take as an example of these varied excellencies, the descriptive picture which precedes the deed of the 'Rape of the Lock:' it is the opening of the third canto of that inimitable poem.

"Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,  
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,  
There stands a structure of majestic frame,  
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.  
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom  
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home ;  
Here thou, great Anna ! whom three realms obey,  
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,  
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;  
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass;  
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last.  
One speaks the glory of the British queen,  
And one describes a charming Indian screen;  
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;  
At every word a reputation dies.  
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,  
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.  
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,  
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;  
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;  
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,  
And the long labours of the toilet cease."

For his power of conveying graver instruction, innumerable passages might be quoted. Here is one—universally treasured up in the mind by all lovers of his poetry. It is from his masterly "Essay on Criticism"—What a strange, stiff title for a poem ! readers possessed with the modern uppant taste would exclaim :

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind  
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,  
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.  
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,  
She gives in large recruits of needful pride!  
For as in bódies, thus in souls, we find  
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind :  
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,  
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.  
If once right reason drives that cloud away,  
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.  
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,  
Make use of every friend—and every foe."

Criticism!—how admirable is the following caution which he gives, among others, for performing it aright. Some every-day writers would set out a volume from the meaning in these fourteen lines :

"A perfect judge will read each work of wit,  
With the same spirit that its author writ;  
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find  
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;  
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,  
The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit.  
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,  
Correctly cold; and regularly low,  
That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;  
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.  
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts  
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;  
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,  
But the joint force and full result of all."

Knowledge of the world—portraiture of life—anatomy of society : in these is a master-teacher and artist, only second to Shakspeare. Here are



pictures (from the 'Moral Epistles') studded with brilliant points, and filled with the most truthful description :

" 'Tis from high life high characters are drawn :  
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn ;  
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still ;  
A gownman learned ; a bishop what you will ;  
Wise, if a minister ; but, if a king,  
More wise, more learned, more just, more everything,  
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,  
Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate :  
In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,  
They please as beauties ; here as wonders strike.  
Though the same sun with all-diffusive rays  
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,  
We prize the stronger effort of his power,  
And justly set the gem above the flower.

'Tis education forms the common mind ;  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.  
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire ;  
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;  
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;  
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave :  
Is he a churchman ? then he's fond of power :  
A Quaker ? sly : a Presbyterian ? sour :  
A smart Freethinker ? all things in an hour.

Ask men's opinions : Scoto now shall tell  
How trade increases, and the world goes well ;  
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,  
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone."

" See the same man, in vigour, in the gout ;  
Alone, in company ; in place, or out  
Early at business, and at hazard late ;  
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate ;  
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball ;  
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,  
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,  
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,  
A rogue with venison to a saint without.

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,  
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,  
His comprehensive head ! all interests weigh'd,  
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd ;  
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,  
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet."

To conclude : the 'Essay on Man,' which is Pope's noblest poem, contains incontestable evidence of the large range of his mind—though his detractors have affected to set him down as one who was but clever in trifles. There is nothing, in my humble estimation, finer in English poetry than the following well-known passage : Pantheism (though Pope was Catholic) was never more magnificently sung.

" All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;  
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same ;  
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame ;  
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;  
Lives through all life, extends through all extent ;  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;  
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,  
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;  
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :  
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;  
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name :  
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.  
Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree  
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.

Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,  
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:  
 Safe in the hand of one disposing power,  
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.  
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;  
 All discord, harmony, not understood;  
 All partial evil, universal good;  
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
 One truth is clear—*Whatever is, is right.*"

The subject of "schools of Poetry" being now fairly started,—and trusting that a few observations (accompanied by extracts), may not be unacceptable to you, in your pursuit of self-culture,—I purpose to continue them in a few numbers.

THOMAS COOPER.

## THE CHURCH AND HER GRIEVANCES.

*Gloster.*—The Church where is it?  
*King Henry IV.*

THAT the Church of England is at the present moment in a state of tribulation and alarm, must be evident to all who can read and think. Her stoutest friends and her sternest foes, with emotions of a very opposite character, feel and know that a mighty change is struggling in the womb of Fate. The one party is torturing its ingenuity to discover a method of quietly strangling the monster as soon as born; the other party is simply anxious that the birth should be suffered to take place, and willing to trust to circumstances for its welfare and education.

As a proof of the peculiar condition into which the mind of the ultra-church party has been thrown, mainly in consequence of the late 'Gorham case,' it will be as well to quote a few passages from an organ of that party, which is also a fashionable and toadying journal of aristocratic doings. The *Morning Post* of the 22nd and 23rd March, 1850, are two or three articles relating to church matters, from whence may be gathered no unimportant signs. One contains a notice of a pamphlet entitled "A few Words of Hope on the present Crisis in the English Church." In the course of its comments the *Post* says, "Words of hope are so truly needed at the present alarming time that we are glad to hear them from any quarter," and goes on to speak of the recent judgment as having "fallen on the Church, smiting its inward vitality as a curse." Pretty strong language for a loyal supporter of Church and State, but Toryism is not remarkable for setting the example of passive obedience, when its own pet prejudices are interfered with. To proceed, however, with the *Post*; in another article, we find this sentence, "By the adjudication of the Committee of Council, the Church of England lies under the disgrace of having uttered an uncertain sound, or no sound at all, with respect to the important term 'regeneration.'" And in order that a *certain* sound may be given on this important term" the *Post* joins its dulcet voice with the parsonic cry for the convocation of a spiritual synod, in which all important doctrinal business may be spiritually and authoritatively transacted. It is not fit that laical and initiated fingers should dabble in ecclesiastical pie; it is not decent, thinks the *Post* and its Puseyites, that even Queen Victoria 'Defender of the Faith' as she is called, and head of the Church as she actually is, should presume to inform that Church of what it seems sadly ignorant; namely, *true faith*. And we cannot refuse to agree with the *Post* when it says



"We have always said, and say so still, that any occurrence which should cause, or tend to cause, a secession of earnest and good men from the church, must necessarily be a great evil. But even this danger ought to be braved, rather than, from motives of mere expediency, maintain *a system which makes the church a double-tongued deceiver.*"

But what is the "system" which inevitably places the church in so humiliating a position? How comes it that this powerful institution is forced into such a dilemma, that it must either lose many of its best and ablest ministers, or else be sneered at by the world as a deceitful, treacherous, mammon-seeking guide? How comes it that the would-be national Pharos of religious truth is compelled to acknowledge itself a mere *ignifatus* of faith? The solution of the problem must be sought for in the connection of the church with the secular government. In that connection lies the whole answer, and the clergy know it well enough. They must feel that their beloved church has sold her birth-right for a mess of stappage, and a very unpleasant *mess* it is they have at last found. In discipline, in doctrine, religiously and politically, internally and externally the church is at sixes and sevens, and the following passage from the *Morning Post* is perfectly true in its foreseeing pretensions. "We fully believe with the Bishop of Exeter, as expressed in his answer to Dr. Spry, that we are only commencing the struggle to which the unquestioned fact of *several beliefs within the pale of the church has brought us*. It will require no small zeal, as well as no small charity and tolerance, to conduct this struggle to an end *without imperilling the very existence of the Church as a national institution.*"

Taking, then, the *Morning Post*, as the exponent of the heart-and-soul church party—assuming that it breathes the sentiments of that influential section—it appears that they consider the recent exercise of the state supremacy to have smitten the church "as a curse"—to have "disgraced" her—to have rendered her dumb when she ought to have spoken—and to have made her nought but "a double-tongued deceiver" when constrained to open her mouth. If such be the case, and there is no reason to doubt the fact, we really commiserate Holy Mother,—her grievances are indeed manifold. But these are not all her miseries. It seems she is suffering from a rankling ulcer, on her precious body, in the form of her spiritual dictator (who, by the way, has not *much* power of dictation), the Archbishop of Canterbury. The clergy are not pleased with his Grace, and, with the *Morning Post* as ringleader, they are enacting the old fable of the belly and the members rebelling against the head. Hear how the Disaffected declaims, and almost "speaks evil" of a dignity. "He [the Archbishop] publicly avows that he believes in baptismal regeneration, and at the same time thinks it may be lawfully contradicted, and the very opposite doctrine taught in the same church; and, what is more to the purpose (*as an illustration of morality*) he quotes certain venerated fathers of the Church of England, as if they defended false doctrine, suppressing the context of the passages quoted; and, in one case, even *altering the wording*, as well as changing the sense of the *pretended quotation*. The Church of England has fallen indeed on evil days, if such a one is to be her representative." Ever let it be remembered whence these accusations emanate. It is not *we* who say that the Archbishop of Canterbury is dishonest, immoral, and an unfit "representative" of the church. The snarl issues from beneath the not torn veil of the temple. What does it portend? Is it not a "prologue to the omén coming on?"

FRANK GRANT.



## PROSE THINKINGS, FROM THE POET SHELLEY.

**MORALITY AND IMAGINATION.**—The great secret of morals is love ; or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful, which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intently and comprehensively ; he must put himself in the place of another and of many others ; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is the imagination ; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause. Poetry enlarges the circumference of the imagination, by replenishing it with thoughts of ever new delight, which have the power of attracting and assimilating to their own nature all other thoughts, and which form new intervals and interstices, whose void for ever craves fresh food. Poetry strengthens the faculty which is the organ of the moral nature of man, in the same manner as exercise strengthens a limb.

**PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.**—Nothing is more clear than that the infliction of punishment in general, in a degree which the reformation and the restraint of those who transgress the laws does not render indispensable, and none more than death, confirms all the inhuman and unsocial impulses of men. It is almost a proverbial remark, that those nations in which the penal code has been particularly mild, have been distinguished from all others by the rarity of crime. But the example is to be admitted to be equivocal. A more decisive argument is afforded by a consideration of the universal connection of ferocity of manners, and a contempt of social ties, with the contempt of human life. Governments which derive their institutions from the existence of circumstances of barbarism and violence, with some rare exceptions, perhaps, are bloody in proportion as they are despotic, and form the manners of their subjects to a sympathy with their own spirit.

**LIFE.**—What is life ? Thoughts and feelings arise, with or without our will, and we employ words to express them. We are born, and our birth is unremembered, and our infancy remembered but in fragments ; we live on, and in living, we lose the apprehension of life. How vain is it to think that words can penetrate the mystery of our being ! Rightly used they may make evident our ignorance to ourselves, and this is much. For what are we ? Whence do we come ? Whither do we go ? Is birth the commencement, is death the conclusion of our being ? What is birth and death ? The most refined abstractions of logic conduct to a view of life, which, though startling to the apprehension, is, in fact, that which the habitual sense of its repeated combinations has extinguished in us. It strips, as it were, the painted curtain from this scene of things. I confess that I am one of those who am unable to refuse my assent to the conclusions of those philosophers who assert that nothing exists but as it is perceived.

**A FUTURE STATE.**—The examination of this subject requires that it should be stripped of all those accessory topics which adhere to it in the common opinion of men. The existence of a God, and a future state of rewards and punishments, are totally foreign to the subject. If it be proved that the world is ruled by a Divine Power, no inference necessarily can be drawn from that circumstance in favour of a future state. It has been asserted, indeed, that as goodness and justice are to be numbered amongst the attributes of the Deity, he will undoubtedly compensate the virtuous who suffer during life, and that he will make every sensitive being who does not deserve punishment, happy for ever. But this view of the subject, which it would be tedious as well as superfluous to develop and expose, satisfies no person, and cuts the knot which we now seek to untie. Moreover, should it be proved, on the other hand that, the mysterious principle which regulates the proceedings of the universe, is neither intelligent nor sensitive, yet it is not an inconsistency to suppose, at the same time, that the animating power survives the body which it has animated, by laws as independent of any supernatural agent, as those through which it first became united with it. Nor, if a future state be clearly proved does it follow that it will be a state of punishment or reward.



## THIS WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

There lives a voice within me, a guest-angel of my heart,  
 And its sweet lisplings win me, till tears do often start:  
 Up evermore it springeth like hidden melody,  
 And evermore it singeth this Song of Songs to me—  
 "This world is full of beauty as other worlds above;  
 And if we did our duty, it might be full of love!"

If men were more forgiving, and kind words were oft'ner spoken,  
 Instead of scorn so grieving, there might be few heart-broken;  
 Were Truth our utter'd language, Angels might talk with men,  
 And God-illumin'd earth should see the Golden Age again:  
 For this world is full of beauty as other worlds above;  
 And if we did our duty, it might be full of love!

While plenty round us smileth why wakes this cry for bread?  
 Why are crushed millions toiling, gaunt, clad in rags, unfed?  
 The sunny hills and vallies blush ripe with fruit and grain,  
 But the Lordling in the palace, still robs his fellow men!  
 Yet, this world is full of beauty as other worlds above;  
 And if we did our duty, it might be full of love!

Oh God! what hosts are trampled amid this crush for gold!  
 What noble hearts are sapped of love, what spirits lose life's hold!  
 And yet upon this God-blessed earth there's room for every one;  
 Millions of acres wait the seed, and food rots in the sun!  
 This world is full of beauty as other worlds above;  
 And if we did our duty, it might be full of love!

The leaf-tongues of the forest, the flower-lips of the sod,  
 The birds that hymn their raptures into the ear of God,  
 And the living wind that bringeth sweet music from the sea,  
 Have each a voice that singeth this Song of Songs to me—  
 "This world is full of beauty as other worlds above;  
 And if we did our duty, it might be full of love!"

GERALD MASSEY.

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 To Correspondents.

\* \* Correspondents will please address "Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London.

'A true Witness of Jesus Christ.' I receive his exhortations with the deepest respect; as I do the friendly advice of every good and sincere man.

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 Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

SUNDAY, April 7, Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square. "Pizarro, and the Conquest of Peru"—Thomas Cooper. At 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square,) City Road. "Roman Catholic revival of horrible doctrines"—G. J. Holyoake. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 7, Institute of Progress, 1, George Street, Sloane Square, "History of the Bible"—W. Baker.

MONDAY, April 8, at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8, Finsbury Mechanics' Institution, Bell Yard, City Road. "Conservatism of Social Life"—B. B. Wale. At 8, Temperance Hall, Broadway, Westminster. "English Commonwealth"—Thomas Cooper.

WEDNES., April 10, at 8, Hackney Literary and Scientific Institution. "Moore's Lyric Poetry, &c."—Henry Phillips.

## THE LIFE AND GENIUS OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

AN ORATION, DELIVERED AT THE CITY OF LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, GOULD SQUARE; AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS IN THE METROPOLIS.

BY THOMAS COOPER.

DOES any one ask for the strongest mark of difference between the mind of the savage and the civilized man? The conceptions entertained by each of the blue expanse above, with its glorious sun, by day,—and of the dark arch studded with golden points, or illumined by the moon, by night,—would unfold the most striking answer. From awe and worship of the greater and lesser luminaries, as if they were supreme intelligences, the human mind has proceeded to class them as mere non-intelligent bodies of matter; to measure their real size; to calculate their weight and real distance from the earth; to ascertain their rate of motion, and the extent of their orbits; to determine the period of their revolutions, or their relation to other bodies that revolve: in brief, to characterise them as so many splendid wheels in the transcendent machinery of the universe—but yet, as having no more sentience or intelligence in themselves, than the wheels of the commonest time-piece constructed by human ingenuity.

When Anaxagoras maintained in Greece, 2,300 years ago, that the sun, moon, and planets, were not gods, but merely material bodies, he was banished for Atheism! How vast was the stride in intelligence which that philosopher had made, compared with the early savage who trembled when the sun or moon became eclipsed, and believed that his deities were angry with him. But how much more vast the march of thought from Anaxagoras,—who, although he could calculate and foretell eclipses, taught that the sun was a body of fire about half the size of Greece, and the heavens a mass of stone,—to the enlarged and complicated knowledge of Astronomy, taught in the three-halfpenny publication alike to the peasant and the artizan, in this middle of the nineteenth century.

How busy is this little brain of man, how restless, how insatiable his desire to know, when once he has gained the elements of knowledge;—how illimitable the boundary he prescribes to himself for knowledge, when he has once caught a gleam of light;—how proudly he dashes aside the caution that the curiosity of a worm like himself ought to be circumscribed by the earth on which he treads! Once having burst the swaddling-bands of ignorance, he asserts his right to walk abroad, and to look over head with a daring eye, and not merely to his feet in humility. He remembers his relationship to the worm, and every tribe of the animal creation; but he also claims kindred with the stars, and relationship to the whole universe. The fear that ignorance induces teaches him to think oftenest of the grave: Knowledge instructs him to think oftenest of life—of all that partakes it—of all that surrounds it and encompasses it; to stay at nothing, to fear nothing, which can assist him in gaining an ever-increasing acquaintance with the forms and symbols of that infinite temple of the universe in which the whole mystery of life is enshrined.

And how the mind itself enlarges, as it thus dares to occupy itself! Our observation of the beautiful verdure of the fields and the graceful foliage of trees,—of the humble violet and the blushing rose, of the slender pine and the majestic oak,—of the lucent shells that gem the sea-shore,—of the wondrous adaptations of every tribe of animal life, the insect, the reptile, the fish, the bird, and the beast,—all tend to fill the mind with ideas of order and of beauty;—but it is beyond the earth on which we tread, far off from



the comparatively narrow home of vallies and mountains, rivers and oceans, that the mind receives its due expansion. It is there—in infinity, amidst suns and planets, stars and comets, systems and masses of systems, that man, little and insignificant as he seems on earth, feels the grandeur and illimitableness of the powers of his mind.

It is this which renders Astronomy the glory of all sciences. If it did not teach us to measure time accurately; if it were not of superlative use in assisting us to navigate the ocean, and in enabling men of all regions of the globe to communicate together, and to exchange the products of their climes and of their industry; if it were not, thus, of the very first moment to civilised man,—the elevation which its study bestows on his nature must enthrone it above all sciences. Other sciences deal, more or less, with the minute: Astronomy deals with the infinite. Other sciences deal more or less with days that may be numbered, years that may be counted: Astronomy deals with the eternal. Geology teaches that many thousands of years before the usually assigned period, the earth was in existence; but Astronomy teaches that it has taken millions of years for a ray of light to travel from that nebulous star to the earth, and that therefore that star must have been in existence millions of years ago,—nay, that it may even have ceased to exist thousands of years ago, and the rays of light it gave out while it existed be only now reaching us! You may acquire a knowledge of the wisdom of Greece, by first learning her classic alphabet;—you may know something of the semibarbarous mind of China, by learning her forty thousand written signs;—if you can spell out the hieroglyphics, you may develope to us the hidden knowledge of ancient Egypt;—if you can interpret the cuneiform letters on the monuments discovered by the meritorious, but ill-treated Layard, you may bring before us the buried civilization of old Assyria;—but planets, and suns, and systems, they are the syllables of infinity!—the stars, they are the alphabet of eternity!

And that lofty wisdom which this magnificent grammar of the universe reveals—what then? Does it unfit man to live here? unfit him to live among his fellows,—render him liable to forget that they are his brothers and his equals,—and to neglect the remembrance of his duties towards them? Can you point us to one, who while engrossed with this sublime knowledge; who while devoting nights and days to the acquirement of it; who while extending his researches into this mighty domain of the universe farther than any that went before him, and doing more to perfect it than all who went before him, or have come after him;—manifested to all around him, a heart warm with the charities of life, a hand of open beneficence, a spirit firm with patriotism, and manly with independence; and who was yet gentle as a lamb in the regulation of his temper, and meek and unpretending as a child towards the lowliest?

We have heard of men whom reputed knowledge made proud, of men who mingled great vices with their great intelligence: is there one name unsullied by vice while it is resplendent with wisdom,—is there one name in the records of whose life the heart might find lessons as well as the intellect,—is there one name which rebukes pride while it shames ignorance, which enthrones humility by example, while it commands wisdom by precept,—is there one name as conspicuous for purity of virtue as for loftiness of knowledge? O yes! there is the name of a farmer's son, a widow's child, in which all these qualities of transcendent excellence meet—a name whose lustre the whole civilised world acknowledges, but which Englishmen should especially hold dear—for he is their own: it is the loveable and lofty, the glorious and immortal name of NEWTON.



Your speaker has not proposed to himself the impossible task of describing all the stupendous discoveries of your illustrious countryman to night. He has chosen, as usual, the theme of a life, in order to deduce from facts and example the possibility of arriving at excellence, and of overcoming difficulties. It is with the hope that the young may take courage by so bright an example of perseverance in study, and that we all may learn the great lessons of humility, of independence, of justice, of kindness, and of the unquenchable love of truth—that we select for our theme, to night, ‘The Life and Genius of Sir Isaac Newton.’

He was born at Woolsthorpe, a hamlet attached to the parish of Colsterworth, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, on Christmas-day, 1642—the year in which Galileo died. In the days of coach-travelling, I have often beheld the farm-house in which the immortal genius was born,—situated some mile or more from the Cliff road, the highway from Lincoln to Grantham. Coachmen, however unlearned, always felt a pride in pointing it out, in the distance. Newton’s father died three months before the birth of the child. He was but a weak, wild, and extravagant man: a fact very notable for the thinker: it often comes before us, in the history of the birth of extraordinary geniuses: confounding all our theories, as to the *causes* of the superiority of intelligence in individuals of the human species. But his mother was intelligent: a fact equally notable in the history of great men. She was an Ayscough, or Askew—a Lincolnshire family which has become historic, for it produced the heroic martyr, Anne Askew, who was tortured so cruelly by Gardiner, and suffered death by burning with such constancy. An Englishman cannot but feel proud of the fact that Newton, by the mother’s side, was allied to that glorious woman—one of the champions of Reason, be it remembered!—for her crime was—her refusal to acknowledge that the bread and wine in the Eucharist became the *real* body and blood of Christ.

(To be continued in next number.)

## CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS’S ‘LEBEN JESU.’

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848–9, AND 1849–50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

*Author of ‘The Purgatory of Suicides.’*

### IV.—THE MIRACLES.

FROM the circumstance that Jesus *speaks* to the young man lying on the bier (Luke, 7 ch. 14 v.) the Naturalist school of interpreters have endeavoured to claim this ‘Miracle’ of the resuscitation of the widow’s son of Nain, also, as supporting their system. No one, say they, would speak to a dead person; but only to such a one as is ascertained or guessed to be capable of hearing. And, with the bad custom which prevailed among the Jews of burying their dead a few hours after their decease, a merely apparent corpse—say they—might easily be carried to the grave. But to place Jesus in the situation of a guesser at such a fact, and then an actor upon it, would degrade his character. He could not have omitted to correct the notions of those who eulogised him for his ‘miracle,’ (v. 16) if this were the



true interpretation of the story. How commonly do the New Testament writers speak, elsewhere, of the dead *hearing* the voice of Christ ! It is evident that the author of the Third Gospel intended his readers to understand that he was relating not a *natural* event, but a miracle, in this resuscitation of the widow's son of Nain.

In the remaining narrative of a resuscitation from the dead—that of Lazarus (John, ch. 11)—the person is neither just dead, nor being carried to his grave, but has been already buried several days. Here one would have thought there was little hope of effecting a *natural* explanation ; yet it has been repeatedly attempted. The expressions of Jesus—"This sickness is *not* unto death ;" (v. 4) "Lazarus *sleepeth*, but I go that I may *awake him out of sleep* ;" these have been seized, as showing that Jesus must, in some way, have gathered from the statements of the messengers who announced the death of Lazarus, that the latter was only in a state of lethargy. But this would make Christ foolish as well as crafty. What sensible man would have the presumption to give the positive assurance that a supposed dead man really lived, before he had even seen the alleged corpse ? We will not take up time by discussing the question with the Naturalists, but simply observe that, whoever reads the narrative throughout, must be convinced that the author of the Fourth Gospel intended his readers to understand this history of the resurrection of Lazarus as relating a *miracle*. Do we regard it as one ?

We have hitherto been ascending a ladder of miracles. First, cures of mental disorders—the demoniacs or lunatics ; next, all kinds of bodily maladies, in which, the organisation of the sufferers was not so much injured as to cause the cessation of consciousness and life ; but now, we are presented with the revivification of bodies from which the life has entirely departed ! This progression in the marvellous is, at the same time, a progression in the inconceivable. There was a difficulty in conceiving of the former class of miracles,—yet up to our present point, there was always something remaining on which Jesus could act : "a consciousness in the objects, on which to make an impression—a nervous life to be stimulated," to use the words of Strauss. But, in the case of the dead,—“the corpse from which life and consciousness have flown,” continues the same writer, “has lost the last fulcrum for the power of the miracle-worker ; it perceives him no longer—receives no impression from him ; for the very capability of receiving impressions must be conferred on it anew. But, to confer this, that is, to give life in the proper sense, is a creative act, and to think of this being exercised by a man, we confess to be beyond our power.”

Again : in the three histories of resurrections which we have been reviewing, there is a climax of marvel, if not of the inconceivable. Woolston observed, that it seemed as if each of these three narratives were intended to supply what was wanting in the preceding. The daughter of Jairus is restored to life on the same bed on which she had just expired ; the youth of Nain, when already on the bier, and on the way to interment ; and Lazarus, after four days' abode in the tomb. The picture of the funeral procession at Nain, and the conduct of Jesus towards the sorrowing widow also rise in interest above the first narrative ; while the portraiture of the resurrection of Lazarus, and the conduct of Jesus at the grave, rise into the sublimely marvellous—and has been made the subject of some of the grandest triumphs of art : witness the first and most valuable picture in our National Gallery—the work assigned to Sebastian del Piombo—although it

is contended that none but Michael Angelo himself can have embodied on the canvass that masterly anatomy of Lazarus, the principal figure.

Another observation of Woolston is very forcible. These resuscitated individuals, not excepting even Lazarus, recede altogether from our observation after their return to life; and why, asks Woolston, did Jesus rescue from the grave precisely these insignificant persons, and not rather John the Baptist, or some other generally useful man? We cannot find it difficult to answer. History would have openly falsified the narratives, if they had related the resurrection of John the Baptist, or any other notable personage; but Legend imagined herself safe in filling up her list of marvel with insignificant and unknown subjects. This difficulty is common to all the three narratives; but there is an additional difficulty in the third narrative—and it is one that closely affects the character of Christ. When he receives the information of the death of Lazarus, and the request of the sisters implied therein, that he would come to Bethany, he remains still two days in the same place, and does not set out towards Judea till after he is certain of the death. Yet, this was not because he thought the illness attended with no danger; it was not because he was indifferent—for he ‘loved’ Lazarus (v. 5);—but (v. 15) he is ‘glad’ that he was not present at the death of Lazarus, because, for the object of strengthening the faith of the disciples, the resurrection of his friend would be more effectual than his cure. Thus, the narrative represents Jesus as allowing Lazarus to die, that by his miraculous restoration to life, he might procure so much the more faith in himself! This is a trait of character utterly unlike Jesus as drawn elsewhere: he is the ready and compassionate helper of the needy: he does not act arbitrarily and capriciously: he is ever above scheming and designing to bring about or increase his miracles. This is one mark that this narrative, peculiar to the Fourth Gospel, is unhistorical.

But again; why, if Jesus knew that he was about to restore Lazarus to life, is it related, that “When Jesus therefore saw her (Mary, the sister of Lazarus) weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he *groaned in the spirit*, and was *troubled*”? (v. 33.) And again, “Jesus wept,” (v. 35.) and “Jesus therefore again *groaning* in himself cometh to the grave.” (v. 38.) Why, out of love to Lazarus—if the Jews were right in attributing his behaviour to such a cause—should he have wept and groaned, when he knew that he was about to bring his friend to life instantly. Far be it from us to detract one shade of colour from the excellence of Christ’s personal portrait. We love him for the boundless love and affection of his heart, and the glorious sympathy of his nature; but we cannot agree with the eulogy so commonly uttered by contemporary divines on the warm and tender humanity displayed by Jesus, in this weeping at the grave of Lazarus. In our view—for it must be outspoken—it makes him foolish, since he knew that Lazarus would be alive in a few minutes. This, with us, is another mark that the narrative is merely legendary.

And who can fail to discern a still stronger mark in the conduct attributed to Christ, when the stone has been raised from the grave at his command?

“And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by, I said it; that they may believe that thou hast sent me.”—(v.v. 41, 42.)

This is, first, to give Christ’s address a relation to God; and afterwards to reduce it to a feigned one, intended to exist only in the conceptions of the people. Scarcely has he begun to pray when the reflection arises that he does



this from no need of his own: he prays only out of cold accommodation. Is not this too revolting to be conceived of Christ? And, especially ought any one who prays solely for the edification of others, to tell them so? That would look like one of the most artless blunders of the legend, if we did not remember that it is found in the Platonic Gospel. Simple prayer would have made the *Logos* look too subordinate to the Father; and so its merely human character must be annulled: it must be shewn that Christ had no need of it for himself. This is in perfect keeping with the other narratives of a writer who puts his own speeches into the mouths of his characters; but it is unlike the Christ of the first three evangelists.

Let us turn to the consideration of the external testimony to the narratives. The first is common to Matthew, Mark, and Luke; and is unknown to John. He even makes the Jews say "Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?" The blind man must be mentioned—for it was the very last miracle that John had recorded. He could think of nothing but the linking together of his own story. Yet, how strange this makes the conduct of the disciples appear! Why did not *they* call to mind the raising of Jairus' daughter, or of the widow's son of Nain? The plain answer is—that John (so called) *knew nothing about either*. These stories, we can but conclude, were unknown in the Ephesian society of Platonic Christians; and the author of the Fourth Gospel, must, perforce, put his own miracle of the blind man into the mouth of the Jews who stood by the grave of Lazarus, as their most likely question.

The resurrection of the youth of Nain is not related by Matthew. He gives us *three* cures of blindness; might he not have spared one, and given us this far more important miracle instead? Mark had it before him, in Luke, most probably—but he leaps it over! But the omission of the resuscitation of Lazarus by the authors of the first three Gospels, is still more strange. They could not think the recital superfluous, if they knew of it—for no miracle ascribed to Christ is more striking—none would have presented their Master with more pre-eminently strong proofs of extraordinary endowments as a divine messenger. Nay, the resurrection of Lazarus, according to the representation of John, had a direct influence in the development of the fate of Jesus; for we learn that the increased resort to Jesus, and the credit which this event procured him, led to that consultation of the Sanhedrim in which the sanguinary counsel of Caiaphas was given and approved. (John, 11 ch. 47 v.) Consequently, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, could not have failed to narrate it, had it been within their knowledge. But Whitby reasons, that at the time of the composition of the first three gospels there was no need to relate it, since the history was still in every mouth. Why, then, did Matthew, Mark, and Luke, give the history of Christ's baptism, death, and resurrection? Quite in other direction reasons Grotius. The resuscitation of Lazarus was not mentioned by the first three evangelists, he argues, lest danger should accrue, by its further publication, to Lazarus and his family—Lazarus (according to John, 12 ch. 10 v.) being persecuted by the Jewish hierarchy on account of the miracle which had been performed on him; while there was no necessity for this caution at the later period at which John wrote his gospel. But the publication of the miracle could have done no injury to Lazarus among those who were not natives of Palestine, for whom Mark and Luke wrote; and the most dangerous time for Lazarus (according to John, 12 ch. 10 v.) was that immediately after his resurrection, and Mat-



thew's Gospel appeared so long after, that his mention of it, could scarcely have heightened or renewed this danger; besides, in the neighbourhood of Bethany and Jerusalem, whence danger was threatened to Lazarus, the event—if it had occurred—must have been so well known and remembered that nothing was to be risked by its publication.

We are thus, after every explication has been canvassed, compelled to account for the omission of the resurrection of Lazarus in the first three gospels by deciding that their writers were utterly ignorant of it. 'Plenary inspiration'!—need we say anything further about that? The legendary features in each narrative,—the facts that John knows nothing of the first,—that Matthew, Mark, and John know nothing of the second,—that Matthew, Mark, and Luke, know nothing of the third,—combine to forbid our credence of any of them. For the argument that each has a mythical origin, let Strauss speak in his own words:

"If it is thus proved that all the three evangelical histories of resuscitations are rendered more or less doubtful by negative reasons: all that is now wanting to us is positive proof, that the tradition of Jesus having raised the dead might easily be formed without historical foundation. According to rabbinical, as well as New Testament passages (e. g. John v. 28 f.; vi. 40, 44; 1 Cor. xv. 16), the resuscitation of the dead was expected of the Messiah at his coming. Now the *παρουσία*, the appearance of the Messiah Jesus on earth, was in the view of the early church broken by his death into two parts; the first comprised his preparatory appearance, which began with his human birth, and ended with the resurrection and ascension; the second was to commence with his future advent on the clouds of heaven, in order to open the *αἰὼν μέλλων*, the *age to come*. As the first appearance of Jesus had wanted the glory and majesty expected in the Messiah, the great demonstrations of messianic power, and in particular the general resurrection of the dead, were assigned to his second, and as yet future appearance on earth. Nevertheless, as an immediate pledge of what was to be anticipated, even in the first advent some fore-splendours of the second must have been visible in single instances; Jesus must, even in his first advent, by awaking some of the dead, have guaranteed his authority one day to awake all the dead; he must, when questioned as to his messiahship, have been able to adduce among other criteria the fact that the dead were raised up by him (Matt. xi. 5.), and he must have imparted the same power to his disciples (Matt. xi. 8, comp. Acts ix. 40; xx. 10.); but especially as a close prefiguration of the hour *in which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth* (John v. 28 f.), he must have *cried with a loud voice, Come forth!* to one who *had lain in the grave four days* (John xi. 17, 43). For the origination of detailed narratives of single resuscitations, there lay, besides, the most appropriate types in the Old Testament. The prophets Elijah and Elisha (1 Kings xvii. 17 ff.; 2 Kings iv. 18 ff.) had awaked the dead, and to these instances Jewish writings appealed as a type of the messianic time. The object of the resuscitation was with both these prophets a child, but a boy, while in the narrative common to the synoptists we have a girl: the two prophets revived him while he lay on the bed, as Jesus does the daughter of Jairus; both entered alone into the chamber of death, as Jesus excludes all save a few confidential friends; only, as it is fitting, the Messiah needs not the laborious manipulations by which the prophets attained their object. Elijah in particular raised the son of a widow, as Jesus did at Nain; he met the widow of Zarephath at the gate (but before the death of her son) as Jesus met the widow of Nain, under the gate of the city (after the death of her son); lastly, it is in both instances told in the same words how the miracle-worker restored the son to the mother. Even one already laid in his grave, like Lazarus, was restored to life by the prophet Elisha; with this difference, however, that the prophet himself had been long dead, and the contact of his bones reanimated a corpse which was accidentally thrown upon them (2 Kings xiii. 21). There is yet another point of similarity between the resuscitations of the dead in the Old Testament and that of Lazarus; it is that Jesus, while in his former resuscitation he utters the authoritative word without any preliminary, in that of Lazarus offers a prayer to God, as Elisha, and more particularly Elijah, are said to have done. While Paulus extends to these narratives in the Old Testament, the natural explanation which he has applied to those in the New, theologians of more enlarged views have long ago remarked, that the resurrections in the New Testament are nothing more than mythi, which had their origin in the tendency of the early Christian church, to make her Messiah agree with the type of the prophets, and with the messianic ideal."



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No. 15.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1850. [Price One Penny.

## PHILOSOPHY OF MESMERISM.

*Horatio.* O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

*Hamlet.* And, therefore, as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in *your* philosophy.

*Shakspeare.*

It is thought strange that those who are incredulous of the reality of 'Miracles,' should be believers in Mesmerism. To receive the accounts of Animal Magnetism for truths, according to some people, displays even greater credulity than does the belief in the miraculous history of established religions. But does not this observation show some want of thought in those who make it?

First, let it be remembered that the thinker rejects miracles because he considers that no evidence has yet been adduced to prove that the natural laws are ever broken. Thus withdrawn from the region of supernaturalism, his thinkings are, perforce, directed more fully towards nature. He has given up the supernatural: he never allows that word to serve for a misty explanation of what he, at any time, beholds, but does not understand; and it is the natural alone that he acknowledges to exist, and on which his reflection centres. But, secondly, he does not affect to *comprehend* Nature. Some of her procedures may seem as wonderful to him as miracles themselves—only, they are the results of law. His acquaintance with this law is derived from experience, or otherwise, from what he holds to be credible testimony. If from the latter, it is possible that the relation given to him will leave much information to be wished for; while even that acquaintance with any natural law which he derives from experience, often leaves a wondering 'Why' or 'Wherefore' in his mind. Nay, the more closely he scrutinises Nature, and the more completely he learns her laws, the oftener will the wondering 'Why' and 'Wherefore' arise within him.

This is the experience of all men who become close observers of the varied forms and relations of existence. Existence itself raises their wonder: it is only the unreflecting man who does not think it the greatest of wonders. The Supernatural! the thinker did not reject belief in that because it was mysterious. His own existence is a mystery. But a mystery is one thing, and a contradiction is another; and he rejected a belief in the supernatural because he held it to be contradictory, inasmuch as it was contrary to that 'Constitution and Course of Nature' which he saw established within and around him. Being conscious that these are so established, he makes efforts to become better acquainted with Nature—simply, by asking questions of her—to use the words of the father of modern philosophy.

But those two questions of questions, 'Why' and 'Wherefore'—how



seldom will Nature give him answers to them! Phenomena (appearances, in plainer English—though neither is pure English) he may note them down, collect them, class them;—but, causes? How little he will learn, how little he can learn, of causes! With what caution he must use the word—lest he should have to unsay it, and find that what he had called a cause was no cause at all,—or that it was not the cause of the effects he was witnessing; though it might be of others. Causes! perhaps, in some instances, mankind must expect to be for ever ignorant of them. The medicinal virtue, the mode of operation upon the human system, of certain drugs, for instance,—who, in the whole world, can give us the ‘Why’ and ‘Wherefore,’ there?

The foregoing were the reflections which led me to resolve on attending to the phenomena of Mesmerism, with the same candour and earnest desire to learn, as I would attend to any other natural phenomena. Indeed, I remember, that the very instance of our ignorance of causes which I have just noted, was that which fully decided me; and so I expressed myself to Dr. Ashburner. “I have been reflecting,” said I, “that I do not know *why* a few grains of calomel should produce alterative effects upon me so strange; nor why a dose does not always produce the same effects; and I might say the same of any other medicine. Why there should be any medicinal virtue in any drug I cannot tell; and why there should not be curative power in mesmeric passes with the hand, I cannot tell. Experience has proved to me that certain medicines produce effects—though these effects are not invariable; and I do not know but experience may prove to me the curative power of mesmerism.”

That was the spirit with which I came, after some prejudice, to attend to mesmerism as a course of natural phenomena, and to be anxious to investigate it with the same earnestness that I would any other source of knowledge. So far as curative power, or the ability of one human being to relieve another, by mesmeric passes, is involved, I can no longer doubt. One medical friend, who is *not* a believer in mesmerism, contends that imagination in the patient will account for the relief experienced by the passes. And if he were right, even then the practice of mesmerism would be valuable to such as it relieved—though only by acting on their imagination. But does not that mode of accounting for some phenomena in mesmerism entirely fail? The cures now publicly chronicled in the *Zoist* (a Quarterly journal edited by Dr. Elliotson) are of such a nature that one cannot attribute them to the power of imagination. And let it be remembered that dates and names are given, so that all can enquire into the reality of the cures. Here is one account from the number of the *Zoist* just published. How can this cure be accounted for by *imagination* in the patient?

“RHEUMATISM,—CURED BY MR. CAPERN.—James Webber, Bampton Down, agricultural labourer, aged 52 years, had severe rheumatism, first in the back, then over the whole body, for twenty-two years. The first attack lasted fifteen months, during the whole of which time he was entirely incapable of labour. He then got better, and for a few months was able to do a little light work. He could not, however, walk without the assistance of two sticks. After some time he became an in-patient of Exeter Hospital for four weeks, and then an out-patient for one week more. He derived considerable benefit from the remedies applied at the institution, but the relief was only temporary; for after a few months he relapsed, was again entirely incapable of labour, and became so helpless that he was even unable to raise food to his mouth. The neighbouring farmers, taking compassion on him, raised a sum by subscription and bought him a donkey-cart, and for about six years he earned his subsistence by travelling about the country, when he was able, collecting rags and old metal. He was constantly obliged to make use of two sticks to assist him in walking. During the whole period of his illness he never received full wages. About Christmas, 1847, he



happened to meet Mr. Capern in Newport-street, Tiverton. Mr. C., having heard his statement, invited him into the stable-yard of an adjoining house, and made the usual passes over the parts most affected, commencing at the back. Great and almost immediate benefit was experienced by the patient, and after two or three more operations he was completely cured. In two or three weeks he was in full work, and in receipt of the usual labourer's wages. In the early part of last summer he cut two acres of grass in one day. Occasionally, during changes of weather, he suffers slightly from rheumatic pains. Some weeks ago, having strained himself while at work, he came into Tiverton to see Mr. Capern, who by a few passes afforded him complete relief. With this exception, he has continued up to the present day well and strong."

Here is another cure of the same class of disorder, given by a retired medical man whose name is appended :

56 "RHEUMATISM.—Mrs. Mitchell, wife of Mr. Mitchell, postmaster, Cullompton. Mrs. Mitchell, aged 66 years, a married woman with six children, states that at the age of 7 years she was attacked with rheumatism, which prevented any motion in the hip joint. She has never from that time, *until a fortnight since—a period of forty-nine years*, been able to walk, except with the greatest difficulty and invariable pain. She has constantly been under medical treatment, but without deriving any permanent benefit. Fourteen days since, Mr. Capern began mesmerising her hip and leg. She describes her sensation as very peculiar, and causing a feeling of dread lest the hand of the operator should too suddenly be removed. She can now walk with scarcely any perceptible lameness, and without the slightest pain whatever in walking up and down stairs.

"The above statement of facts was related to me by the patient herself, who appears to be a person of truth and respectability."

"JOSEPH HOPGOOD."

But rheumatic disorders may be considered, by some persons, as likely to be affected by the imagination—in other words, by excitement of the nervous system. Such a remark cannot apply to the following case:

"CRAMP OF THE STOMACH.—Mr. Henry Baker, of Hay Park, Tiverton, timber drawer, 40 years of age, became subject, about three years since, to severe pain in the pit of the stomach, by which, for the last twelve months, he was disabled from labour. He applied to many medical men, had recourse to a variety of remedies, and was for some time at the Exeter Hospital, and also under the treatment of an eminent physician of that city; but all without the least relief. He was brought very low by the remedies applied, and was reduced to so weak a state that he was hardly able to go about at all even in the house. His debility and emaciation were so great that he was considered by his friends, as well as himself, to be in a decline. In this condition he was advised to apply to Mr. Capern. He found immediate relief from contact passes with the flat of the hand down the front of the body. After three operations of ten minutes each, he was free from pain. This was about two years since. Two months after the last operation had been performed, Mr. Capern met him in the street, and, finding that he was suffering from the old complaint in consequence, as he believed, of his having overreached himself whilst engaged in his laborious employment, which requires at times a very great muscular force, offered to operate upon him, and with a few passes entirely removed the pain. Since then it has never returned. He is now well and strong, attends regularly to his employment, and is capable of performing a good day's work without fatigue or inconvenience. His expenses for medicine, &c., previously to applying to Mr. C. were above £30."

"Tiverton, February, 1850."

Nor can I, for one, understand how the imagination could aid the cure in the following cases—which have particular interest, forming, as they do,

"A FAMILY GROUP.—Jemima Ackland, aged 73; Elizabeth Zelly, her daughter, aged 51; and William Zelly, her grandson.

LOSS OF VOICE.—Jemima Ackland, of the town of Tiverton, had been poorly for a few days, about two months ago, when she suddenly lost her voice, and could not speak above a whisper. At the end of six weeks she was advised by her daughter to send for Mr. Capern and be mesmerised, as she (the daughter) had had her voice restored by that gentleman when lost in a similar manner; and, on his making a few passes on her throat and chest, her voice was quite restored in less than five minutes, and her general health was also much improved.

"LOSS OF VOICE.—Elizabeth Zelly, daughter of the above, caught a severe cold, and in consequence lost her voice, and had a great difficulty in making herself heard. At the end of about eight weeks she was advised by her neighbour to apply to Mr. Capern.



This she did the more readily, in consequence of the wonderful cure performed by that gentleman on her own son; but she had no idea, until her neighbour mentioned it, that mesmerism could be useful in her case. Happening accordingly to meet Mr. Capern when on his way to his house, he desired her to accompany him into a neighbouring public house (the Swan), and then, making a few mesmeric passes over the throat and breast, completely restored her voice, much to the astonishment of all present.

"DISEASED HEART.—William Zelly, son of the above, now in his tenth year, came home from play, about two years ago, complaining of pains in the side and difficulty in breathing, accompanied with faintness. His father put his hand on the boy's heart, and found it was palpitating fast and strongly. The child continued getting worse for a week, when his mother sent for Dr. —, who attended him for a month, but without any beneficial result. Dr. — was next consulted, who prescribed medicine, which he took for nearly three months, but he still continued getting worse, and had become very pale and emaciated, and scarce able to walk across the room: indeed, so ill was he at this time that the doctors ordered him to be carried whenever it was necessary to move him. The palpitation of the heart was frequently so great as to cause the bed on which he lay to vibrate, and its motion was visible to any one in the room. At this time his mother was influenced by Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Turner, two neighbours who had both been cured by Mr. Capern, to apply to that gentleman to mesmerise her boy. She did so, and he was mesmerised ten minutes daily for a month, and about three times a week for another month. He improved from the first visit of Mr. C., and at the end of the two months the palpitation of the heart had entirely ceased, and he walked a distance of four miles and a half and back without experiencing any bad effects from it. This boy remains so susceptible to the mesmeric influence that a look from his mesmeriser will send him to sleep."

Mr. Capern's cures are not the only remarkable ones narrated in the *Zoist*. Mr. Harley is another individual who is possessed of natural curative power,—unless the reader can account for the facts related in the following extract, by some other theory:

"RHEUMATISM—Mrs. Ryder, of middle age, had been a great sufferer for several years in her limbs, so that she was confined to her house. Hearing of the good effects of mesmerism, she applied to me, in 1848, in a most distressed state of suffering—completely crippled. There was a great swelling from the hip to the knee, which was very painful and tender; and both legs were contracted, so that she hobbled about on a crutch and stick: three of her fingers were much contracted, looking very purple about the joints, and much swollen. The nerves were in a most shocking state, and she looked exceedingly delicate. At the first sitting the eyes closed in a few minutes. She always heard everything, but could not speak. Contact passes produced rigidity of the limbs, and caused her much pain. The contraction soon gave way, and the legs became straight. She suffered much in her shoulders and spine. Breathing on the top of the head would cause, first one arm to ascend, then the other, and maintain a rigid position for a few minutes, and then descend, sometimes partially, and at other times resume their original position. Tractive passes with a crystal or with the hand rendered them rigid. The swelling of the joints in a great measure disappeared, and two of the fingers became somewhat more straight. She was mesmerised for several months, when she was enabled to dispense with her crutch and stick, and returned home to see her friends at Salcombe, where she resided, which is five miles from this place; and, on returning to follow out the treatment a short time longer, she walked the distance of two miles without crutch or stick. From a thin, skeleton-like appearance, she gained considerably, looking more healthy and ruddy than she had for a long time before. By resting the hands gently on her feet for a minute or so, I invariably found she would awake. I doubt not, had she continued it longer, she would have improved even more, but it was inconvenient to be absent from her family so long; consequently she went home with the improvement made, feeling exceedingly grateful to the Giver of all good for the benefit received through mesmerism.

"Flora Place, Dodbrook, Kingsbridge, Devon.  
February, 1850."

Another beneficent practitioner, some of whose cures are related in the same number, is Mr. Saunders of Bristol. In the second of the following extracts, the reader will observe a notable instance of the transference of disease by sitting near a mesmerised patient:

"EPILEPSY.—About the same time, or the beginning of 1845, a friend of mine, Mr. John Lewis, living in the same parish with me in Bath, asked me to test the virtue of mesmerism

in the person of his brother-in-law, David Fennell. He was about 30 years of age, and had been subject for the last ten years to fits; the attacks occurred generally every fortnight, and sometimes four or five times a day. He had a severe fit the day previous to my seeing him. I mesmerised him the first time for about half an hour without sending him into the sleep, but he said he felt warm all over, had a slight tinkling in the right arm, a heaviness in his feet, and a weight upon his head. I was only able to attend him about six or seven times, and, though he never went into the sleep, still the effect was very great, for his fits entirely left him from that time, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Lewis, sent me the following note:—

“4, Holloway, Bath, Sept. 10, 1849.

“DEAR SIR.—I am happy to say that my brother-in-law, David Fennell, has not had a single fit since you mesmerised him four years ago.

“I remain, Yours faithfully,

“To Mr. S. D. Saunders, Bristol.”

“JOHN LEWIS.

“DEAFNESS FROM CHILDHOOD.—In May, 1845, Charles Chiffinch of Combe Down, near Bath, a lad about 14 years of age, was sent to me for the purpose of being mesmerised for a severe deafness of both ears from childhood. His parents being poor, he earned his livelihood by breaking stones upon the parish road, but some of his relations told me that, if I could restore his hearing, they would endeavour to apprentice him to some trade. I accordingly tried to send him into the sleep; but, finding no susceptibility, I (as I usually do) at once attacked the disease by breathing into the ears, not as is frequently done through a glass tube—a mode which I think from experience has but little effect—but with the open mouth, as close as possible to the ear, and in such a manner as to prevent the external air from penetrating the passage. I made, also, many passes from the ear to the shoulder; and, after treating him in this manner every other day for about six weeks, his hearing became perfectly restored. His friends apprenticed him to a shoemaker near Castle Cary, and last September some parties from Combe Down called upon me to inform me (having themselves received great benefit from mesmerism) that Charles Chiffinch had lately been on a visit to them, was getting on very well with his trade, and had no return of his deafness since I mesmerised him four years ago. During the time I was mesmerising this lad, a somewhat singular occurrence took place. Mrs. Saunders was sitting one day behind my patient, and, being very susceptible, went into the mesmeric sleep with one of her feet resting upon the rung of his chair. When I had finished the sitting, he left me, stating that his hearing was more improved that day than any other on which I had operated upon him. I then woke up Mrs. Saunders, and to my astonishment found she was completely deaf in both ears. I, however, by making reverse passes, and blowing strongly into the ears, succeeded, in a few minutes, in completely restoring her hearing. I merely mention this latter fact to shew the necessity of very susceptible persons not going too near or touching parties who are being mesmerised for any particular disease.”

The above form only a portion of the cures related in the periodical before named. The newspapers and magazines scarcely take any notice of Mesmerism; but it surely is not only unphilosophical, but unphilanthropic, to refuse to aid in extending knowledge of what seems likely to benefit the human race, at large—when the phenomena of magnetism become better known. I purpose returning to this subject occasionally; and I thought that the lull of politics afforded a suitable opportunity for returning to it, at present.

THOMAS COOPER.

IDLENESS.—The idle man is the most barren of all earthly subjects. There is no creature that hath life, but is busied in some action for the benefit of the world. Even the most venomous and most ravenous things that are have their uses, and are ever engaged in some operation which profits the world, and continues them in nature's course. Even the vegetables wherein calm nature dwells, have their turns and times of fructifying, they leaf, they flower, they seed; nay, created objects quite inanimate are, some of them, the most active in their motions. These things may well raise a blush on the cheek of the indolent man, and certainly teach him a striking lesson for his improvement. Idleness is the most corrupting fly, that can blow on the human mind.—*Owen Felltham.*



## Correspondence.

Manchester, April 3rd, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—I have been given to understand by a member of our society, that you are already aware of the existence of a *Progress Union* at Manchester. It seeks, however, something rather different from that recommended in your address on the formation of such Unions, although that address was perhaps the principal agent in our formation. It is intended more especially to carry out a suggestion contained in your fourth letter “to the Young Men of the Working Classes”—for the training of advocates of political and social movements, by various educational means. Among these means are an Essay and Discussion Class, for *private*, and lectures for *public* practice.

The Debating Class has been in active operation during the last three months, (the term of our existence,) and having ascertained somewhat of the capabilities of our members, we are about to venture on public propagandism by means of Lectures. I have been directed, as Secretary to the Union, to request your aid in extending a knowledge of the existence of such an Union, by means of your weekly Journal, and hope from time to time to inform you of our progress.

I am, dear Sir, Yours very truly,

J. H. NODALL.

MR. THOMAS COOPER.

[I was not aware that a *Progress Union* had been formed, but only that it was intended to form one, in Manchester. Will the writer of the foregoing letter send me his address more plainly written—that I may reply to him on one matter which I have omitted from his letter? I may add, that I was not aware till last week, that a *Progress Union* had been formed in Leicester.—T. C.]

London, April 1, 1850.

SIR,—On Thursday, 28th March, I was passing the shop of Messrs Rivington, in Waterloo Place, when a Bishop, said to be Dr. Wilberforce, of Oxford, came out and mounted a horse, which was held for him by a groom seated on another beautiful animal. A young man on the pavement, with the aspect of a Puritan,—his hair flowing down his back and on his shoulders, addressing the right reverend Father in God, said, “Bishop,—go read your Bible, and you will find that Jesus Christ did not ride on fine horses, nor had he a flunkey like that to attend upon him.” I leave you to imagine the expression of the Bishop’s countenance.

Your constant reader who studies the signs of the

MR. THOMAS COOPER.

TIMES.

[Are not a few more such plain-speaking ‘Puritans’ as the young man here described—wanted in England?—T. C.]

### To Correspondents.

\* \* Correspondents will please address “Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London.

J. V. Middleton.—He will find on reflection, that Leslie’s rules for proving Miracles *fail* when applied to the narratives in the Four Gospels.

M. JOLIFFE.—There is merit in his verse, but he needs a study of the best models: that alone can benefit him.

‘ENQUIRER.’; T. C.; ‘TYRO’.—A more complete answer than I can give in these notes will be found in my ‘Eight Letters to the Young Men of the Working Classes.’

R. S.—Information on the subject he mentions will be given in some future numbers.

‘REFORMATION.’—His proposal is most respectfully declined, for want of room, and the necessity of devoting space to more serious subjects.

### Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

SUNDAY, April 14, at 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square), City Road. “Rienzi the Tribune, and the Good Estate”—Thomas Cooper. At 7, Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square. “The Bible: its relation to Religion and Progress”—Sartor. At 7, Farringdon Hall, King’s Arms’ Yard, bottom of Snow Hill. Question for discussion—“What is the Organisation of Labour?”

MONDAY, April 15, at 8, Temperance Hall, Broadway, Westminster. “Protectorate and Character of Cromwell”—Thomas Cooper. At half-past 8, Finsbury Mechanics’ Institute, Bell Yard, City Road. “Conservatism of Social Life”—B. B. Wale. At quarter-past 8, Literary Institution, Carlisle Street, Edgeware Road. “Heraldry, Crusaders, and Tournaments”—W. Partridge.

## THINKINGS, FROM JOHN LOCKE.

LABOUR.—It is labour which *puts the greatest value upon land*, without which it would scarcely be worth any thing ; it is to that we owe the greatest part of all its useful products : for all that the straw, bran, bread, of that acre of wheat, is more worth than the product of an acre of as good land, which lies waste, is all the effect of labour ; for it is not barely the ploughman's pains, the reaper's and thrasher's toil, and the baker's labour, is to be counted into the *bread* we eat ; the labour of those who broke the oxen, who digged and wrought the iron and stones, who felled and framed the timber employed about the plough, mill, oven, or any other utensils, which are a vast number, requisite to this corn, from its being seed to be sown to its being made bread, must all be *charged on* the account of *labour*, and received as an effect of that : nature and the earth furnished only the almost worthless materials, as in themselves. It would be a strange *catalogue of things*, that *industry provided and made use of*, about every loaf of bread, before it came to our use, if we could trace them ; iron, wood, leather, bark, timber, stones, bricks, coals, lime, cloth, dying drugs, pitch, tar, masts, ropes, and all the materials made use of in the ship, that brought any of the commodities made use of by any of the workmen to any part of the work ; all which it would be almost impossible, at least too long, to reckon up.

TRUTH.—Truth, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge, and the business of the understanding ; whatsoever is besides that, however authorized by consent, or recommended by rarity, is nothing but ignorance, or something worse.

SLAVERY.—Slavery is so vile and miserable an estate of man, and so directly opposite to the generous temper and courage of our nation, that it is hardly to be conceived that an Englishman, much less a gentleman, should plead for it. And truly I should have taken Sir Robert Filmer's *Patriarcha*, as any other treatise which would persuade all men that they are slaves and ought to be so, for such another exercise of wit as was his who wrote the encomium of Nero, rather than for a serious discourse, had not the gravity of the title and epistle, the frontispiece, and the applause that followed it, required me to believe that the author and publisher were both in earnest. I therefore took it into my hands with all the expectation, and read it through with all the attention, due to a treatise that made such a noise at its coming abroad ; and cannot but confess myself much surprised, that in a book which was to provide chains for all mankind, I should find nothing but a rope of sand ; useful to such, perhaps, whose skill and business it is to raise a dust, and would blind the people the better to mislead them ; but, in truth, not of any force to draw those into bondage who have their eyes open, and so much sense as to consider that chains are but an ill-wearing, how much care soever hath been taken to file and polish them.

FOLLY AND MADNESS.—Folly consists in the drawing of false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from madness, which draws just conclusions from false principles.

ON EDUCATION.—I think we may assert that in a hundred men, there are more than ninety who are what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious to society, from the instruction they have received. It is on education that depends the great difference observable among them. The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy, have consequences very important, and of a long duration. It is with these first impressions, as with a river, whose waters we can easily turn, by different canals, in quite opposite courses, so that from the insensible direction the steam receives at its source, it takes different directions and at last arrives at places far distant from each other ; and with the same facility we may, I think, turn the minds of children to what direction we please.

UNEXAMINED OPINIONS.—Our first and great duty is, to bring to our studies, and to our inquiries after knowledge, a mind covetous of truth ; that seeks after nothing else, and after that impartially, and embraces it, how poor, how contemptible, how unfashionable soever it may seem. This is that which all studious men profess to do, and yet it is that where I think very many miscarry.



## HELEN.

A ROMANCE IN FOUR VERSES.

"Yet was she certes but a country lasse;  
Yet she all other country lasses far did passe."

*Spenser*

It is a lowly cottage of a quaint and antique mien,  
With gable end, and straw-thatched roof, hid o'er with mosses green;  
And, standing at its door, is seen a maiden young and fair,  
The summer breeze is sporting with the ringlets of her hair:  
Light auburn is its colour, and its texture like the thread  
Which gossamers on sunny days for fairy creatures spread;  
Her eyes are blue and sparkling, and her cheeks are slightly brown,  
Her snowy bosom sweetly peeps above her cotton gown;  
For gracefulness of bearing, for a mild yet queenly air,  
Few maidens of our lovely land with Helen may compare.

The lane is cool and shaded, overhead the branches meet;  
The birds are singing in the air, the flow'rs are at the feet;  
The sun is brightly shining, and the lark divinely sings,  
The leaves are gently rustling, and the insects spread their wings;  
Two happy hearts are panting; one of a maiden fair,  
One of a noble stripling wreathing flow'rets in her hair;  
A blush is on her tear-dewed cheeks, her eyes are turned away,  
As if she feared an upward glance her feelings would betray;  
Her lips are partly opened, for a word is trembling there—  
And now a murmur musical is floating in the air!

It is an ancient village church, the ivy thickly crawls  
Around the mould'ring steeple, and the time-decaying walls;  
And now its bells are ringing with a loud and merry peal,  
And loud the village labourers their joyous hearts reveal;  
And youthful village maidens clad in garments spotless white,  
Are strewing fragrant flow'rs, the fair, the beautiful and bright;  
And coming from the church's porch four bounding forms are seen,  
The two are peerless creatures in their dress of snowy sheen,  
And two are fair, and noble youths: the one with conscious pride,  
Supports a blushing maiden, and young Helen is a bride.

It is a noble mansion where re-echo joyous sounds,  
For thro' the high and stately pile festivity abounds;  
From every window splendour gleams, the trees with lamps are hung;  
And men's and women's voices sweetly blend in choral song;  
The lordly and the lowly, are in happy concord seen,  
Now laughing at some rustic joke, now dancing on the green;  
The spacious rooms are crowded with the manly and the fair;  
And beating hearts, and sparkling eyes, and merry lips are there:  
But far above them all appears in beauty and in grace,  
The lowly village maiden, now the mistress of the place.

Birmingham.

JOHN ALFRED ANGFOED.

## THE PRIMROSE.

Sweet, modest flower, so gentle in its mien,  
I ever love to gaze upon its form.  
Full oft in childhood I've the primrose seen,  
Hiding its fragrant head from Borean storm,  
In shelter'd copse, by side of verdant hill,  
Or where the crystal river whimples still,  
Through scenes as lovely as the banks of Rhine;  
What time the blackbird whistled till the green  
Old gnarled woods re-echoed back the strain.  
And I have felt a glory truly mine  
When I in primrosed walks have loitering been;  
For earth seem'd free from every spot or stain  
Of Sin and Care, which make this world a Hell,  
For demons, where fair angels fain would dwell.

Stokesley.

GEORGE TWEDDELL.

## THE LIFE AND GENIUS OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

AN ORATION, DELIVERED AT THE CITY OF LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, GOULD SQUARE; AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS IN THE METROPOLIS.

BY THOMAS COOPER.

*(Continued from last number.)*

THE child was so small, at his birth, that the nurse used to declare he could have been put into a quart pot. She may, like other nurses, have used hyperbole in speaking of her nursling—for, undoubtedly, she would be proud of him; but it is certain that he was exceedingly fragile, when a child, and that he was reared with difficulty. The little estate left by his father was not of more value than fifty pounds a year; his mother had elder children; she married a poor clergyman two years after Newton's birth; and it was only by energetic attention to her farm that she could render it sufficiently profitable to support her family. Yet little Isaac was sent to the best school in the neighbourhood—the grammar school at Grantham, and was a scholar there, for several years. It is related of him that he was but a dull boy in his class, till he was beaten—physically I mean—by an elder boy; when he first, notwithstanding his slenderness, gave his tyrant a thrashing, and then made good his resolution to pass by him, to the head of the class. This was an instance of the latent ardour which often is called up in the gentlest natures by oppression. He was all good nature and amiability among his companions, and especially loved to please girls, by making them playthings of wood. He had chisels, hammers, and mechanical tools, in abundance; and, doubtless, many of you are acquainted with that singular history of his early boyhood—his construction of the water-clock and the sun-dial; (the latter was placed on the school-roof; but it was gone when I asked after it, many years ago, on visiting the spot—nor could any lout of a lad in the play-ground show me where Isaac had cut his name in the school! They stared at me as if they had never heard of the name!)—of the miniature mill which he made closely upon the model of a mill that was being erected near the town;—and of the mouse he put into it, to turn it, and joked about his 'miller';—and, above all, how he introduced paper-kites into Grantham, and tied a lanthorn to the tail of one which was flown at night—alarming all the country gossips with the vision of a portentous star—for his boyhood was the season of the Civil Wars, and such a sight, at that period, could not fail to consternate the beholders, nor to make them angry even when the hoax was discovered. These are all trifles to dwell upon. But who would pass them over? They were the evidences of a grand constructive genius which was, one day, to develope the construction of the Universe. Yet, it was not the way in which some would expect such a genius to give signs of its indwelling in that boy; nor did any human being around him, for some years, seem to apprehend what was growing up within him.

His mother, at length, took him from school to assist in the business of the farm; but, good lack! he was utterly unfitted for such business. He would be cutting mill-wheels by the brook-side, when he should have been minding the sheep; he would be absorbed in the library of Mr. Clarke the apothecary, on Grantham market-days,—or otherwise be esconced under a hedge with a mathematical book,—while the man-servant who was sent with him, was left to manage the market sales and purchases, for his mother's family. Deliverance comes at last. His maternal uncle, an Ayscough, and a kindly clergyman, arrives at the little farm, and learning that he is at the market, goes after him to Grantham. But Isaac cannot be found, for some time; and when he is discovered, it is in a hayloft, and he



is absorbed in the study of Euclid. The good uncle discerns the soul there is within him ; persuades his mother to struggle with difficulty, and send him again to school, that he may be prepared for the University ; promises all the aid in his power ; and finally sees him entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, in his eighteenth year, and in 1660, the year of the 'Restoration' of Chas. 2.

The zeal for mathematical studies was great throughout Europe at this period. The celebrated Dr. Isaac Barrow—a divine who never preached without 'knocking all the dust out of his text,' according to the homely phrase of those times—was also professor of mathematics at Cambridge ; and Newton had, in him, the best teacher that, perhaps, all England could have afforded,—and what was better still, an intellect of that truly noble cast which could admire, instead of becoming jealous of the pupil when he outsped the teacher. The works of the great Descartes, Kepler's Treatise on Optics, and the 'Arithmetica Infinitorum,' of Wallis, a profound English mathematician,—were among the chief studies of young Newton, during his first attendance at the University. His study of Descartes led him to devote his powers especially to algebra, or analytical mathematics ; and he soon discovered the formula usually termed, by algebraists, 'The Binomial Theorem of Newton.' Those among you who are acquainted with the mathematics do not need to have that discovery described. To others, I can only say that the formula unfolds a method for the development of functions into an infinite series : an explanation which will be no clearer than talking Greek to some people—and yet I knew not how to describe it more intelligibly to those who know nothing of algebra. The thing to be recommended, especially to you young men, is that you begin to get some knowledge of algebra, for yourselves, and then you will know all about it. Suffice it, however, to say, that the 'Binomial Theorem' is now one of the formulas of algebra most commonly used ; and that there is scarcely any analytical research in which it is not of use. A far greater discovery followed : this was the 'Integral Calculus,' or what is sometimes called 'the Science, or Doctrine, of Fluxions'—the very highest discovery ever made by any mathematician, and still more impossible to define popularly. This new and grander discovery, Newton soon perceived, would enable him to make others in determining the laws of natural phenomena. That is,—shall I say ?—it was the key by which the laws of the solar and planetary world could be deciphered : the rule and instrument by which their motions could be accurately calculated : 'Arithmetic,' or the ordinary science of numbers, being too loose and clumsy an instrument to apply to the solution of astral questions, which involve numbers and relations so unusual. With this conviction of the value of this great discovery for the future, Newton did not make it known. He declined the reputation that might have been gained by publishing it—fixing his determination on greater discoveries.

All this had occurred before he quitted the University in 1665, on account of the Plague. We have been looking, therefore, at the mental strides of a giant made by a mere stripling up to three and twenty years of age ! What a lesson of early resolution, of energy, and industry !—and let it not be forgotten, of humility and modesty,—for pride would have rushed to tell the world what it had done : to sacrifice the world's applause—who does not know how difficult that is for us, when we are young ?

We must hasten on with our hasty biographical sketch. During his short retirement into the country, his mind is profoundly intent on these great future discoveries ; and now it is that the event occurs which has received such various comment : his first thought of the universal applica-



tion of 'Gravitation'—while sitting under an apple-tree, and seeing the apple fall. The anecdote was confirmed to Voltaire, by Newton's niece; and the tree was shewn for many years afterwards. 'Why,' the young philosopher asked himself, 'may not this power which causes the apple to fall to the earth, extend to the moon, and then what more would be necessary to retain her in her orbit about the earth?' None of you, I trust, will join in the foolish attempt to depreciate the mind of this illustrious discoverer, by that senseless remark—'It was all accident!' Accident! why, had not hundreds of men seen apples fall, and eaten them too,—and yet had never thought of this doctrine of Gravitation? Be assured that no grand truth has ever fallen 'by accident,' into a man's mouth when he happened to yawn. No, no, it is not to the listless and indolent that Nature's Revelations are made. The mind must be prepared to perceive; it must yearn after a discovery of Nature's secrets; it must be girt up, and be in the act of grappling with the difficulty. I tell you young men again, it is the Searcher—and the Searcher alone—who *finds* the gold of Truth: it is the Worker—and the Worker alone—who discovers that 'Open Sesame' which is to unlock the opulent secrets of the Universe.

Newton's young and ardent mind was filled with the desire of comprehending the mechanism of the 'Cosmos.' He was acquainted with all ancient and exploded systems, as well as with Descartes' system of Vortices—the prevailing system of the time. But this method of accounting for the motions, and explaining the relations, of the celestial bodies did not satisfy him. Furthermore, he knew that it was a law of gravity that the velocity of bodies—that is the rate at which they move—is greater as they approach the earth; and he conceived that the same force ought to regulate the different velocities of motion in their orbits of the different planetary bodies. Kepler, his greatest contemporary, had also discovered—(again, I must use terms that cannot be fully understood without some previous acquaintance with mathematical language)—that the squares of the times of revolution of the different planets, are proportional to the cubes of their distances from the sun.

With this preparatory knowledge, added to his mathematical skill, he went to work at calculation, and strove, in the first instance, to apply this law of Gravitation, strictly, to the moon. But he failed—because the distance of our earth's centre from its surface was not then accurately known. It was necessary to know this in order to ascertain if there were gravity, or centripetal force, enough in the body of the earth—to counteract the gravity, or centrifugal force, of the moon as shewn by her motion in her orbit. His calculations gave, for the moon, a value greater by one-sixth than that which results from her *observed* circular velocity. Sixty miles to a degree being *then* believed to be the true measure of the earth—this excess of value for the moon's gravity necessarily resulted from his calculations. And what did he? Some would have thought the approximation so near that they would have sounded their own trumpet to the world, and claimed a discovery. Not so Newton: rigid Truth was what he worshipped—Truth, *exact* Truth, in Science—*exact* Truth, in conduct. Who among us can fail to venerate the intellectual and moral beauty of such a character? How veritably did our great countryman deserve his reputation for wisdom, since he could not sacrifice the substance of inward self-approval for the shadow of outward, and what he would have felt to be undeserved, applause! He made no proclamation to the world, of a discovery: he simply resolved to give up the thought of making the full discovery, for a time; but it was impossible that he could entirely relinquish it.



He returns to the University, on the cessation of the Plague, to resume other important studies. He had read Descartes' Optics before quitting Cambridge, and that had led him to make various experiments with a prism, and to suspect that Light was not a homogeneous body. His communications with Dr. Barrow, who was lecturer on Optics to the University, had convinced that eminent man that Newton was more fit than himself for the office; and, at the doctor's request, the young philosopher was now appointed lecturer, in his room. He began to illustrate, by experiments, the composition and decomposition of Light. The report of his discoveries, in this branch of science, soon drew the attention of the scientific world, and he was speedily elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. His first act of acknowledgement for the honour they conferred on him, was that of sending to them a telescope of his own construction—which was only six inches long, and yet the four moons of Jupiter could be seen with it. This precious relic is still possessed by the Royal Society: shewn, of course, now, only as a curiosity; for remarkable as its construction seemed then, modern telescopes, as improved by Dollond and others,—and eventually expanded into the gigantic space-gauging instruments of Herschell and Lord Rosse, have rendered it valuable *simply* as a curiosity. He afterwards presented the Society with the First Part of his treatise on Optics—a scientific work unsurpassed in pellucid demonstration, and only inferior in value to the grander work he was soon to produce.

It was now that the elevated mind of Newton began to experience disgust and mortification from the annoyances of a rival. That rival, Dr. Hooke, was himself a noble devotee of science; but, unlike Newton, he was deficient in persevering and patient application, and rather resembled the old Greeks in his disposition to affirm bold hypotheses upon an imperfect basis. Hooke stepped forth to claim Newton's optical discoveries for his own. He, he said, had already proved that Light was not a homogeneous body. But Dr. Halley, and other great men examined his claims; and the event was, that his theory was shewn to be essentially unlike Newton's,—inasmuch as instead of the many colours of Newton, he maintained that the primary colours of light were but two, red and violet, and that the other colours were but mixtures of these: in contradistinction, too, to Newton's doctrine, that Light was an emanation of small particles—Hooke maintained the 'theory of vibrations,' or the 'undulatory theory,' as it is also called. In our own times, the scientific world is divided on this latter point: part of it still maintaining, with Newton, that Light is material, consisting of infinitely small particles: the other part teaching that it consists in the undulations, or vibrations, of the ether of the Universe, transmitted to the eye. It is not for the purpose of maintaining one or the other to be right, that we are noticing the distinction; but simply to commemorate the fact that Hooke's theory was not Newton's. To defend himself, Newton had to partake in controversy. The task was so unwelcome to him, that he declared he regretted that he had published his views, and had thus 'parted with a blessing so substantial as quiet to run after a shadow.' He then published one more paper, and retired from the contest.

His deep wisdom is again evidenced by this act. Who does not know that the finer powers of the mind are worn away by disputes, and that the spirit of wrangling grows upon a man by practice? Had not Newton wisely determined to withdraw from wrangling, he might not only have lost his quiet for life, but have rendered his mind incapable of the grandest of his triumphs which he was next to achieve.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## Review.

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*Poems: by Frederick George Lee. (Houlston and Stoneman, Paternoster-row.)*

THIS is a small, but really choice volume of verse. It tells, for itself, that the author has studied his art, instead of depending solely on his genius. The following four stanzas are so excellent, both in spirit and style, that one can scarcely help envying Mr. Lee the authorship of them :

### “SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING!”

SPEAK gently to the erring—  
Ye know not all the pow'r  
With which the dark temptation came  
In some unguarded hour:  
Ye may not know how earnestly  
They struggled, or how well,  
Until the hour of weakness came,  
And sadly thus they fell!

Speak gently of the erring—  
Oh! do not thou forget,  
However darkly stain'd by sin,  
He is thy brother yet.  
Heir of the self-same heritage,  
Child of the self-same God,  
He hath but stumbled in the path  
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak kindly to the erring—  
For is it not enough  
That innocence and peace are gone,  
Without thy censure rough?  
It surely is a weary lot  
That sin-crushed heart to bear;  
And they who share a happier fate  
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring—  
Thou yet mayst lead him back,  
With holy words, and tones of love,  
From Mis'ry's thorny track:  
Forget not thou hast often sinn'd,  
And sinful yet must be;  
Deal kindly with the erring one,  
As God hath dealt with thee!”

## CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S ‘LEBEN JESU.’

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848—9, AND 1849—50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

*Author of ‘The Purgatory of Suicides.’*

### IV.—THE MIRACLES.

(Continued from last number.)

WHAT we termed the ‘mixed miracles,’ related in the Gospels, remain for investigation; namely, those relating to the Sea—Feeding the Multitude—Turning Water into Wine—Cursing the Barren Fig-Tree. It will, perhaps,



be possible, to make greater, and yet satisfactory, haste, with the discussion of these, than of the narratives already reviewed.

1. Miracles relating to the Sea. Peter's miraculous draught of fishes (Luke, 5 ch. iv.) first presents itself, and need not occupy us long. This narrative depicts Christ as endowed with supernatural knowledge, or supernatural power : knowledge like that attributed to the Deity, who knows, at all times, all the fish, in all seas, rivers, and lakes : or power to compel shoals of fish from the depths of the sea into some particular locality of the waters. Which kind of miracle this is understood to be, we may leave the orthodox to determine. Whoever receives the narrative as literally true can scarcely fail to regard it as a proof of Christ's divinity ; for he is described as possessing something beyond human consciousness. But is the attribution of such a miracle to him worthy of him *as* the Divinity ? Was it necessary for him to inspire his followers with the indescribable awe and fear they must have felt towards him, had they really witnessed such a miracle ? These are questions we can merely leave for reflection. The narrative of an interruption of the order of nature, here given, ceases to be historical in our view—not only because it involves the supernatural—but because its chronology is very diversely placed by John, who gives it at the close of his gospel, and as occurring after Christ's resurrection. Granting even that John's narrative relates to another event—though that to us is incredible, from its resemblance to this in Luke—the fact that this miracle is made, by Luke, the occasion of Peter's becoming Christ's disciple, and that it is *not* related by Matthew or Mark when they describe the calling of Peter, compels us to view it as legendary. The first two evangelists simply describe what there is no reason to doubt is an historical circumstance—Christ seeing Peter and Andrew, and calling them to forsake their nets and follow him, with the saying "I will make you fishers of men." The third Gospel embodies a new and legendary feature—the miraculous draught of fishes—and *then* makes Jesus address Peter saying "Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men."

The miraculous stilling of the storm which had arisen while Jesus slept is narrated by the first three Evangelists, (Matth., 8 ch. 23 v. Mark, 4 ch. 36 v. Luke, 8 ch. 22 v.) and is intended, according to their own words, to represent Jesus to us as him whom "the winds and the sea obey." Thus, to follow out the gradation in the miraculous which has been hitherto observed, it is presupposed, not merely that Jesus could act on the human mind and living body in a psychological and magnetic manner ; or with a revivifying power on the human organism when it was forsaken by vitality ; nay, not merely, as in the narrative of the draught of fishes, that he could act immediately with determinative power, on irrational yet animated existences, but that he could thus act even on inanimate nature. If possible, this is a still higher assertion of Christ's divinity. But is the narrative historical ? How then come the narrators to differ ? Mark, as is so often his case, knows exactly where Jesus slept—it was in the "hinder part of the ship," and "on a pillow !" Matthew and Luke have no such particular knowledge. The distressed disciples, according to Matthew, say "Lord, save us we perish ;" according to Mark, "Master, carest thou not that we perish ?" according to Luke, "Master, master, we perish." Lastly, according to Matthew, Jesus *first* reprehends his disciples, saying "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith ?" and *then* arises, rebukes the wind and the sea ; and when his companions witness the miraculous calm, they exclaim "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and sea obey him !" But according to Mark and Luke, Jesus rebukes the wind *first* ; and it is when the calm has taken place that he



reproves his disciples. Mark, it may just be noted, alone knows the words Christ uttered to the storm—"Peace, be still!" Scarcely a word of comment is necessary on such a narrative: it is not 'inspired truth'—because it is told differently. Its divergencies give it a legendary feature; and it was a mythical story that was almost sure to arise among a people whose old history told how Jehovah had 'rebuked the Red Sea,' and how Moses had been the instrument in that partition of the waters. Jesus, as the Messiah, must have fulfilled his types; but the legend must adapt itself to circumstances: a drying up of the sea would have been unnatural to the character of Jesus—while his frequent companionship with the fishermen on the lake rendered it easy to conceive that he had "rebuked" a storm, and that the winds and waves had obeyed him.

What curious questions might be asked when we turn to another narrative, where Jesus is described walking on the sea towards the ship in which his disciples are tossed, by night, and the storm as miraculously subsiding! It is omitted by Luke; but the three other Evangelists have it. (John 6 ch. 15 v. Matth. 14 ch. 22 v. Mark 6 ch. 45 v.) Was the body of Jesus exempt from the law of gravitation, since he does not sink, nor even dip into the water, but walks erect on the waves as on firm land? Was he an ethereal phantom? That was the doctrine of the old Docetæ; but it was deemed heretical. Had Jesus the power of exhibiting this property of his body, then,—whatever it might be,—when he was baptised, but refrained from using it? Did he thus increase or reduce his specific gravity by an act of his will? These are questions we do not expect to hear answered; but analysis will enable us to answer a primary question—Is this narrative historical or legendary?

Observe, first, the strange feature in Mark—that Jesus '*would have passed by them.*' This close kinsman of the 'Apocryphal' evangelists, would represent walking upon the sea, as so natural and customary with Jesus, that without any regard to the disciples, he pursued his way across it, unconcernedly: he '*would have passed by them!*' But Matthew has also his share of wonder. With him, though not with Mark or John, Peter also makes an experiment in walking on the sea, but not a successful one.

"This trait," says Strauss, "is rendered suspicious by its intrinsic character, as well by the silence of the two other narrators. Immediately on the word of Jesus, and in virtue of the faith which he has in the beginning, Peter actually succeeds in walking on the water for some time, and only when he is assailed by fear and doubt does he begin to sink. What are we to think of this? Admitting that Jesus, by means of his etherealized body, could walk on the water, how could he command Peter, who was not gifted with such a body, to do the same? or if by a mere word he could give the body of Peter a dispensation from the law of gravitation, can he have been a man? and if a God, would he thus lightly cause a suspension of natural laws at the caprice of a man? or lastly, are we to suppose that faith has the power instantaneously to lessen the specific gravity of the body of a believer? Faith is certainly said to have such a power in the figurative discourse of Jesus just referred to, according to which, the believer is able to remove mountains and trees into the sea,—and why not also himself to walk on the sea? The moral that as soon as faith falters, power ceases, could not be so aptly presented by either of the two former figures as by the latter, in the following form: as long as a man has faith he is able to walk unharmed on the unstable sea, but no sooner does he give way to doubt than he sinks, unless Christ extend to him a helping hand. The fundamental thought, then, of Matthew's episodical narrative is, that Peter was too confident in the firmness of his faith, that by its sudden failure he incurred great danger, but was rescued by Jesus; a thought which is actually expressed in Luke xxii. 31 f. where Jesus says to Simon: *Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not.* These words of Jesus have reference to Peter's coming denial: this was the occasion when his faith, on the strength of which he had just before offered to go with Jesus to prison and to death, would have wavered, had not the Lord by his in-



tercession procured him new strength. If we add to this the above-mentioned habit of the early Christians to represent the persecuting world under the image of a turbulent sea, we cannot fail, with one of the latest critics, to perceive in the description of Peter courageously volunteering to walk on the sea, soon, however, sinking from faintheartedness, but borne up by Jesus, an allegorical and mythical representation of that trial of faith which this disciple who imagined himself so strong, met so weakly, and which higher assistance alone enabled him to surmount."

(To be continued.)

NATIONAL EDUCATION.—I have ever observed it to have been the office of a wise patriot, among the greatest affairs of the state, to take care of the commonwealth of learning. For schools, they are the seminaries of state; and nothing is worthier the study of a statesman, than that part of the republic which we call the advancement of letters.—*Ben Jonson*.

CONTROVERSIAL DIVINES.—Some controverters in divinity are like swaggerers in a tavern, that catch that which stands next them, the candlestick, or pots; turn everything into a weapon: oftentimes they fight blindfold, and both beat the air. The one milks a he goat, the other holds under a sieve. Their arguments are as fluxive as liquor spilt upon a table, which with your finger you may drain as you will. Such controversies, or disputations (carried with more labour than profit) are odious; where most times the truth is lost in the midst, or left untouched, and the fruit of their fight is, that they spit one upon another, and are both defiled. These fencers in religion I like not.—*Ben Jonson*.

BEN JONSON'S OPINION OF SHAKSPERE.—I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand"—which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour: *for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any*.—He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandas erat*, as Augustus said to Haterius—his wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too—many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong," he replied, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause," and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues—there was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.—*Gifford's Edition of Jonson's Works, Vol. ix. page 175.*

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No. 16.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1850. [Price One Penny.

## 'FRIENDS OF ORDER' IN FRANCE—WHO ARE THEY ?

"The 'good old times'—all times when old are good—  
Are gone; the present might be if they would;  
Great things have been, and are, and greater still  
Want little of mere mortals but their will:  
A wider space, a greener field, is given  
To those who play their 'tricks before high Heaven.'  
I know not if the angels weep, but men  
Have wept enough—for what?—To weep again!

*Byron's Age of Bronze.*

COULD anything in the world make us sympathise with anarchy, and take delight in the horrors of civil war, it would be the present conduct of that party in France who call themselves *par excellence* 'the Friends of Order.'—These very respectable people are now striving, might and main, under the false pretence of preserving peace, to bring all law and liberty as they should exist in a Republican government into hatred and contempt. Like certain officious busy bodies at public meetings who are continually 'rising to order' and shouting for 'silence', they merely add to the noise, and sow the seeds of increased turmoil. It is just this party who lay the foundations of revolutions, and pave the way for scenes of violence and bloodshed. They march about with an olive-branch in one hand, and a two-edged sword in the other. They shade their faces with the one, while they brandish the other in the faces of their neighbours. Their idea of 'order' appears to consist entirely of the right to order everybody to obey them, and to enforce obedience in the event of resistance. Of such a delicate texture are their nerves that no one must talk above a whisper, but themselves. To argue with them is out of the question; they will not listen to argument. The bare mention of Reason throws them into a *delirium tremens*; and the sight of a newspaper, advocating the cause of labour and poverty against the monopoly of capital and bloated wealth, raises visions of guillotines and headless trunks. They have faith in nothing but cannon balls and bayonets, except when employed by their enemies, and then, of course, these are the instruments of impious rebellion. Without knowing, or giving themselves the trouble to find out what Socialism means, they assume that it is hostile to civilization and humanity, and by base misrepresentations, exaggerations, and petty persecution, by a venal press and a hireling policy, in short, by a *reign of terror*, these canting apostles of a tomb-begotten Conservatism seek to perpetuate class tyranny, and keep the Many in subjection to the Few. The expression of opinion unfavourable to their notions of 'order' and 'law' must be instantly crushed, and thus we read day after day of journals seized, editors fined and imprisoned,



books and periodicals prohibited, public assemblies dispersed for presuming to discuss political questions, 'trees of liberty' torn up and carried away by an armed soldiery, and such kind of irritating and unnecessary interference with the rights of thought, and the peculiarities of a somewhat fanciful people. We say, *unnecessary interference*, because we believe the liberty of the press—the *unlimited* liberty of political writing—and the fluttering of a few yards of ribbon on a tall poplar, are not incompatible with the peace and prosperity even of the city of Paris—nay, this galling persecution of democratic ideas is far more likely to lead to an outbreak of popular passion, bringing with it a vengeful destruction of life and property, than if the feelings of the people were suffered to evaporate in print and songs.

But the 'friends of order' say, if this latitude is permitted it will be abused. We reply, then punish the abuse; if the liberty of the press is employed to instigate this or that faction to rise in revolt against the government, punish the revolvers; but, on no account, wrong the sacred principle of liberty of thought. Had the French press never been shackled by restrictive laws, and subjected to a despotic censorship, but had been suffered to reflect the will of France, the revolutions which have occurred in that country would have had a different complexion. Where the mind is fettered, and the true sentiments of the heart stifled in their birth, where one form of opinion assumes the right to domineer over another form of opinion, where rank and riches are privileged, and lowly poverty enslaved, where gaudy idleness is worshipped, and dingy labour despised, where the people feel and know their rights and are prevented from asserting them in a manner consistent with tranquillity and unblended with the vindictive passions, society stands upon a mine of gunpowder which sooner or later must explode. And when the magazine of wrath does explode again in France, which we fear it will do ere long if these 'friends of order' pursue their insane repressive policy, terrific indeed will be the result, and the ultimate upshot it is impossible to predict.

But who are the 'friends of order' in the French Republic? Their grand principle is, they say, to respect 'the powers that be.' And first of all let us take the 'Legitimists' who talk mighty loud about loyalty and 'order.' Instead of respecting the sovereignty of the People, instead of respecting the Republic, and nobly coming forward to aid in realising the holy idea of 'liberty, equality, and fraternity,' we find them intriguing and caballing to bring the Republic into disrepute at home, and into contempt abroad. Not content to share power equally with their fellow citizens, they are grasping at a monopoly. If the solecism is allowable, they are paying honour, not to the powers that *be*, but to powers that *are not*. But to seat Henri V. on the throne, a revolution, a bloody revolution, great *disorder* must necessarily occur; this they are aware of, and yet have the impudence to style themselves 'friends of order'! Away with such hypocrisy! Of the same kidney are the Bonapartists, and the Orleanists. They hate the Republic, and sigh for a dynasty—a king—an emperor, or some such incarnation of egotism. Even the moderate republican party is not wholly free from censure. They are too much led by their fears. They lend themselves to their enemies to hunt down socialism by physical force, probably because they are unable to combat its doctrines by force of argument. And the consequence will be another street campaign and barricade fighting.

That the growing intelligence of the French people can ever subsist

under any other than the republican form of government, we do not believe. We hope the 'friends of order' may not reap the whirlwind they are sowing. If they succeed in destroying the Republic for a time, it will rise again like a giant refreshed, and perhaps witness the final annihilation of all the dynasty factions which now disturb its repose. If they desire to promote and establish a sound and healthy 'order,' let them adhere religiously to the broad principles of Republicanism—the principles of truth, justice, and freedom.

FRANK GRANT.

## WHAT THE POOR THINK IN FRANCE.

A FRIEND has kindly furnished me with the following 'Letter from a French Peasant'—for publishing which, the editor of the *Republicain du Centre* has been condemned to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 2,000 francs (about £83). It is translated as literally as the language will permit; and will better enable English working men to enter into the real thoughts and feelings of the French agricultural poor, than twenty pompous 'leading-articles' in the newspapers.—T. C.

I am a husbandman, and very badly off, as I shall show you. As I don't know how to write, I dictate this letter to the schoolmaster of our village, and beg you to publish it, so that when they read your paper, any good people who are interested about us may know how we get on.

Ah! if men would only explain themselves and agree together, instead of each doing just what comes in his head, it seems to me that, with good-will for one another and both sides doing their part, people would be a good deal happier in the world. It is my opinion that there are very few rascals and devils incarnate who torment their neighbour only for the pleasure of seeing him pained: it is fear and ambition that spoil all, and people the world with foolish wicked people—wicked beasts,—there!

The worst of it is that our master looks cross at me ever since the revolution, and that I don't get a good word from him because I love the Republic. "You have'nt gained anything by the Republic, have you?"—"That's true enough, I have'nt gained anything."—"On the contrary, there are more taxes, the 45 centimes, and others too that I shall see that you pay."—"True, you'll make me pay them, and though the money doesn't pass from my hands into the tax-gatherer's, you take it out of my pocket all the same."—"Well, don't split my head with your cursed song—

The peasant's real republic,  
When will it come?

If I catch you at it again, I'll turn you off."

That's the way he reasons to disgust me with the Republic. And he's strong. I have my reasons, too; but I keep them to myself—what am I to say? The Republic has done us no good, but I love it all the same. It is perhaps because it may do good to our children, and some day when the good comes, our boys will be better taught and our girls bonnier, and they will all know how to read, and write, and speak, as well as our masters, and the schoolmaster, who puts this country speech into good French, and if one is not so easy now as before February, one is much more proud.

In short, I love the Republic because I love it. I have voted, I do vote, and I will vote for it. One is not master of his heart. This is what brings me into trouble. They are going to turn me away. They have threatened me already. My God, what will become of me? For ten leagues round not another farm will hire me. Farewell, then, to the chestnut orchard that I planted, where I know all the trees like old friends!—the fields where I have worked for twenty years! Am I then a good-for-nothing fellow, that I am to be forced to leave the country? And where to go to? Perhaps beyond the seas; and so be obliged to leave our eldest girl, who is married in the village: it would be the death of my poor wife, I am sure.

Just hear what our mistress, when she saw her crying, said to her to comfort her! That we had not any right to be here at all; that we must go away and separate without crying out so much; that it was our lot; that unless we had property we have no country or



family. No country ! No love of home ! Why then do our conscripts, farm labourers, like us, however far they send them, take the home-sickness and die, and never any of the officers who go from the great houses ? No family ! Are we beasts then ? Then let them take our girls to market, and sell our little ones like calves and sheep to the butcher. No family !—Hold ! when I hear that, the blood comes into my face, my ears tingle, and—Hold ! I was going to say a very foolish thing, enough to get me thrown into prison. But its gone now.

Only if you hear speak of that good Cabet, who wants the land to be for everybody, give me, please, some news of him. The other farm-labourers think as above like me. To our minds, if our master would hear reason, it would be better for him and us too ; but he takes everything his own way, without caring even to tell us why or how. And because in writing the agreement, he put in his devilish paper just what suited him and the very opposite of what he had said, one's to take his word ! If one goes to complain to the magistrate, the old fox who dines and drinks with the master, always makes us wrong. We are like the fools in the play. And then that weighs on one's heart, and one gets food as one can, sometimes milk and butter, and sometimes eggs, or cuts wood where one has no business. It's trick against trick and nobody's the gainer.

The young folks in the village who have been over France, say that they have never seen any people so wretched as we are, though they know very well that there's no country in the world that's worth so much as this. How do they do then ? To believe these folks, the labourers down there live in real good houses, with shutters and windows, and their pigs too will be having a sty where they carry their victuals to them, as they do here to our master's horse. It's well to be young pigs in those countries. But ours are brought up in our room, and don't soon forget the way out of it ; and there's no great harm thought of it if they make a trough of the table ; they get served the quicker, and nobody for that, big or little, looks black at the broth. But our pigs may behave as they're brought up : it is not that that annoys me.

One word more. I hear tell by a cousin of mine, who's a journeyman-potter, that at Limoges things are done different. When they fall out with their employers, they have their own judges, what they call a council of *prud'hommes*. If it was to come of the Republic's goodness to do as much for us, to bring our masters a little to reason, we should like it all the better. There are some of our labourers who think that they won't refuse it ; they are going to make a petition to our representatives that we too may have judges for our own side, a country council of *prud'hommes*. What do you think of it ?

LEONARD, husbandman at Bessines.

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### THE QUARTERLY, M. GUIZOT, AND DEMOCRACY.

EVERY three months there issues from Albemarle-street, a thick periodical in a drab-coloured cover, the fulminating oracle of the high Church and Tory party. In hatred to all political reforms, and to anything savouring of a popular movement, in love for social follies and corruptions, provided these be sanctified by the venerable hand of antiquity, the *Quarterly Review* stands unrivalled. It is not, however, to be cast aside on this account. There is much to be learnt from its pages,—for we may often gather more valuable auguries from the fears of our enemies than from the brightest hopes of our friends. This is just the case in an article in the *March* number of the *Quarterly*, devoted to a consideration of several publications relating to the French Revolution of 1848. One of the works selected for review is M. Guizot's enquiry, 'Why has the English Revolution succeeded?' And the writer, in the course of his criticism, alludes to 'past aristocracy, and points out the tendency of the present age to democratic government, in the following not uninteresting terms :—

"If we were to consider M. Guizot's work abstractedly, and as a mere historical essay, we should have to suggest some doubts and to make some reserves in our general concurrence with his statements and opinions : for instance, we must have insisted on a most important consideration, which, (strangely enough), M. Guizot does not allude to, which is, that about the time when our Revolution gave such permanent weight to the principle of popular representation, there began almost simultaneously that countervailing system by

which the House of Commons itself was made indirectly sensible of the influence of the aristocracy and the Crown; and Gatton, Old Sarum, and their fellows, helped to maintain the practical balance of the constitution against what would otherwise have become a single absorbing and irresistible power. The Reform Bill deranged, and in a great measure destroyed, that moderating influence, which, however was and is so vitally necessary to the co-ordination of monarchy with popular representation, that the monarchy is now existing only on its remnants; and we must, therefore, confess, that *we by no means take the flattering view which M. Guizot does of the stability of our constitutional system.* Gratefully acknowledging that the Revolution of 1688 was followed by upwards of a century and a half of 'unprecedented order, freedom, and prosperity, *we have the strongest apprehensions that the democratic tendencies of all our recent measures are preparing a certain—not slow, and yet we hope not violent—passage to a different state of things.* We fear that M. Guizot may be the last that will have to congratulate us on the wise stability of our political and religious institutions."

Now, all this, put into straightforward English, is tantamount to saying that Queen Victoria sits on a very unsteady throne; that the advancing waters of democracy will shortly wash away entirely, and carry off, in one mighty deluge, Church, Bishops, and Peers; that Universal Suffrage will be established, and the British Empire ultimately become a Republic. Dreadful thought! What a heart-quake must disturb the equanimity of the King-and-Queen-loving public on reading such a prediction! And have they no reason to tremble? If they are patriotic, is not their perturbation natural? England without a monarch to parade the streets in a gingerbread coach once in three or four years! England without a House of Peers to stop the way of popular and beneficial measures! England without Dukes and Lords to pet and pension! England without a State Church to bicker about baptism? England with no aristocracy but that of intellect and moral worth! 'Merrie' England with a cheap President instead of an expensive Sovereign! 'Merrie' England a free and equal Commonwealth instead of a flunkey-ridden kingdom! No, no; the notion is too horrible ever to be realised—the British Lion won't stand *that*—the flag that has braved so many breezes won't be blown away by the breath of democracy; and so let us retrace our legislative steps—let us countermarch in double quick time back to those blessed days of rotten boroughs, civil disabilities, Test and Corporation Acts, religious persecution, commercial monopoly, landlord supremacy, corn laws, wars abroad, and class strife at home. Yes, let us "tak' our *auld* cloak about us," or mayhap we shall be obliged to wear a 'bran' new suit. F. G.

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**CURIOSITY IN KNOWLEDGE.**—Nothing wraps a man in such a mist of errors, as his curiosity in searching into things which are beyond him. How happily do they live, who know nothing but what is necessary! Our knowledge does but show our ignorance. Our most studious researches, are but a discovery of what we cannot know. We see the effect, but we cannot guess at the cause. Learning is like a river, whose head being far in the land, is at its first rise, small and easily viewed: but still as you proceed, it gapes with a wider bank; not without pleasant and delightful windings, while it is on both sides, set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers; but still, the farther you follow it, the deeper and broader it is; till at last it empties itself into the unfathomable ocean; there you see more water, but no shore, no end of that fluid expanse.—*Owen Felltham.*

**THE SEPTENNIAL ACT.**—Dr. Johnson, one of the most furious of Tories, in his life of Addison, alluding to the royal prerogative of creating peers to make a majority says, "it was an act of authority violent enough yet certainly legal, and by no means to be compared with THAT CONTEMPT OF NATIONAL RIGHT with which, some time afterwards, by the instigation of Whiggism, the Commons, chosen by the people for three years, CHOSE THEMSELVES FOR SEVEN!"



## THE LOWLANDS SWEET.

With ceaseless toil the heart grows dull—  
 Let us go forth, my beautiful;  
 Rich flow'rs now rise  
 Our steps to greet;  
 And sadness flies  
 The Lowlands sweet.

Hate and discord haunt each street,  
 Music and love the Lowlands sweet.

The silver cloud it sleeps on high;  
 The skylark singeth its lullaby;  
 And the cloud asleep,  
 And the lark's spread wings,  
 Are mirrored deep  
 In the Lowland springs.

Fays, and countless beautiful things,  
 Live and love by the Lowland springs.

The Lowland streamlet sparkles clear;  
 The cuckoo calleth: come, my dear!—  
 Young lambkins white,  
 Responsive bleat;  
 And hearts grow light  
 In the Lowlands sweet.  
 The pure may hear the dulcet beat  
 Of angel steps, in the Lowlands sweet!

What joy—thus, while the lark is loud,  
 And fairies drop from the silver cloud,  
 And zephyrs wave  
 Their taintless wings,  
 And naiads lave  
 In the lilled springs—

To make some thymy bank our seat,  
 And talk of love in the Lowlands sweet!  
 Leicester. WILLIAM JONES.

JUSTICE.—There is a sentiment in the human mind that regulates benevolence in its application as a principle of action. This is the sense of justice. Justice, as well as benevolence, is an elementary law of human nature. It is through this principle that men are impelled to distribute any means of pleasure which benevolence may suggest the communication of to others, in equal portions among an equal number of applicants. If ten men are shipwrecked on a desert island, they distribute whatever subsistence may remain to them, into equal portions among themselves. If six of them conspire to deprive the remaining four of their share, this conduct is termed unjust.—*Shelley.*

## To Correspondents.

\* \* Correspondents will please address "Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London."

O. P.—No: I have not had a line from Mr. Scoble since his first and only letter to me, dated '23 February.' I can but conclude that he has 'thought better of it,' and will not, now, sustain his own challenge.

S. H. Leicester; 'Lancelot'; 'Youth of Sixteen.' Their poetry is most respectfully declined.

'Veritas,' Sheffield.—Many Country Agents, besides himself, complain that they are not furnished with Posters. This is neither my fault, nor the fault of Mr. Watson, my publisher. The London Agents are duly furnished with Posters; and I have only to request that every Country Agent who does not receive them will send me his name and the name of the party in Town from whom he receives his parcel, and I will immediately remonstrate, respectfully, concerning this neglect—which is injurious, alike to the Country Agents and myself.

THOMAS PARKER. He must excuse my dullness; but I really cannot understand, from the minglement of so many questions—which question it is he wishes me to answer.

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Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

SUNDAY, April 21, at 7, Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square. "Washington, and the Independence of America"—Thomas Cooper. At 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square), City Road. "Property, Family, and Order; according to the Correspondent of the *Times*"—Walter Cooper. At 7, Institution, Golden Lane, Barbican. "The Poetry of Freedom and Progress"—Gerald Massey. At 7, Farringdon Hall, King's Arms' Yard, bottom of Snow Hill. Question "How is the Organisation of Labour to be put in practice?"

MONDAY, April 22, at half-past 8, Finsbury Mechanics' Institute, Bell Yard, City Road. "The Punishment of Death"—E. Harding. At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenæum, 23, Henry Street. "Phonography"—J. Russell. At quarter past 8, Literary Institution, Carlisle Street, Edgeware Road, "Utility of Heraldry"—W. Partridge.

THINKINGS, FROM DR. PARR.

REFORM.—He that looks back to the history of mankind, will often see that in politics, jurisprudence, religion, and all the great concerns of society, reform has usually been the work of reason slowly awakening from the lethargy of ignorance, gradually acquiring confidence in her own strength, and ultimately triumphing over the dominion of prejudice and custom.

INCONSISTENCY.—How frail and inconsistent is man ; How differently does he think and act even from himself, in different circumstances ! How strangely does the same passion of pride seek for gratification from contrary causes, from pursuing ideal good, and from giving up that which is attainable and real. One moment he strains at a gnat, and applauds himself for sagacity—in the next he does not suspect himself of credulity when he swallows a camel.

MAN.—The ways of Providence are unsearchable ; and among all the anomalies which baffle conjecture and afflict sensibility in the moral world, the follies, the fickleness, and the passions of man, are the most inexplicable and the most deplorable. He is a tyrant in defence of liberty : he is a plunderer for the support of law : he is an oppressor for the honour of government : he is a savage in the very bosom of society : he becomes the unrelenting persecutor of his species, for the imaginary glory of his God.

REVOLUTIONS.—Great revolutions have usually been achieved by men of great abilities ; but their success in turbulent periods is to be imputed to previous circumstances, and those circumstances gradually arise from the want of wisdom in persons who have directed the affairs of government in seasons of apparent tranquillity.

OF LYING.—Lying supplies those who are addicted to it with a plausible apology for every crime, and with a supposed shelter from every punishment. It tempts them to rush into danger from the mere expectation of impunity, and, when practised with frequent success, it teaches them to confound the gradations of guilt, from the effect of which there is in their imaginations at least one sure and common protection. It corrupts the early simplicity of youth ; it blasts the fairest blossoms of genius ; and will most assuredly counteract every effort by which we may hope to improve the talents, and mature the virtues of those whom it infects.

Cause?
AVERSION TO OFFENCES.—From original temperament, from early education, from experience of personal inconvenience, and from various other causes scarcely known to ourselves, we all of us feel a stronger aversion to some offences than to others. One man is alarmed at public robbery, another takes fright at private stealing, a third startles at heresy as bordering upon infidelity, a fourth kindles at republicanism as teeming with treason ; and each, if it were in his power, would wreck the utmost of his vengeance upon the offender. But can it be right that the life, or the liberty, or the fortune of any human being—should be dependent upon the greater or less degree of these moral idiosyncracies ?

EFFECTS OF A NEGLECTED OR IMPROPER EDUCATION.—Where education has been entirely neglected or improperly managed, we see the worst passions ruling with uncontrolled and incessant sway. Good sense degenerates into craft, and anger rankles into malignity. Restraint, which is thought most salutary, comes too late, and the most judicious admonitions are urged in vain.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—He that can look with rapture upon the agonies of an unoffending and unresisting animal, will soon learn to view the sufferings of a fellow-creature with indifference ; and in time he will acquire the power of viewing them with triumph, if that fellow-creature should become the victim of his resentment, be it just or unjust. But the minds of children are open to impressions of every sort ; and indeed wonderful is the facility with which a judicious instructor may habituate them to tender emotions. I have therefore always considered mercy to beings of an inferior species as of a nature which children are very capable of learning, but which is most difficult to be taught if the heart has been once familiarized to spectacles of distress, and has been permitted either to behold the pangs of any living creature with cold insensibility, or to inflict them with wanton barbarity.

MARTIAL GLORY.

He comes from the wars well trophied with scars,
 From the swords of the vanquished and slain,
 The foremost he stood, amidst havoc and blood,
 Till thousands lay dead on the plain.

In a far distant land he has fought hand to hand,
 With a dauntless and brave-hearted foe;
 Who swore by heaven's shield, never, never to yield,
 Till each daring intruder lay low.

Why left he his home with marauders to roam,
 Where the Ganges and Nile proudly flow?
 'Twas his to stand forth when the land of his birth
 Was menaced by some foreign foe!

The glitter of arms, with *dear* victory's charms,
 Allured him in youth to depart,
 Where the death-aiming steel, and the war-horse's heel,
 Crushed the ardour and hopes of his heart.

The war-trump's deep bray it was his to obey,—
 Regardless of Justice or Right;
 Great India's wealth must be pillaged by stealth,
 Or seized by the blood-hounds of Might.

The bells may ring out, and wrapt myriads may shout,
 For the *glorious victory's* won;
 But they feel not the dart piercing many a heart,
 Nor see what the slaughter has done.

Ye chiefs of renown, whose fierce, merciless frown,
 Holds far nobler hearts at command,
 Lay down your cursed swords, dispute but with words,
 For war is the bane of the land.

Uphold it who will, it is anarchy still,—
 Revolting to Freedom and Love;
 'Twas concocted in hell, where the tyrant-fiends dwell
 Who menaced heaven's portals above.

He goes to the hearth, the dear place of his birth,—
 No parents, no kindred, are there;
 On the dread field of strife sleeps his fond, faithful wife,
 See!—he gazes and weeps in despair!

He sinks on the floor, where he gambolled before,
 The tear-drop is dashed from his eyes;
 He uncovers his head, breathes a prayer for the dead,
 And *unhonoured*, but peacefully—dies.

Sheffield, April 1st, 1850.

J. W. KING.

SONG.

No jewelled beauty is my love,
 Yet in the heaven of her face,
 There's such a winning tenderness
 She needs no other gift or grace:
 Her smiles and words around my heart,
 In blessed light and music twine,
 And dear, oh, very dear to me—
 Is this sweet love of mine!

'Tis sweet to know there's one fond heart
 That ever beateth true to me;
 It sets mine leaping like a lyre
 When sweetest strings make melody:

My soul upsprings a Deity—
 Heaven-crowned to hear her voice divine,
 And dear, oh, very dear to me—
 Is this sweet love of mine!

If ever I have sighed for wealth,
 'Twas all for her dear sake, I trow,
 And, if I win fame's blushing wreath,
 I'll twine it on her bonny brow!
 There may be forms more beautiful,
 And eyes of love with sunnier shine,
 But none, oh none, so dear to me,
 As this sweet love of mine!

GERALD MASSEY.

THE LIFE AND GENIUS OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

AN ORATION, DELIVERED AT THE CITY OF LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, GOULD SQUARE; AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS IN THE METROPOLIS.

BY THOMAS COOPER.

(*Concluded from last number.*)

IN June, 1682, while Newton was at a meeting of the Royal Society, the conversation turned upon the new measurement of a terrestrial degree by Picard, under the orders of the French Government. He keenly noted down what was said, hastened home, and began immediately to compute afresh from his calculations in 1665, and with the new data. The further he advanced, the more clearly he saw that the great discovery respecting gravitation which he had before attempted, was now about to be fully established. He became so nervous and excited, with the thought of what was opening before him, that he had, at length, to beg of one of his mathematical friends to work the numbers for him. That operation, if one may compare great things with small, was merely like giving a boy, who well understands the four first rules in arithmetic, certain figures, and desiring him to work the sum. The operation was completed, and the splendid fact was clear—that the force of gravity at the earth's surface (which is diminished proportionally to the square of the distance from the earth's centre) is *very nearly* equal to the centrifugal force in the moon. The small difference, he knew, could be accounted for by the sun's gravity, though the difference of one-sixth (according to his former computation) could not.

The all-prevading law of the Universe was now open to him—that all parts of matter gravitate towards each other, with a force proportional to their masses, and reciprocally proportional to the squares of their mutual distances; that this force retains all planets and comets and satellites in their respective orbits; that it determines the nature of their orbits, the forms of their masses, their speed of rotation on their axes, their periods of revolution round their centres, the oscillations in the fluids that cover their surfaces (such as the tides of our ocean)—and, in brief, all the great phenomena connected with them. Fully understand what is meant! If you have hitherto never crossed the threshold in the science of Astronomy, and have merely looked on what is called the 'Newtonian System' as an imposing conjecture and guess—be undeceived! It is strict fact—strict calculation: not to be overthrown by a bolder guess, or more plausible theory: not to be discredited because Sir Richard Phillips sneered at it. Sir Richard Phillips did not believe his own book: he only wrote it to put money in his pocket. Be fully aware that the great discovery of Newton depends on the most laborious calculation, and that it leaves none of the leading phenomena of the astral bodies unaccounted for. Gravitation! it is the cause why our earth revolves round the sun in 365 days, and so many minutes and seconds, the cause why her form is that of an oblate spheroid, or resembling an orange,—and the same force also determines the periods of the revolutions of the other planets, and their various forms. Gravitation! it is the cause why a pebble falls to the earth when you have thrown it into the air, and the cause why our earth continues to roll in her orbit, unswerving from her course, and at the mean distance of so many millions of miles from the sun. Gravitation! it is the cause of phenomena far more difficult to describe or comprehend—the precession of the equinoxes, which will involve the most complete changes of seasons for the earth's inhabitants in the process of ages—and the courses, and destructive or renewing agencies of comets, those

amazing and eccentric travellers through the immeasurable extent of space.

What wonder that a frail human being should become 'nervous and excited' when the truth of his discovery burst upon him? Never was it the destiny of one man to make so grand a discovery; never again, perhaps, will it be the destiny of any man to produce the key to such incomparable wonders. Newton stands at the head of all intellect in this point of view; and his work, for two entire years, was now to complete that book which is at the head of all the productions of intellect, considered, simply, for its demand on the reasoning faculty alone—the immortal *Principia*. Does some young and eager enquirer ask "Where can I obtain it, that I may read it?" Softly, my good lad: the question should have been "How shall I be able to read it, if I can get hold of it?" The answer is—by a laborious preparation: a solid acquaintance with geometry and algebra, with trigonometry and conic sections and the fluxional calculus. Do not think that a *perfect* knowledge of the laws of the Universe is to be gained with the same ease as you learn the plot of a novel. It is affirmed that there were not half-a-dozen men in England who could read the *Principia* when it was first published. But the mathematicians were fired with zeal to comprehend its immense truths; and now hundreds in our own country, and in Europe, can read it: the impulse it gave to mathematical studies was not among the least valuable of its effects on men's knowledge.

One cannot wonder at the strange anecdotes related of the behaviour of Newton during these two years. He lived only to think and calculate. The book must be completed. He must prove—so that none could overthrow it—the system he had discovered. You will remember the stories of his abstraction of mind—which was so notable, and—like all other prevalent habits of great men—soon found so many absurd imitators among those who wished to be *thought* wise—that Dean Swift satirized it in his picture of the profound thinkers of Laputa, who need to be flapped on the mouth and ears, before they could be aroused to attend to the ordinary concerns of mortals. Some of these stories may be true, and some may be only Joe-Millers. Such as that wherein the philosopher, lost in the stars while sitting by his English fire-side, and becoming extremely uncomfortable, rings the bell and says hastily 'John, John, take away the fire-place!' And again, that history of the visit by Dr. Stukeley, the antiquarian, who being hungry, picked the bones of a fowl and put them under a cover, and then waited till Newton came down stairs, and took off the cover, saying, 'Oh dear, I thought I had not dined; but I see I have!'—Entering immediately into conversation with his friend,—too intent on science to be subject to the cravings of nature, except as a form! I will not make oath that either of these anecdotes are true—though it is related, if I remember it aright, that good honest Stukeley declared that *his* adventure was a 'fact!' More strange and notable than either of these stories, however, if true—is that of Newton and a certain fair lady. There was one, it seems, who had tender thoughts towards him; but, alas for the lady, they were not reciprocated in the breast of the philosopher! He never thought about the sex; he could not get time to think about them—inveterate bachelor as he was to the day of his death? And sitting in his night-gown in his chamber—some say, often with but one leg in his inexpressibles!—even till afternoon—calculating, unable to resist the sudden mathematical thought that would dart through his mind as soon as he awoke—who would not pity the fair one that might have happened to become his wife? Yet this lady had some such

thoughts, until, one day, being left alone with him while he was smoking his pipe—so runs the record!—Newton became abstracted : forgot all about the lady : shot up among the comets : the lady sighed, and—mechanically, let fall her lily hand on the philosopher's knee! Behold, the philosopher took it up---and---still among the comets, in spirit---mechanically made use of the lady's little finger as a tobacco-stopper! Such strange stories *may* be true of the strange author of the *Principia*; and if not true, it is no wonder they were invented of such a man.

How the anecdotes gathered around the life even of the most serious intellects enable us to 'mingle the grave and the gay'---for our relief, while talking about them! To proceed : with the reign of James the Second, and his tyrannous attempts, Newton is presented to us in a new character. The despot willed to force one Francis, a Benedictine Monk, upon the University of Cambridge, and insisted that he should be made a Master of Arts without taking the oath against Popery. The man was an ill scholar, and the students would not obey the king ; but sent a delegation to protest against the king's injunction, before the High Commission Court. Newton was selected as a delegate : the infamous Jeffreys presided over that infamous Court ; but all his brow-beating could not subdue the spirits of Newton and his fellow-delegates. They triumphed over both the fierce judge and his tyrannous master.

His own University again showed the value they placed upon Newton by electing him as their representative, next year, to the Parliament (or 'Convention' as it is sometimes called) which declared that James had abdicated the throne, and elected William and Mary sovereigns. Our greatest man of thought was thus a participator in the patriotic work of finally dethroning the tyrannous Stuarts, and bringing about the famous 'Revolution of 1688.'

I must hasten on with the chronicle—trusting that you young men will now feel an unsubduable interest in your glorious fellow-countryman, and will complete the outline by reading, for yourselves. He becomes Warden of the Mint, and afterwards Master of the Mint, with £1,500 a-year ; and has now increased means for pursuing science, and gratifying his tendencies to hospitality and beneficence. But we speedily come upon a circumstance in his life which impresses us with a sense of irreparable loss. He has a laboratory, and has taken to chemistry, with all the eagerness and almost intuitive power of his wondrous mind ; but his little dog 'Diamond' being, accidentally, left in the laboratory, upsets a taper on the desk, and Newton's precious manuscripts are consumed! You know the anecdote of his command of temper—"Oh, Diamond, Diamond, little knowest thou the mischief thou hast done!" he exclaimed ; but the sense of what was lost, and of his incapability to restore it by mere memory, is said to have afflicted him even to derangement, for several days succeeding. When we remember that the great Newton affirmed that water would, one day, be decomposed, and both it and the diamond be proved to be composed of matter that is inflammable—astonishing truths realised by modern chemistry—we may be sure that those manuscripts contained thoughts and records of experiments which he felt to be of incalculable value ; and we cannot wonder that he was so deeply afflicted with the consciousness that he could not bless the world with further scientific revelations. How godlike his wish! how human the effect of its disappointment, upon himself! how the combination of his attributes alternately overawes us and endears him to us!

He is made President of the Royal Society, in 1703, and retains the office till his death—25 years afterwards. He is knighted by Queen Anne. His

'optics' are translated from the Latin (in which language he also wrote his *principia*), by Dr. Samuel Clarke, to whom he gives £500 for the labour—an act of munificence the translator would not have received, very likely, from a bookseller. He has a controversy with Leibnitz about their priority in the discovery of the Calculus—which controversy modern mathematicians have settled by observing that they reached it by different methods. Leibnitz, it is unwelcome to state, acted unworthily of his own great name, in endeavouring to traduce Newton to the Princess Caroline, (daughter-in-law of George 1st., and, afterwards, wife of George 2nd.) who was a highly intellectual woman, and had a fond reverence for Newton—by insinuating that the philosophy of her favourite was Atheistical in its teachings. And yet no great man ever showed so deep a reverence for Deity. He used to uncover his head, even in the open air, whenever he mentioned the Great Name! We cannot wonder at this. Newton's idea of a Personal Deity must have been overwhelming from the magnificence of his conceptions of the Universe as the work of the Almighty Maker. Nor can we wonder at the religious turn of his studies towards the close of life. Yet the French philosophers have scoffed at his 'Observations on the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse.' If *we* think his great mind might have been better employed—let us remember of whose mind we are speaking, and comparing its colossal dimensions with our own dwarfishness, hesitate to speak of any of its employments slightly! At any rate, the orthodox believer in contradictions cannot claim Newton for one of his own creed: he was *not* a Trinitarian, and, in these his latter years, boldly served the cause of rationality, misnamed 'heresy,' by his 'Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of the Scriptures'—two texts in the Epistles of John and Paul, usually quoted as strongholds of the doctrine of the Trinity.

At 80, he was seized with a tormenting bladder disorder, but by strict diet (which he had never had occasion to observe before) procured great intervals of ease. Yet, often, the sweat would pour from his face with pain, and he would sit silently struggling with it; then smile when the paroxysms were over, and talk cheerfully. He never used spectacles, and never lost but one tooth, after boyhood—such was the beneficial effect of his life of perfect chastity and temperance. On the Saturday morning before his death, he read the newspapers, and conversed with Dr. Mead, in perfect use of his senses; but, in the evening, lost his speech and understanding, and did not recover them. He died on the following Monday, March 20, 1727—in his 85th year. He was laid in state, in the 'Jerusalem chamber' of the palace of Westminster till the 28th of March; and the pall over his coffin, was borne to Westminster Abbey, by the Lord Chancellor, two Dukes, and three Earls. So the world's forged nobility often feel compelled to do homage to the real! Who could have prophesied this of that frail babe of the farmer's widow, which, at its birth 'could have been put into a quart pot'?

Young men of London, pay a visit to that venerable abbey, and read the inscription on his tomb—'Let mortals congratulate themselves that so great an ornament of the human race has existed!'—read it, and congratulate yourselves that you are of the national lineage of Newton, and that you all may imitate him in his lowly homage to Truth, and his devotion to the best interests of mankind—the increase of Knowledge. Remember, too, while you read it, how he toiled and thought, laboured and calculated—and be ashamed to be mere idlers! Treasure up, more than all, the divine example of his pure attachment to truth in conduct, as well as in science. Carry ever about with you the impression of his lofty humility. Do not be surprised at the union of

two such words—for it was Newton who replied, when praised for his great discoveries—"I seem to myself to have been but like a child on the sea-shore, gathering a few pretty pebbles, while the great ocean of Truth lay before me, unexplored!" It was only a mind like Newton's that could say so much in sincerity. And what encouragement that saying ought to give us! Who knows what grand discovery in the great unexplored ocean, it may be the destiny of some of you, present at this moment, to unfold to your fellow-men. Read, think, and toil—until you also become glorious enterprisers for Humanity. Live for that glorious end, that, dying, you may have Newton's consciousness—that you have not lived in vain—not lived to be forgotten because you promoted no great Truth, or rendered the world in which you lived no lasting service!

CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848—9, AND 1849—50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'

IV.—THE MIRACLES.

(Continued from last number.)

John, or the author of the fourth Gospel, has also his peculiarly marvellous features, in this narrative. According to Matthew and Mark, the ship was only in the middle of the sea when Jesus reached it: according to John, it immediately after arrived at the opposite shore! According to the former, Jesus actually entered the ship, and the storm thereupon subsided: according to John, on the contrary, the disciples did indeed wish to take Jesus into the ship, but their actually doing so was rendered superfluous by their immediate arrival at the place of disembarkation! Mark sought to aggrandise the miracle, by implying that Jesus intended to walk past his disciples across the entire sea: John by making the ship miraculously arrive, from 'the midst of the sea' to the opposite shore! But, furthermore,—Matthew and Mark make the disciples the only witnesses that Jesus was walking on the sea: John adds a multitude—the people who were assembled when Jesus performed the miracle of the loaves and fishes. These, when on the following morning they no longer find Jesus on the same spot, make the calculation, that Jesus cannot have crossed the sea by ship, for he did not get into the same boat with the disciples, and no other boat was there (ver. 22.); while, that he did not go by land, is involved in the circumstance that the people when they have forthwith crossed the sea, find him on the opposite shore (ver. 25), whither he could hardly have arrived by land in the short interval. To conclude in the words of Strauss,

Thus in the narrative of the fourth gospel, as all natural means of passage are cut off from Jesus, there remains for him only a supernatural one, and this consequence is in fact inferred by the multitude in the astonished question which they put to Jesus, when they find him on the opposite shore: *Rabbi, when camest thou hither?* As this chain of evidence for the miraculous passage of Jesus depends on the rapid transportation of the multitude, the evangelist hastens to procure *other boats* (ἄλλα πλοῖα) for their service (v. 23). Now the multitude who take the ship (v. 22, 26) are described as the same

whom Jesus had miraculously fed, and these amounted (according to v. 10) to about 5000. If only a fifth, nay, a tenth of these passed over, there needed for this, as the author of the *Probabilia* has justly observed, a whole fleet of ships, especially if they were fishing boats; but even if we suppose them vessels of freight, these would not all have been bound for Capernaum, or have changed their destination for the sake of the crowd. This passage of the multitude, therefore, appears only to have been invented, on the one hand, to confirm by their evidence the walking of Jesus on the sea; on the other, as we shall presently see, to gain an opportunity for making Jesus, who according to the tradition had gone over to the opposite shore immediately after the multiplication of the loaves, speak yet further with the multitude on the subject of this miracle.

After pruning away these offshoots of the miraculous which are peculiar to the respective narratives, the main stem is still left, namely, the miracle of Jesus walking on the sea for a considerable distance, with all its attendant impossibilities as above exposed. But the solution of these accessory particulars, as it led us to discover the causes of their unhistorical origin, has facilitated the discovery of such causes for the main narrative, and has thereby rendered possible the solution of this also. We have seen, by examples already adduced, that it was usual with the heathens and early Christians, to represent the power of God over nature, a power which the human spirit when united to him was supposed to share, under the image of supremacy over the raging waves of the sea. In the narrative of the Exodus this supremacy is manifested by the sea being driven out of its place at a sign, so that a dry path is opened to the people of God in its bed; in the New Testament narrative previously considered, the sea is not removed out of its place, but only so far laid to rest that Jesus and his disciples can cross it in safety in their ship: in the anecdote before us, the sea still remains in its place as in the second, but there is this point of similarity to the first, that the passage is made on foot, not by ship, yet as a necessary consequence of the other particular, on the surface of the sea, not in its bed.⁴ Still more immediate inducements to develop in such a manner the conception of the power of the miracle-worker over the waves, may be found both in the Old Testament, and in the opinions prevalent at the time of Jesus. Among the miracles of Elisha, it is not only told that he divided the Jordan by a stroke of his mantle, so that he could go through it dry shod (2 Kings ii. 14.), but also that he caused a piece of iron which had fallen into the water to swim (2 Kings vi. 6.); an ascendancy over the law of gravitation which it would be imagined the miracle-worker might be able to evince in relation to his own body also, and thus to exhibit himself, as it is said of Jehovah Job ix. 8, lxx., *walking upon the sea as upon a pavement*. In the time of Jesus much was told of miracle-workers who could walk on the water. Apart from conceptions exclusively Grecian, the Greco-oriental legend feigned that the hyperborean Abaris possessed an arrow, by means of which he could bear himself up in the air, and thus traverse rivers, seas, abysses, and popular superstition attributed to many wonder-workers the power of walking on water. Hence the possibility that all these elements and inducements existing, a similar legend should be formed concerning Jesus, appears incomparably stronger, than that a real event of this kind should have occurred:—and with this conclusion we may dismiss the subject.

The manifestation of Jesus at the sea of Tiberias, narrated in John (ch. 21,) has a striking resemblance to the sea anecdotes we have just considered. Part of it, we have already touched upon, in glancing at the miraculous draught of fishes. It need not delay us, since it seems merely to be a confused duplicate of these several stories, by the author, or authors, of what is evidently an appendix to the Fourth Gospel.

But one other miracle relating to the sea remains to be noticed; and it is one that commentators would fain had been omitted from the New Testament: it is the extravagant story that Jesus bid Peter go to the sea, cast an hook, and take up the first fish that came up,—giving him the assurance that when he opened its mouth he should find there a *stater*: ‘piece of money’ in our translation. (Matth. 17 ch. 24 ver.) This tale is too kindred in spirit to the stories of the Thousand and One Nights, to deserve serious criticism. The legend seems to have sported with the notable fact that Peter was a fisherman, and to have never been weary of creating wondrous anecdotes upon that substratum of fact.

Throughout we have not repeated the objection, during our glance at this class of miracles, that we do not know who are the real writers of the narratives ; but we beg that the objection may not be forgotten.

2. Feeding the Multitude. In the narratives we have just considered, Jesus is represented as having power over inanimate nature : in the narratives we are now to examine he is depicted as multiplying the productions of nature which had been wrought upon by art. All the Evangelists record one miraculous feeding of the multitude, (Matth., 14 ch. 13 v. Mark, 6 ch. 30 v. Luke, 9 ch. 10 v. John, 6 ch. 1 v.) and the first two relate a second miracle (Matth. 15 ch. 32 v, Mark, 8 ch. 1 v.). On the first occasion, 5,000 men are fed with five loaves and two small fishes ; and on the second, 4,000 men with seven loaves and 'a few' fishes ; on the first occasion, twelve baskets are filled with the fragments, on the second only seven baskets. In both instances, the locality is a solitary region in the vicinity of the sea of Galilee ; Jesus is led to perform the miracle because the people have lingered too long with him ; he manifests a wish to feed the people from his own stores, which the disciples deem impossible ; the stock of food at his disposal consists of loaves and fishes ; Jesus makes the people sit down, and after giving of thanks, distributes the provisions through the medium of the disciples ; they are completely satisfied, and yet a disproportionately great quantity of fragments is afterwards collected into baskets ; lastly—in the one case, as in the other, Jesus, after thus feeding the multitude, crosses the sea.

Is it not strange that the events should thus so strikingly resemble each other ? And how, if they had really witnessed the first miracle, could the disciples have forgotten it, and have asked on the second occasion,—“ Whence should we have so much bread in the wilderness as to feed so great a multitude ? ” Forget the first miracle ! they could not forget it ; or, if that were possible, the similarity of the circumstances in which the second multitude were placed must have reminded them of the former miracle ; and *then*, they could not have uttered that question. Surely, Christ must have selected twelve of the most stupid and thick-witted men to be found in Palestine, if his disciples acted thus. If the disciples had asked that question on the *first* occasion, it would have looked more natural. And if the miracle occurred twice, it would seem fair to conclude that many features in the narrative of the first were transferred to the other,—and thus the two, originally unlike, became, in the course of oral tradition, more and more similar : the incredulous question of the disciples, especially, having been uttered only on the first occasion, and not on the second. If the four Evangelists most unusually agree, yet, let it be noted, that they have their divergences.—But first, let us ponder on the nature of the miracle. Be it observed that it is *not* the acceleration of a natural process—as some have described it to be, and therefore have asserted it to be within our idea of Almighty power. Listen again to Strauss :

“ It would, indeed, have been an acceleration of a natural process, if in the hands of Jesus a grain of corn had borne fruit a hundred-fold, and brought it to maturity, and if he had shaken the multiplied grain out of his hands as they were filled again and again, that the people might grind, knead, and bake it, or eat it raw from the husk in the wilderness where they were ; or if he had taken a living fish, suddenly called forth the eggs from its body, and converted them into full-grown fish, which then the disciples or the people might have boiled or roasted, this, we should say, would have been an acceleration of a natural process. But it is not corn that he takes into his hand, but bread ; and the fish also, as they are distributed in pieces, must have been prepared in some way, perhaps, as in Luke xxiv. 42, comp. John xxi. 9, broiled or salted. Here then, on both sides, the production of nature is no longer simple and living, but dead and modified by art : so that to introduce a natural process of the above kind, Jesus must

in the first place, by this miraculous power have metamorphosed the bread into corn again, the roasted fish into raw and living ones; then instantaneously have effected the described multiplication: and lastly, have restored the whole from the natural to the artificial state. Thus the miracle would be composed, 1st, of a revivification, which would exceed in miraculousness all other instances in the gospels; 2ndly, of an extremely accelerated natural process; and 3rdly, of an artificial process, effected invisibly, and likewise extremely accelerated, since all the tedious proceedings of the miller and baker on the one hand, and of the cook on the other, must have been accomplished in a moment by the word of Jesus."

(To be continued.)

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No. 17.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1859. [Price One Penny.

ARGUMENTS AND PURPOSES OF THE SUNDAY-SABBATARIANS.

"He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute."

Hudibras.

PROTESTANTS and Protestant Dissenters, if they wish to be esteemed deserving of the name they bear, cannot be offended with fair and free enquiry. That is their own distinguishing claim: the right to examine is the very basis of Protestantism. Let none of them who may happen to read these pages, then, take offence at the fair and free enquiry we are desiring to institute,—first, into the arguments by which all the present outcry for 'Sabbath observance' is attempted to be sustained; and secondly, into the purposes—the *ultimate* purposes—of those who are uniting in this outcry.

Taking up one newspaper only, out of the many received from country friends of late, containing reports of public meetings held to petition for 'Sabbath observance,' we shall avoid distraction, and, in this particular paper,—*'The North and South Shields Gazette,'* known for its honest reporting, (as well as considerable editorial talent,)—be able to come upon the very gist of the arguments alluded to. The public meetings held in North and South Shields were convened expressly 'for the purpose of considering the propriety of petitioning Parliament to abolish Sabbath Labour in the Post-office.' First, and foremost, at the South Shields meeting comes the speech of the Chairman, Robert Anderson, 'Esq.,' and Justice of the Peace:—

"He considered that the keeping of the Sabbath in the way in which it ought to be kept was a matter of great consequence in a Christian country like this. Every one was at liberty at present to spend that day in whatever way he pleased—it being between God and his own conscience—all except those unfortunate individuals in the Post Office, in whose behalf they were met that night. There were sins of a national character as well as private sins, and they had abundant proofs, if they looked back on the world's past history, of the dreadful consequences of national sins. The great empires of the East, which at an early period exercised so vast an influence over the adjacent countries, where did they now find them? They were buried beneath the soil over which they had held dominion, and one of their greatest cities, Nineveh, was now being dug out of the earth by an enterprising Englishman, as a proof of the awful effects of national sin, and of the instability of worldly grandeur. But they had facts under their own eyes of an equally striking character. It was very possible and likely that many of the calamities which had recently befallen the nations of Europe, sprung more or less from the light or careless manner in which they kept the Sabbath; and

although they had not been destroyed, they had been signally punished, by disturbances, revolutions, and massacres, which had lasted for years."

What must any intelligent workman have thought of the degree of sense possessed by this Shields Solon? National sins! Does not any man who reads history, and thinks over it, see clearly that empires are ruined *not* by the people—the nation; but by their rulers? Who does not know, that knows anything of ancient history, how the pride of the Assyrian despots, and the 'thirst for glory' on the part of their conquerors, the Medes and Persians,—wrought the ruin of the 'First Great Monarchy,' as it is often called? This 'Justice of the Peace' can know little of the enlightenment possessed by many English working-men, if he imagines they do not understand history better than to attribute the downfall of Nineveh to *national* sin—that is to the sin of the people. But who could expect better sense from this man, since he attributes the 'disturbances, revolutions, and massacres,' on the European continent to the 'light and careless' manner in which the continental people have 'kept the Sabbath' (that is, be it remembered, the day of the Sun, the *first* day of the week, *not* the seventh)—instead of attributing all these troubles to the vile tyrannies of Louis Philippe and Metternich and Nesselrode; to the bitter influence of Jesuitism; and the wicked trampling upon the independence of nations by ambitious despots? Let the Justice go learn his alphabet over again! This blind and bigotted kind of prate is delivered too late in the day, for working-men. The Justice had better take his posset and nightcap and go to sleep than repeat such nonsense.

Some allowance, however, must be made for laical ignorance; and, be-like, the Justice has so much business on his hands that he cannot get time to enquire into the real history of continental transactions. What, then, is the state of the clerical mind on this particular part of the argument? Thus saith the Reverend James Carr, who moved the first resolution, at the said meeting:—

"They should take special care that there should be no plague-spot in the heart of the empire to bring down on the nation the displeasure of the Almighty. For private sins individuals were answerable, but the nation would be made to suffer for national sins; and Sunday labour in the post-office, being sanctioned and perpetrated by government, was a national sin. It might be said that such a sin could not be laid at any man's door, being spread over twenty-four millions of people, and that government stood in the greatest risk of responsibility. So it did, but yet what would the consequence be to the people? Had not all the nations of the world been made answerable for the errors of the government? If so, the people should see that government took the right course."

So! we come now to the marrow of the argument. Whatever is sanctioned and perpetuated by a government is a *national* sin. What? when government are often notoriously hated by the majority of the nation? Does not Mr. Carr see to what lengths such reasoning might be carried? The criminal tyranny of the Czar over Poland—for *he* is the 'government' there—it must be visited on poor Poland itself!—For "have not all the nations of the world being make answerable for the errors of the government?" Alas, does this man teach his brother men that the Almighty Father acts thus? makes the poor beaten and bruised 'nations of the world' 'answerable' for the crimes of their tyrants? Surely such a man must be unfit for his office. He is teaching men to worship something more horrible than Moloch: a Being who permits tyrants to murder a part of mankind, and then punishes the poor wretches who remain,—and that, not for their own, but the tyrant's crime. Let no one be offended by these remarks. This man should keep his superstitious ignorance in a corner, if he does not wish to see it made the subject of animadversion.

If he will thrust himself upon the public at open meetings, he must prepare to find observers upon his doings where he would, perhaps, least expect them.

"*Sunday* labour in the post-office, being sanctioned and perpetrated by government, was a national sin": that was the bold statement of this bold preacher, the Reverend James Carr. Let us now turn to the arguments by which it is sought to prove that *Sunday* labour is a sin. The Reverend William Traill, who 'seconded the resolution,' at the same meeting, and who 'after an eloquent peroration, sat down amid loud applause'—was the great logician of the day, on this branch of the discussion. His speech, of course, is very long; but we will give the substance of it, as reported:—

"The Sabbath was to be advocated and defended because it was a divine institution. They could not forget nor conceal, however, that it had become fashionable of late to deny that the Sabbath was a divine institution, and that many plausible arguments had been brought forward to unsettle the long settled convictions of the people of this country on that head. He would not have thought it necessary to bring forward counter-arguments that evening, to prove that the Sabbath was the day of God, but would merely point out four great epochs in its history as such. The first was in Paradise. God rested on the seventh day and sanctified and blessed it. That was the Edenic Sabbath. Now why was there such a law in Paradise? Man was not yet subject to the labour law; but he was a corporeal being and surrounded by objects of sense; he was a spiritual being as well. He was the denizen of a fair earth, but he was also the heir of a more glorious home. And he required the Sabbath day sinless though he was and unfallen as he was, in order that he might spend it wholly in conversing with God and preparing himself for that more exalted state."

"The second epoch was after the Fall. They found no mention made of the Sabbath day when God sentenced man to the labour law. But God's claim to the Sabbath was not to be fallen from because man had sinned against God. Was God's claim lessened by man's apostacy? If he owed to God a Sabbath for the life he had given him, still more did he owe, it for the life he had restored to him. Did he become independent of a Sabbath by sinning? No, he was now utterly dependent on the Sabbath. It wore to him now a new aspect. He was a creature of toil now. He now saw the necessity of a Sabbath. The perpetuation of the species was impossible now without a day of rest."

"Some had attempted to shew that there were no vestiges of a primitive Sabbath. He knew that there were no direct notices of it in the history of the Antediluvians and the Post-diluvians down to the time of Moses, and he was not there to explain why that should have been so. But he would put one question, was praise no part of God's worship during that interval? Was Miriam's song the first song of praise after the fall? Surely not, and yet there was no mention made of the praises of God having been sung previous to Miriam's. But there *were* vestiges of the Sabbath before Moses. There was the division of weeks. It might be said, indeed, that that was but the quartering of lunations. But it was not simply so. Was there not something more implied in the fact of Noah's waiting *yet other* seven days before he sent the raven out of the ark? It was evident there was some reason which was not specified, and no other could be assigned but that it was the Sabbath. There were still clearer traces than this. It was said "God made known his Sabbaths to Israel." What were they to infer from that? Why, that He had made known to them something which had fallen out of mind. If the commandment was given for the first time, the language was not proper. They did not *know* the Sabbath in Egypt, because they were not permitted to keep it there, and during their bondage had forgotten it."

"The third epoch dated from the re-promulgation of the Sabbath on Mount Sinai. It was then placed in the Decalogue, among the laws of the two tables; and it was universally admitted that what was in these tables was not Jewish but moral. But it had been attempted most assiduously to shew that it was a part of the Jewish polity, beginning with them and of course dying out with them. If it was given to them, however, because it was an old moral law that had been forgotten: that was a good reason why they should begin to keep it immediately after leaving Egypt. But if it was then given for the first time and for themselves only, it seemed a most inopportune time, and one would think it would have been far better to have waited till they had come into the promised land. They would then have need of a day of rest, having the land to till and sow, and raiment and food to provide. But in the wilderness they had no such work to do, for God gave them manna from heaven to eat and their raiment did not wax old. Some would say they might need the Sabbath, because they were pilgrims. But God took care of that, for he tells us that their feet did not swell in the wilderness. Was the reason of that because they rested on the Sabbath; If so, did

their garments not wax old for the same reason? And their shoes? No; it was a divine miracle. If the Sabbath was intended for the Jews only, a more inopportune time for establishing it could not possibly have been chosen. But what does Christ say,—and be it remembered it was of the Jewish Sabbath? Was it that it was made for the Jews? No, but for man, for the species, any man, all men, mankind in general, not for the Jews only, but for those before them and after them likewise.”

“The fourth epoch of the Sabbath is its repromulgation by Jesus Christ, the Lord of the Sabbath, after his resurrection. There was then no change of principle; it was merely a change of day. But the enemies of the Sabbath tauntingly asked, if it was a moral precept, why change the day? Now, they knew that the Church had not taken upon itself to change it, or given authority to any council or court to change the day. The Lord himself changed it. And it was done on no common occasion, and for no trifling purpose. It was to commemorate the work of redemption,—the new creation. He did it as the Son of Man, and as the Lord of the Sabbath. As Son of Man, he secured it to man with its full advantages, for where was the individual who would say he could meditate less on the first day than on the Seventh? As Lord of the Sabbath, he claimed his own right to it. It was instituted at first to commemorate his great creation work. Should his still greater work—the greatest of all—his redemption work, remain uncommemorated? No, that could not be.”

For priestly ingenuity, perhaps, a more notable speech than this of the Reverend William Traill, was never delivered. He knows the reason why the ‘Edenic Sabbath’ was ordained: ‘Man was not yet subject to the labour law:’ he was ‘sinless and unfallen,’ and yet he required the law against labour! They found no mention made of the Sabbath day when God sentenced man to the labour law; but God’s claim to the Sabbath (of which, be it observed, Mr. Traill acknowledges there is ‘found no mention’) was not to be fallen from because man had sinned against God! If his book trips, Mr. Traill is not to be caught tripping. But what is to be thought of that singular discovery of Mr. Traill’s in natural history—‘The perpetuation of the species was impossible *now* without a day of rest?’ Naughty Mr. Traill, though ‘Reverend’—what queer thoughts you must have raised in your auditory! Lord love the innocent parson, why there are omnibus-drivers in London who have never had a day of rest for years,—either on Sunday or any other day—and yet have multiplied their ‘olive-branches’ wondrously! Bakers, by the hundred, and other toilers are in the same condition of unrest—but how strangely they upset this learned divine’s theory of natural history!

A primitive sabbath: ‘he knew that there were no direct notices of it, &c. to the time of Moses, and he was not there to explain why that should have been so.’ True to the character of priest! When he is compelled to acknowledge a difficulty, he assumes the lofty air, he is *above* explanation! Yet he can find something to say—some snatching at words:—‘*Yet other* seven days’ before Noah sent the raven out of the ark! What contemptible special pleading! And when the text is as plain as a pike-staff *against* him, he boldly asserts it is in his favour. ‘God *made known* his Sabbaths to Israel’—that is, informed them of what *they did not know*,—means, Mr. Traill says, ‘that He made known to them something which had fallen out of mind’—or otherwise, ‘the language was not proper!’ This man should have been sent to Stonyhurst College: he was born for a Jesuit.

“They did not *know* the Sabbath in Egypt, &c., and during their bondage had forgotten it”—let the reader remember that sentence: we shall have to compare it with the statement of one of Mr. Traill’s reverend brethren, very soon. We pass over his allusions to the garments and shoes that ‘did not wax old’ in the wilderness: his deep knowledge of the mysteries of natural history prepares us to expect faith in the absurd and impossible, in such a mind.

But, with all Mr. Traill's ingenuity, how will he extricate himself from a dilemma, when he observes—"But what does Christ say,—and, *be it remembered it was of the Jewish Sabbath?* Was it that it was made for the Jews? No, but for man, for the species, any man, all men, mankind in general, not for the Jews only, but for those before them, *and after them likewise!*" So then, Mr. Traill breaks Christ's law, by his own confession! Christ, (Mr. Traill *wishes it to be remembered*) said the Jewish Sabbath was made for men *after* the men living in his own time, as well as before it. One would think Mr. Traill must have tripped there, or otherwise, how could he have affirmed, in reply to 'the enemies of the Sabbath *tauntingly* asking, if it was a moral precept, why change the day'—that 'the Lord himself changed it.' *When, where,*—you most impudent utterer of unfounded assertions? How dare you thus attribute to Him whom you profess to regard as Divine, words he never uttered, commandments he never gave? Who authorised you to lay a yoke upon mankind with a falsehood in your mouth?

This man's mingled boldness of assertion and ingenuity convinces one that he must be conscious of his distortions of truth. He knows very well, for instance, that when Christ says 'the Sabbath was made for man,' he also says, 'and not man for the Sabbath,'—and uses the words *not* to recommend the continued observation of the Jewish Sabbath, but to reprehend the Pharisaic notions of it, and to justify his own procedures, which the hypocrites deemed Sabbath-breaking.

A few words about the North Shields meeting, reported in the same paper of the same date (April 12.) The Reverend G. J. C. Duncan, 'moved the first resolution.' This speaker was evidently in a very self-complacent mood at his commencement: he said—

"It was a subject of congratulation that these times are more ready than any we have lately seen in England to admit the authority of Scripture as paramount."

What amiable simplicity! Does this good man ever go anywhere but into the pulpit, when out of his own house? Must he not have felt himself sorely 'out of his latitude' at this public meeting?

Mr. Traill, it will be remembered, affirmed that the Israelites 'did not know the Sabbath in Egypt,' and stated that while there in 'their bondage they had forgotten it.' Mr. Duncan does not agree with him: he makes the chain of observance complete:—

"The Bible makes the Sabbath an ordinance for all times and places. It gives the fourth commandment in the heart of the Decalogue, whence it cannot be dragged without over-riding the three that precede or the six that follow it. It was not a Jewish law but a moral law applicable to the human race, originating at the era of the world's creation, observed by the anti-diluvian and post-diluvian patriarchal families, *and recognised by the Israelites previous to the giving of the law from Sinai.*"

Which is the true orthodox *belief*? Belief, we say, for it is all a matter of faith, since neither can point to the evidence. 'Who shall decide when *parsons* disagree?'

The Reverend J. Hindson 'seconded the resolution,' and he also sings the devout song about the Sabbath being made for man—but mark, how sublimely far he shoots a-head of the ingenious Mr. Traill in the unction with which he interprets that passage!

"The Sabbath was an institution based upon the Sacred Scriptures. The Head of the Church has declared that he is Lord of the Sabbath. He has also declared that the Sabbath was made for man. It was made, when was it made? When the goodly fabric of the world was made. By whom was it made? By that great Being who alone had power to make it. By his own omnipotence and power he made it. He that made them and him made the Sabbath Day. That fact alone settled the question. Mark the genuine term "made for man."

Man, where and when ? Anti-diluvial and past-diluvial—man under the old and under the new dispensation—of whatever condition or race. If they regarded the declaration, then, they must recognize the obligation. It was made for man's benefit. Made for all time and for all eternity."

So then Sunday is to be kept in heaven ! We thought heaven was to be *all* Sunday. At any rate, we will be bound for it that many of Mr. Hindson's congregation have always understood it so, and will be wroth with him if he tells them it is to be six days' work, and Sunday (only) holiday, there. Let Mr. Hindson consider of this, for his own sake.

The Reverend A. Jack is another speaker at this meeting, and he also feels compelled to touch on the sore subject of the 'change of the day.' He contents himself, however, with a sort of preacher's apology for it. He does not dare to say 'The Lord himself changed it'—like bold-faced Mr. Traill. Mr. Jack observes:—

"It is true the day has been changed. That was occasioned by the onward progress of the Divine plans. Even under the law, we find new motives urged on the descendants of Abraham for keeping holy the Sabbath. The work of creation, the finishing of which was commemorated in the Sabbath from the beginning, was but the platform on which was to be brought forth the greater work of redemption. That was finished when Jesus rose on the third day from the grave. This was a fuller development of the divine plan, and it was fitting that the day in which the Author of the New Creation rested from his work, should thenceforth be observed as the sacred day, and that the Sabbath should be known as the Lord's Day, on which men should commemorate both the finishing of the work of creation and also of the work of redemption."

Such are the Arguments used at these 'Sabbath Observance' Meetings, It is only necessary to say that *all the arguments* apply to the Jewish Sabbath—the seventh day—only: the one impudent assertion points to Sunday. It is simply necessary to say this—and to say no more.

The *ostensible* purpose of these Meetings was to attempt, by moving the legislature, to stop, it seems, not only the *twenty-five* men at present engaged in the London Post Office on Sundays—but to put an end to *all* Post Office labour, throughout the country, on Sundays. Mr. Forth, at the North Shields meeting, uplifts the curtain as to the motive for this demand on the part of the Sunday-Sabbatarians—for they really ought to be so distinguished. He observed:—

"There was one circumstance that had not been referred to by the previous speaker. Not only were the men obliged to do double duty on the Sabbath in the provinces, but they were obliged on that day to circulate the Sunday papers which arrived in quantities and which formed the food of millions. The literature of those papers was of a most pernicious character.

Ay, ay: there lies the sore. Freethought must be checked: it is growing too fast for the sectarians. Let all thinking working-men ponder on these words of Mr. Forth. Nor let them forget these words we did not quote from the Reverend J. Hindson:—

"The railway system was a monument of human industry; but the great drawback upon it at the present moment was, that it had incidentally lessened a regard for the Sabbath. One object that has to be demonstrated by railways is, that we can well afford to do without the Sabbath Day for commercial purposes. To his mind, when that it is accomplished, it will be their greatest glory."

His meaning is not very clear, but it seems to breathe a devout wish that railways may accomplish—what?—that they themselves shall never be used on Sundays! What a comfortable state of things the Sunday-Sabbatarians would bring us to!

And they are pouring in petitions with a perfect fury into Parliament. It is not at all unlikely but that the Whigs will concede something to them, on this subject of Post Office labour. We will watch. And then there is Lord Harrowby's Sunday Trading Bill. By next week something more may be heard of it. Enough for the present.

THOMAS COOPER.

SONNET, WRITTEN IN YORK CASTLE,

*During an arbitrary Incarceration of Forty Days, in the Autumn of 1846, for
"Contempt of Court."*

Think not, because a prison's massive wall
Deprives my body of its liberty,
That stones, and locks, and iron bars, can thrall
The soaring mind, which, mounting over all,
Can freely roam o'er each declivity,
And mountain steep, through groves, o'er verdant plains,—
Visiting scenes of pleasures past, or pains;
For tyrants ne'er can keep *the soul* in chains.
The heart that's nobly learn'd to soar above
Mere worldly wealth, and rank, and lawless power,
And all the sensual play-things of the hour
Of human life,—the heart that in its love
Can comprehend the meanest thing that crawls,
Defies all terror of your castle-walls!

GEORGE TWEDDELL.

ROYALTY.—Kings ought never to be seen upon the stage. In the abstract, they are very disagreeable characters: it is only while living that they are "the best of kings." It is their power, their splendour, it is the apprehension of the personal consequences of their favour or their hatred, that dazzles the imagination and suspends the judgment of their favourites or their vassals; but death cancels the bond of allegiance and of interest; and seen *as they were*, their power and their pretensions look monstrous and ridiculous. The charge brought against modern philosophy as inimical to loyalty is unjust, because it might as well be brought against other things. No reader of history can be a lover of kings.—*Hazlitt*.

To Correspondents.

* * * Correspondents will please address "Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London."

JOHN ROBSON.—How shall I address a note to him privately?

J. STANSFIELD.—'Contact passes' are those wherein the operator *touches* the patient: 'tractive passes' those wherein the operator moves his hand along with the open palm directed towards the patient, but does *not* touch the skin. Cannot the writer get some one to shew him what is meant, experimentally?

G. B. SOULSBY, Newcastle-on-Tyne. I hope to spend the first half of June in your town, and then we can talk about the matter.

'Fedo,' Edinburgh.—His verses are very far from being contemptible. There is a touch of the real spirit of Burns about them—but the *subject*!—fye upon it! it would not do to print anything so naughty.

SAMUEL MC'CARTHY.—I do not know the names of any who practise Memserism in London, or I would direct you to them. One person, professing to be a practitioner, and living in Edgeware Road, left me his address; but there must have been some mistake, for I wrote to him twice and received no answer.

T. H.—The 'Zoist' may be read at Pamphilon's Coffee House, Sherrard Street, Golden Square.

Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

SUNDAY, April 28, at 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square,) City Road. "Masaniello, the Fisherman of Naples, and Captain of the People."—Thomas Cooper. At 7, Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square. "How to Educate the People."—R. Hart. At 8, Essex Coffee House, Church Street, Bethnal Green, 'Advantages of Mutual Instruction Societies.'—E. Taylor. At 7, Farringdon Hall, King's Arms' Yard, bottom of Snow Hill. Question for Discussion—"What would be the effects of an Organisation of Labour?"

MONDAY, April 29, at half-past 8, Finsbury Mechanics' Institute, Bell Yard, City Road. "Astronomy."—F. P. Nicholls. At half-past 8, Literary Institution, Carlisle Street, Edgeware Road. "The Arts of the Middle Ages."—W. Partridge. At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenæum, 23, Henry Street. "Character and Genius of Napoleon."—Ambrose M. Hurst.

PRESS ON! PRESS ON!

Press on, press on, ye Rulers, in the stirred world's onward track!
 It moves too sure for ye to put the clock of Freedom back!
 We're gathering up from near and far, with souls in fiery glow;
 And Right doth bare its arm of might to hurl the spoilers low!
 Kings, Priests, ye're far too costly, and we weary of your rule;
 We crown no more "Divinity" where Nature writeth "Fool!"
 Ye must not bar our glorious path, as in the days bygone;
 You know that God made Men, not Kings, or knavish Priests:—press on!

Press on, press on! Ah, nobles, ye have played a daring game;
 But your stars are falling, and outfade the prestige of your name!
 Too long have ye been fed and nursed on human blood and tears;
 The naked truth is known, and Labour leaps to life, and swears
 His pride of strength to bloated Ease he will no longer give,
 For all who live should work, Lords: then, all who work might live!
 The contest comes, make much of what ye've wrung from Fatherland;
 Press on, press on! To-day we plead;—to-morrow we'll command!

Press on! A million pauper-foreheads bend in Misery's dust;
 The champions of the golden Truth still eat the mouldy crust;
 This damning curse of tyrants must not kill the nation's heart;
 The spirit in a million slaves doth pant, on fire to start,
 And strive to mend the world, and walk in Freedom's march sublime,
 While myriads sink heart-broken, and the land o'erswarms with crime!
 "Oh God!" they cry, "We die, we die! and see no earnest won!"—
 Brothers join hand and heart, and to the work—press on, press on!

GERALD MASSEY.

THE POET'S HERITAGE.

From my little dingy office,—
 A little dingy room,—
 Oh, my spirit freely wanders
 Mid flowers and perfume:
 With a merry heart and buoyant,
 I scent the coming breeze,
 As it ruffles o'er the streamlet,
 And murmurs through the trees.
 Through the thickly-coated window,
 The sun can scarcely peep;
 Yet I feel his glowing splendour,
 And gambol with the sheep;
 With an ecstasy of rapture,
 My soul expands her wings,
 For the bee is gaily booming,—
 The lark in glory sings.
 There the fairy forms romantic,
 Of poet's gladsome lay,
 In their dances wild and antic,
 Upon the green sward play:
 Birmingham.

There in every tree's a Dryad;
 And skipping o'er the lawn,
 In its light and bounding movement,
 Is seen the graceful fawn.
 While in fancy far I ramble
 Through field, and lane, and dell,—
 While the choristers of nature
 Their joyaunce loudly tell,—
 What to me is Fortune's frowning?
 What rank or state to me?
 I can own the whole creation,
 And live content and free!
 See the heavens rich in glory,—
 The mountain's snow-capped shrine,—
 See the boundlessness of ocean,—
 Sky, mountain, sea are mine!—
 Whence despite life's care and canker,
 Do I rich tribute claim;
 All this wealth's for my possessing,
 On all I stamp my name!

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

RIENZI, THE PATRIOT OF ROME.

Scholar and patriot! deathless is thy fame;
 But Rome, ungrateful, was unworthy thee:
 She felt no spark of holy Liberty
 In all her soul. Thou hadst a God-given claim
 To rule thy country; and thine honour'd name
 By all the wise in every clime shall be
 Utter'd with love and tears. Patriot and bard
 Rehearse thy praise, and feel delight that one
 So brave, and wise, and good, e'er sat upon
 Rome's tribune-seat: and they have mourn'd thy fall,
 As that of Freedom, Commerce, Peace, and all
 That benefits a people. Thy fate was hard:
 Priests, barons, people, base were all the three,
 To plot the fall of Liberty and thee.

Stokesley.

GEORGE TWEDDELL.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

AN ORATION, DELIVERED AT THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, AND OTHER LONDON INSTITUTIONS.

BY THOMAS COOPER.

WHAT reader with any imagination in his mental composition, with any degree of fervour in his temperament, but can remember the glow of his youthful enthusiasm for chivalry? Those hours stolen from the every-day world, when our dreams of delight were with the mail-clad throng of the tournament;—and we saw, in fancy, the lists set out, and the heralds stationed, and the display of what was called ‘high-born beauty’ in the raised seats around, and the ‘masses’ in their eager crowds straining with excited expectation;—and we heard the trumpet sound, and the lofty challenge proclaimed; and when the signal was given to the knights, with their lances couched in rest, their plumes waving, and their visors down, beheld them dash on their proud steeds to the centre of the field, amidst the breathless silence of the spectators;—and then heard the shout for victory as the conqueror bore his adversary to the earth, and steed and rider lay prostrate, and plume and helmet, lance and shield, lay scattered in the dust!

The healthful spread of Peace doctrines has caused many of us to discard these dreams of the tournament, and therewith the knightly battle-field the more serious part of the chronicle;—the zest for money-getting may have caused hundreds almost to forget that they were ever dazzled in their youth, with the glittering pages of *Ivanhoe*, or charmed in their childhood with the strange enchantments and heroic feats of the Seven Champions of Christendom;—and the seriousness of the struggles of life will have swept the vision of plumes and helmets, lance and faulchion and shield, trumpet and challenge, herald and pursuivant, knight and battle-steed, from that old cherished corner of the memory—as a record of toys no longer worth harbouring there. Yet these were toys with which the world once played in earnest. It was a game of life and death with our forefathers; and, in their time, with the most civilised nations of Europe. Crowns and kingdoms, coronets and principalities, were won and lost in these serious pastimes; fame and honour were staked upon the issue, and hearts often broken in the reverse of the game. Broad lands were often exchanged for the equipments of a knight and his attendants; and the product of the toil of humble thousands was often squandered on the gorgeous and dangerous entertainment. Whole provinces were drained of wealth and reduced to poverty and famine, for the more mighty and more mischievous struggle; and when superstition seized upon the ruling folly of the time, millions were sent forth from Europe to venture life for the recovery of a spot of land possessing an imaginary virtue—its very locality being imaginary—for none really knew any more about the ‘whereabouts’ of the sepulchre of Christ, than they knew of the palace of the emperor of the Moon! The game of honour had then been converted into a war of religious madness; and the whole civilized world partook of the prevailing lunacy—that of propagating the religion of peace by the murder of war.

A passion, pursued from a dangerous game till it became a destructive insanity, and in which millions were once engaged, comes upon us, then, with some stronger claim to a contemplative review, than if it were merely the re-painting of the old dreams of our youthful enthusiasm. To bring up from the memory our own personal follies, and propose them for reflection, can

seldom fail to be productive of good to the individual man ; but the follies and exaggerated passions of an age are filled with lessons for all society, and for all time. And then, again, as meditation on the erroneous past in a man's own life serves to unfold to him how it was mingled with some virtues, and how the future which has now become the present in his character, grew out of that mingled state of error and rectitude,—so the review of any striking period of history, not only discovers to us the fact that its actors mingled some excellencies with their faults, but develops the causes why society took its modern mould, which differs so largely from any it ever wore since men existed.

And the Age of Chivalry has this peculiar attraction for the student of history, that it is the first light which relieves him in his gloomy journey through the Dark Ages :—the earliest promise of resuscitation in the vast dead body of society, after the glorious life of the Classic Ages had been so long departed. Rome, in her giant policy of conquest, subdued Greece, but only affected to adopt her refinement : luxury enervated, and ignorance of the proper distribution of wealth undermined, the power of the conquerors of the world : they fell before hordes of barbarian invaders : the new medley of nations received a medley of superstitions—a reverence of the relics of saints and a fear of fiends and hobgoblins, in which it is difficult to distinguish any real principle of religion : princes and leaders could neither read nor write ; and amidst the long period of gross ignorance and barbarism that succeeds,—this institution of Chivalry, fantastic as it is, gives out the first sparks of promise that the dead, but not sepulchred, body of European humanity was acquiring a galvanism which would enable it soon to stand up and shake itself, and eventually—though after terrible blunders and a lamentable waste of energy—to acquire a new and better life, and carve out the path to a more glorious existence than it had ever known. Printing, maritime and scientific discovery, commercial enterprise, mechanical invention, and the great struggles for religious, civil, and political freedom, followed on ; but not till Chivalry had grown from a pastime to an earth-shaking warfare. Its fearful energy shewed that the physical frame of society was again instinct with life : the intellectual in Man had yet to develope its vitality.

Faint, but sufficient traces remain, in the sketch of the ancient Germans, by the masterly pen of Tacitus, to shew us that the institution of Chivalry was primarily derived less from the Romans than from their barbarian conquerors. The young men among the ancient Germans received their arms, with certain ceremonies, and were then considered as admitted, at once, into the rank of men and warriors. The custom seems to have been borrowed by the Romans in the time of Augustus, and their young patricians began, thenceforth, to be solemnly invested with the equestrian or knightly degree. The ceremony of girding with the sword-belt seems to have afterwards arisen ; and some other traces of the customs of knighthood are observable in succeeding times—but it is certainly not earlier than Charlemagne, (who was crowned at Rome, on Christmas-day, A.D. 800—a date that may easily be kept in the memory,) that Chivalry as a formal institution may be considered as properly begun. To trace the successive steps by which Chivalry became a formal institution would be too tedious for a popular discourse ; let us rather look at it, when it had grown to dignity.

The page or *varlet*—(how words change their meanings in the course of years !—that latter word would now be synonymous with ‘imp of mischief’!) was a youth attached to some family of rank, and considered to be in his first

apprenticeship to knighthood. He attended the behests of his master or mistress, and chiefly received his lessons of courtesy from the ladies. He was also trained in martial and active exercises. The esquire, was the next step in the career of a 'high-born' youth ; and he could attain it at fourteen years of age. When Chivalry had reached its grandeur, there was as much ceremony displayed in making an esquire, as there was in preceding ages in making a knight. A priest blessed the sword and gave it into the hands of the new made squire, and blessed also the belt with which he girded the youth's loins. The squire was privileged to wear silver spurs. There were several classes of squires : there was the squire carver, the squire cellarer, the squire of the chamber, the squire of the stables, (or groom) and the squire of honour. The nature of their offices is indicated by their titles ; but when they accompanied their lord to war, they shared in his fatigues, carried his arms, led his war-horse, or supported him when in battle. At home, the esquire was perfected in courtesy, by the society of the ladies ; and the national politeness of the French is undoubtedly derivable from these lessons conveyed by the sex in the times of Chivalry—for it was in France that the institution received its most perfect growth.

The office of an esquire is extinct—but the title remains ; and is usually assumed among us, in this middle of the 19th century, without legal right—and, certainly, without rational cause. Any vulgar and low-minded man, who happens to be successful in getting money, is called—and *expects* to be called—an esquire ! The origin of the word—either from *escu*, a shield, or *ecuyer*, a groom,—is not so honourable that any one should covet its being appended to his name in the abbreviated form of *Esq.* So long as we have a monarchy, and an aristocracy, of course, there will be ranks among us,—and as much as we may dislike it, we yet think it best to conform to the usages of the existing state of society,—and to say 'My Lord,' or 'Sir John,' as the case may be, to a man of title. It is the privilege of the sovereign to confer such titles as 'duke,' 'earl,' 'baron,' and 'baronet'—no man can assume them—and they form a part of the system under which we live. But there is, to me at least, something peculiarly offensive in this assumption of 'Esq.' by the vulgar rich. John Smith, and John Smith, *Esq.* ! that is to say John Smith, the man of vulgar clay, and John Smith, the man of porcelain ! The head of the state does not give this title ; the purse-proud man arrogates it. When men of brains assume it, it becomes a thousandfold more offensive. Yet they *do* assume it, in some instances. One would think they must soon feel the absurdity of it, if they would repeat to themselves such words as—'William Shakspeare, esquire'—'John Milton, esquire.' Who does not feel that it would be silly to join such syllables together ? But, to return to our subject :

Except in cases of extraordinary merit, or for youths of royal birth, the squire could not attain knighthood till the age of twenty-one. The honour could be conferred, at once, in battle ; but it was usual in the times of Chivalry's splendour, to confer the degree of knight with many ceremonies of a character in unison with the feelings of the age. The candidate had to fast and pray, to confess and communicate, to bathe and purify himself ; and, at the end of some days and nights of purification, bodily and spiritual, he was clothed, at the altar of a church, with the different pieces of armour,—which we will, very soon, describe more particularly ;—he was girded with the sword, and adorned with the golden spurs ;—and kneeling before the president of the ceremony—usually the sovereign—he received the *accolade*, (that is to say three strokes with the flat of the sword, on the shoulder)—and was

bid to arise, 'in the name of God, St. George, and St. Michael the archangel—or in the name of the Most Holy Trinity, &c. During this time, he had been bareheaded ; but now his helmet was buckled on, the lance and shield were handed to him, and his equipments were complete. The *accolade* is understood to have been symbolical, being meant to remind the knight that he must expect blows and hardship, in the service he was entering.

The great orders of Knighthood, were, first,—the Knights of St. John, who were also called Knights Hospitallers, and in later times, Knights of Rhodes, and Knights of Malta. In the 12th century, some merchants of Amalfi, who traded to Judea, built an hospital at Jerusalem and dedicated it to 'St. John the Almoner'—for the reception of poor pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre. This institution, at length, became rich by successive contributions,—rules and military orders were given to it,—and the knights of St. John eventually possessed nearly twenty thousand manors in Europe—(so says Ashmole the antiquary)—in England, their Grand Prior sat in Parliament as the first baron of the kingdom—and in every part of Christendom their influence was immense. The second order, for influence, was that of the Knights Templars, or Knights of the Holy Sepulchre. The Temple, in London, now tenanted by lawyers, anciently belonged to this potential order of knights. They erected their house and church, said to have been modelled on the exact plan of their 'Church of the holy Sepulchre' at Jerusalem, (on the ground where the modern buildings and highly curious church stand,) in 1185. This order, from extreme poverty, rose to great riches, and were accused of plotting against the monarchies of Europe. They were broken up on that pretence ; but the real cause was most probably, the desire of the kings to possess their wealth. Some of them, on the destruction of their order, amalgamated with the Knights of St. John, when they became possessed of the Island of Rhodes. The entire destruction of the united order was not accomplished until a late period : the last 'Knight of Malta' died in that island within our own times.

A third great order was that of the Teutonic Knights. They had their origin from the foundation of an hospital at Jerusalem, by some German merchants ; but, in the year 1230, Conrad, duke of Swabia, invited them to Europe, and assigned them a small territory. They afterwards conquered Prussia, and possessed it till 1525, when Albert of Brandenburg, their last Grand Master, became a feudatory of the Polish king, Sigismund, who created him Duke of Prussia : the present king of Prussia claims to derive his right from the Teutonic knights—unless the recent revolution has driven the antiquated notion out of his head.

These three orders wore destructive badges over their armour. The first had a black cloak, with a white cross of eight points on the breast : in time of war the cloak was red, instead of black. This is the knight depicted by Spenser, our great poet of Chivalry :

“ On his breast a silver cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead (as living) ever him adored.”

The Templar Knights wore over their armour a white cloak reaching to the ground, and a red cross, edged with gold, on their left shoulder : these are the “Red Cross Knights” of poetry. The Teutonic order wore over their armour, also a white mantle, but had for their badge a black cross, charged with (that is, having within it) a cross of gold, and, in the centre of all, the double-headed spread eagle of imperial Germany.

All these were real fighters, and so were our knights of the Garter in times past,—but they, together with our Knights of the Bath, of the Thistle, and of St. Patrick, and the foreign orders of the Golden Fleece, and of the Holy Spirit, and St. James, and St. Andrew, and the rest—are all, now, *carpet* knights: they merely *play* at knighthood, as children play at soldiers. Knighthood is, now simply, one of the toys with which monarchy pleases its up-grown children—the ‘people of rank.’ Enlightened statesmanship would sweep it all away as a worn-out bauble, unsuited to the civilization of our times; but even strong-minded men mistake the tendency of their age: when all the old feudal relics of orders and titles had been swept away by the Revolution, Napoleon began to create dukes and princes out of his workman-born soldiers, and instituted his new order of the ‘Legion of Honour.’ I pass over other descriptions of knights—from the knight banneret, who received his honour for valour on the field of battle, and under the banner of the sovereign—to the knight bachelor, or knight of the lowest grade—and hasten on to glance at the armour worn by the devotees of chivalry.

To be continued in our next.

CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S ‘LEBEN JESU.’

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848–9, AND 1849–50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of ‘The Purgatory of Suicides.’

IV.—THE MIRACLES.

(Continued from last number.)

The force of the foregoing observations of Strauss, must be felt by every thinker. Bread does not grow: it is not a natural product, any more than cooked fish. If Christ miraculously fed the multitude, by such means, he must have had the power to multiply the natural products, and then prepare them after the manner of the miller and baker and cook, instantaneously. Who, that thinks, can conceive it possible that Jesus did these? The orthodox believer may still reply ‘With God all things are possible;’ but reason immediately makes answer—‘God has never shewn us, by any of the processes of nature, that this is possible, even to himself.’

We will not take up time, even for a moment, by examining the reasonings of those commentators who argue that the whole affair of the feeding was natural. If so, it is taken out of the domain of the supernatural, and does not come within the scope of our criticism. It is only as a miracle, that it enters into our examination.

As a miracle, then, is it related with such concordance of the several narrators as to claim rank with historical evidence,—or do their accounts, again, display the disagreement characteristic of legend? Let us take the narrative of the first miracle, and we shall see that there are minor differences, first, between Matthew and Luke; then between these two and Mark, who in this instance again embellishes; and lastly, between these three collectively and John,—in the following points. According to Matthew, Mark, and Luke, the scene of the event is a *desert place*, according to John, a *mountain*; according to the three, the scene opens with an address from the

disciples ; according to John, with a question from Jesus (two particulars in which the narrative of John approaches that of the second feeding of the multitude, in Matthew and Mark) : lastly, the words which the first three Evangelists put into the mouth of the disciples indefinitely, the Fourth Evangelist, in his individualising manner, ascribes to Philip and Andrew. These divergencies may seem unimportant ; but there is one that cannot be hastily passed over. According to the first three Gospels, Jesus had been long teaching the people and healing their sick, and was only led to feed them by the approach of evening, and by the observation of the disciples that the people needed refreshment. Now mark, how strikingly different is John's account of what led to the feeding of the 5000 people. The first thought of Jesus, when he lifts up his eyes and sees a great company coming unto him, is that which he expresses to Philip—"Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" And this he is related to have said merely to *prove* Philip, "*for he himself knew what he would do.*"

The narratives of the three thus clash entirely with that of John. With the three it is a miracle of mercy, and pity for the hungry : with John a miracle of—what shall we say?—ostentation? of something, however, unlike Christ's character ; for why, if a multitude were approaching him to be taught or cured, should he arbitrarily display his power by miraculously feeding them? Who, then, relates the facts aright—John, or the first three Evangelists? It is in vain to ask the question ; and if we were answered 'John,' or the others, we should immediately ask—How, then, came they to differ, being 'inspired?'—for it is impossible for us to forget what is so constantly in the mouths of the orthodox.

The question remaining unanswered, our only resource is to reject a narrative as legendary which is not only diversely related, but is most egregiously contradictory to all our experience of the laws of Nature and the history of fact. How the legend arose, a little examination of the Gospel History itself, of the Old Testament history, and of the Jewish popular belief,---will unfold to us.

In all the Gospels, we have figurative discourses of Christ concerning bread. In the first three, these discourses point to the false leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees ; in John, they describe the bread of heaven and the bread of life, which Christ gives. The narrative itself tells us that Christ's meaning was misunderstood, and that his hearers thought he spoke of literal bread. Is it not probable that, in the course of tradition, these figurative sayings and the misunderstandings of the people, led to the creation of the miraculous story? If this does not seem fully to account for the origin of the story, be it remembered that Christ's countrymen, his contemporaries and immediate successors, were ever inclined to ascribe to him the fulfilment of Messianic types. The fourth evangelist makes the people refer to the manna—that bread of heaven which Moses gave to their fathers in the wilderness. Turn to that ancient narrative and observe the striking resemblance in the details. Thus Strauss describes it :---

"The locality in both cases is the wilderness ; the inducement to the miracle here as there is fear lest the people should suffer from want in the wilderness, or perish from hunger ; in the Old Testament history, this fear is expressed by the people in loud murmurs, in that of the New Testament, it results from the shortsightedness of the disciples, and the benevolence of Jesus. The direction of the latter to his disciples that they should give the people food, a direction which implies that he had already formed the design of feeding them miraculously, may be paralleled with the command which Jehovah gave to Moses to feed the people with manna (Exod. xvi. 4.), and with quails (Exod. xvi. 12 ; Numb. xi. 18—20.). But there is another point of similarity which speaks yet more directly to our present purpose. As, in the evangelical narrative, the disciples think it an impossibility that provision for so great a

mass of people should be procured in the wilderness, so, in the Old Testament history, Moses replies doubtfully to the promise of Jehovah to satisfy the people with flesh (Numb. xi. 21 f.). To Moses, as to the disciples, the multitude appears too great for the possibility of providing sufficient food for them; as the latter ask, whence they should have so much bread in the wilderness, so Moses asks ironically whether they should slay the flocks and the herds (which they had not). And as the disciples object, that not even the most impoverishing expenditure on their part would thoroughly meet the demand, so Moses, clothing the idea in another form, had declared, that to satisfy the people as Jehovah promised, an impossibility must happen (the fish of the sea be gathered together for them); objections which Jehovah there, as here Jesus, does not regard, but issues the command that the people should prepare for the reception of the miraculous food."

Nearer to the time of Christ, and still more likely to be the copy from which the Gospel miracle was fashioned, we read of Elijah multiplying the meal and the oil of the widow of Zarephath,—but, especially, of Elisha (2 Kings, 4 ch. 42 v.) feeding one hundred men with twenty loaves, (which, like those distributed by Jesus, in John's Gospel, are called barley loaves,) together with some ground corn. Elisha's servant, too, doubts, like the disciples of Christ: 'What! should I set this before a hundred men?' he asks; but the prophet, like Jesus, is not diverted from his purpose. As in the New Testament narrative, great stress is laid on the collection of the fragments; so in the old, it is related that when so many had eaten there was an overplus. The greater number fed, and the fewer loaves, in the Gospel story, were natural adaptations of the legend, which would seek to make the miracle of the Messiah greater than that of his type.

3. Turning water into wine. This miracle is only recorded by John (ch. 4 v.) It is stated to have been performed at a marriage-feast, at Cana, in Galilee; and to have been his 'beginning of miracles.' This miracle involves the following startling improbabilities:

1st. That to the water, as only one of the elementary agents in the formation of the grape, Jesus must have added the power of other elements necessary to its production,—such as soil, air, and light:

2ndly. That he must—above all—have added in an equally invisible manner, the vegetable individuality of the vine-plant—to which water, with the rest of the elementary agencies, is related only as the stimulus to the cause:

3rdly. That he must have quickened, to the degree of instantaneousness the natural processes of the growth, and flowering of the vine, together with the ripening of the grape:

4thly. That he must have caused the artificial process of pressing, &c., to occur invisibly and suddenly:

Lastly, That he must have also accelerated the further natural process of fermentation, so as to render it momentary.

Does any one laugh at these stipulations for the reality of the miracle? Is the reply ready again—'With God all things are possible?' But has God ever shewn us that it is possible for him to change water into wine,—or to act contrary to his own laws? Wine, we repeat also in this instance—does not grow. Either it was wine that they drank at the wedding of Cana, or it was not. If it was merely something that *passed for wine*, there is an end of the miracle. But if the guests drank *real wine*—all the processes, natural and artificial, we have just described, were necessary to its formation.

But St. Chrysostom himself, in ancient times, with Woolston and others in modern times, have justly objected to such a miracle's utility and fitness. Could Jesus remain in the society of deep drinkers, and encourage their in-

temperance by an exercise of his miraculous power? Or, if the narrative does not admit of such a harsh construction, was it befitting his character, to perform a miracle merely to furnish an additional excitement to pleasure---a miracle of luxury, rather than of true beneficence? But the disproportionate quantity of wine with which Jesus is related to supply the guests must excite our greatest astonishment: six vessels, each containing from two to three *μετρηται*; ('firkins,' our translators have rendered it)—which, corresponding to the Hebrew *bath*, would be equivalent to $1\frac{1}{2}$ Roman *amphoræ*: altogether---from 800 to 1,200 English pints! 'They filled them up to the brim' (John, ch. 7 v.)---so that there can be no room for attempting to reduce the complement. And yet the 'governor of the feast' calls the bridegroom---for he 'knew not whence it (the wine) was,' and says 'Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and *when men have well drunk*, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now.' What a strange mode of 'manifesting forth his glory' (v. 11.) does the fourth evangelist here attribute to Christ---the setting before 'men who have well drunk,' from 800 to 1,200 pints of wine! Who can reconcile such an act with the prevalent character of Christ, throughout the first three gospels?

(To be concluded in next number.)

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No. 18.—Vol. I.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1850.

[Price One Penny.]

LABOUR AND CAPITAL.—ASSOCIATION.

"And the shadows of mind too like clouds disappear—
And the broad disc of knowledge begins to shine clear—
And the voice of the people loud shakes every shore,
Like the clash of the elements;—hark to its roar!
And their power shall increase, till they go forth combined,
Resistless and free as the mighty March wind!"

William Jones.

At the present time when the political powers of Europe are vying with each other in their efforts to suppress the growing intelligence of the people;—when they deem Democracy a crime, and Socialism a felony; when those who nobly advocate the rights of man and the dignity of labour are denounced as 'Enemies of Society' and 'Promoters of Anarchy';—when Europe is convulsed by the birth of a new idea, an idea calculated to exercise a commanding influence upon mankind, and to change entirely the political and social organization of society;—at such a time, a few words on the greatest question of the age may not be thought misplaced.

Much has been said and written on the merits and demerits of the system of association, and yet, by numbers of those most deeply interested in this question, it is but imperfectly understood. Its object is, simply, to destroy the iniquitous tyranny of capital by its conjunction with labour.

Under the competitive system these two great powers are continually at war with each other; and, it will be allowed by all, that these disputes ever end in the triumph of capital, and the further oppression of labour; as is daily exemplified in the "strikes" by which working-men vainly endeavour to obtain that share of the fruits of their industry to which the producers are in justice entitled. And although these "strikes" may occasion severe pecuniary losses to the capitalist, yet he well knows his power, and that the workmen must succumb or starve. Assuredly, this is an evil; and *any* scheme promising to remedy it, is entitled to a candid and respectful consideration.

The principle of association, which would unite capital and labour, appears to me to be that most likely to succeed. Even the most zealous advocates of competition acknowledge the advantages of the association system, but pronounce it impracticable. "Working-men," say they, "are incapable of acting as capitalists; they would merely become the dupes of men cleverer than themselves." Then, if this incapability does exist, the greater haste ought we to make, by an extensive system of secular education,—by the removal of taxes on knowledge—and by creating ample means and opportunities for adult instruction—to remove such disqualification—and to enable the *bees* of humanity to resume their native independence.

When the labourer wonderingly inquires, "Why should I starve while others revel luxuriously on the fruits of my industry?" He is answered,

"Friend, we cannot *all* be rich, you were born poor, and must therefore toil for the maintenance of your more fortunate fellows; I am sorry for you, but it is your fate!" And so the poor slave returns to his toil, fully persuaded that that is a law of nature, which is but the impudent assertion of his selfish and tyrannical task-master.

I am equally surprised and pained at the apathy, with which this question is regarded by working-men themselves. If they do not attend to their own interests, who do they expect to do so? Do they rely on the Parliament? Men elected from, and in great part by, the very class who oppress them! Will *they* give them redress? Do they rely on the ministers of religion?—Alas! even here, Mammon is greater than Jesus Christ; and those who profess to be champions of right, and enemies of injustice, are ever readier to preach submission to and contentment under wrongs, than to labour for their redress. Contentment, forsooth! and with what are they required to be content? They toil in hunger and nakedness—they are lodged in wretched hovels and noisome dens; in which they are denied even God's light and air, and where they linger out a life of toil and misery, intemperance, and selfishness; selfish because their own misery makes them callous to the wants of others: and it is this state with which they are told to be content! And while they thus labour on in wretchedness and *contentment*, the rich fruits of their labour go to furnish with every luxury the tables and mansions of their tyrants. It is clear that if the condition of the working-classes is to be improved at all, that improvement must be effected by their own exertions.

We have already seen what is the condition of the labouring-classes under the present *tyrant* and *slave* system of social organization; let us now consider what would be their condition under a social system, better calculated to promote the happiness and moral elevation of mankind. Suppose an associated *family* of five hundred or a thousand workmen, who being free from restrictions and tyranny of the capitalist, would receive the full value of their labour, and thus be enabled, not only to supply themselves and families with everything necessary to their bodily comfort, but also to maintain a school for the proper tuition of their children;—they could establish a library and lecture-room for self-improvement and adult instruction; while the increased social comfort, and intellectual amusements, which they could then obtain, would most effectually prevent habits of intemperance. Of the *political* value of such institutions I need say nothing, as it must necessarily be very great.

And now comes the question, "How are the funds necessary for the establishment of such associations to be obtained?" I am fully aware of the importance of the question, and that the people have many difficulties to overcome ere they can attain their object. Of these difficulties the opposition of the ruling powers is not the least important. They know full well what would be the consequence of thus elevating the great mass of the people, and enabling them to obtain a knowledge of their own powers; they know that they could no longer keep them in ignorance and subjection; that they could no longer blind their eyes to the iniquity and injustice of class legislation; that they could no longer inspire them with a blind respect for those remnants of feudal-barbarism monarchy and aristocracy; that they could no longer pick their pockets by dazzling their eyes with the gaudy magnificence of royalty, or imposing upon their reason with the cries of "loyalty" and "our glorious constitution." They know that all these things must fall; that they will vanish before the growing intelligence of the people, as snow before the sun. From the Government

we have nothing to expect but opposition. It remains to be seen what working-men themselves will do.

I am convinced that were the labouring-classes in this country fully awakened to the importance of this question, they would not hesitate to devote a small portion of their scanty earnings to form a general fund for the promotion of this good work. A few communities, once established in this manner, would soon be enabled to render efficient assistance to their less fortunate brethren, and thus succeed in effecting in a peaceful manner that which the barricades of Paris failed to do for the French, namely, the realization of true Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

ALEXANDER BELL.

OF WHAT USE IS ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL?—OF WHAT USE IT MIGHT BE.

WHEN you talk of Reforms, slow-going people are always ready with the interjection—'Talk of something which is practicable!' But why should we talk of nothing but what is *now* practicable? Do practicable Reforms, when suggested, meet with such ready acceptance? Who does not see that National Secular Education, Abolition of the Taxes on Knowledge—and of Sinecures and Pensions for doing nothing,—Extensive Sanitary regulations,—and fifty other Reforms talked of daily—are all practicable? Yet they, each and all, meet with the most bigoted, self-interested, and determined opposition. A reform is not always best worth talking about because it is immediately practicable. To plead for a reform not likely to come about for a century or two, may be a laudable occupation of time, inasmuch as it may involve the exposure of scandalous inconsistencies, and contribute to elevate and purify the national mind, by teaching it to yearn after a better state of things.

There is a huge pile in London, which, doubtless, often raises in the minds of even the busiest money-getting citizens—a vague wonder as to why it stands there. Near at hand, it dwarfs all other objects of vision; seen from afar, it is the bulkiest and most striking form the eye can perceive amidst the maze of buildings that constitute London. Yet, ever and anon, the inward question arises—of what use is it?—and if the questioner is not too lazy or too prejudiced to think, he cannot fail to reflect of what use it might be:—to speak it out—is held to be useless, for that would be to talk about what is 'impracticable!'—nay more, the *speaking out* might be of such a character as to cause some people to open their eyes wider and cry 'shocking!' At the risk of provoking such signs and sounds of censure, I am inclined to have my say, however, on this matter. And first, to substantiate the fact of the present uselessness of the gigantic pile alluded to, let me quote a recent article of the *Times*—an authority which even the most slow-going people can scarcely object to.

The 'leading journal' of April 19, chose to comment on the speeches at a late Mansion-house banquet, and singled out for particular criticism the speech of the clergyman-poet, Milman, in his new character as an ecclesiastical dignitary. Thus it proceeds:—

"There was one functionary present who went a little out of his *role*, when, perhaps, he had most need to keep to it. The new Dean of St. Paul's had full employment for his eloquence and tact in answering for the clergy, on whom, of all people in the world, it is notoriously the most difficult to reckon. Not content with the refractory clients whom the toast had confided to his patronage, he brought in the material fabric over which he has been recently appointed. 'He felt a little anxiety,' he said, for the church as he did in similar

circumstances in the physical world (that is, in a thunder-storm) for that most magnificent of Protestant Cathedrals which arose in the midst of the great metropolis, and over which he had lately had the honour of being called to preside. If we are to trust the uniform testimony of architects, never were there better grounds for the confidence here displayed. St. Paul's is a fabric of wondrous construction and strength. Unless the hand of man accelerate the progress of decay, the New Zealand traveller who is to sit on the fragments of the new London-bridge to survey the ruins of our metropolis will see high above the rest, and aspiring to the clouds, a vast sugar loaf of brick resting on eight stupendous piers, and surmounted with the remains of a turret. A little to the west of this remarkable pile he will see two open campaniles of singular design, which will probably by that time be rendered still more picturesque by curtains of ivy, and hanging wood of alder and ash. In fact it would take many thousand years of natural causation, to reduce St. Paul's to the level of vulgar decay. So far Dean Milman has the best possible reasons for the confidence he expresses in the stability of his cathedral.

"But the sentiment suggests a painful reflection. What is the use of this enormous stability? When an ordinary citizen of London, or a schoolboy from St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', or King's College, passes under the shadow of that stupendous dome under the circumstances poetically described by the Dean, as the thunder rolls round it, and the electric clouds seem to threaten it, and when the big drops begin to fall in rapid succession, it is very small comfort to him to be relieved of all anxiety for the permanence of the structure. *Cui boni?** He sees before him a mountain of Portland stone, as little likely to fall, perhaps, as Blackheath or Highgate-hill, but also as impenetrable. Even if he can afford to pay twopence for admission, it will only purchase for him the range of a dozen or two monuments under the dome. So, at least, we believe, for we will confess to not entering the Cathedral except when the door is thrown open for service, and when the visitor is jealously confined to one narrow path from the door to the entrance of the choir. But there are very few moments in the day, and those certainly not in the hours of service, Sunday or week-day, when a soul is seen in that magnificent nave, sacred to the Dean and half-a-dozen red faced vergers. Rowland Hill said that the only place in London where a regiment of soldiers could practise at ball-cartridge with perfect safety to the public at all times and seasons was the nave of St. Paul's. The place is still as well adapted for this exercise as the marshes at Woolwich. The area under the dome and the nave are used once a-year for the anniversary of the charity schools, but at all other times that vast space is absolutely useless. We could compromise almost for any degree of use. It would be something even if we were permitted to pace up and down the nave for half an hour a-day, or were permitted to enter at the west end. But nothing is allowed. The whole area is 'tabooed,' except just the aforesaid path between two rows of church hurdles from the north and south doors to the choir.

"Under such an abuse the Cathedral is nothing more or less than a pompous sham. It might almost as well be a mountain carved into the outward semblance of a temple, like the rock temples of Arabia and the Nile. Grant that you can occasionally cross the threshold and see a piece of architectural perspective; so long as you have not the free range of it, you might just as well see it from the turnabout in the Diorama, or through a lens at the Cosmorama-rooms, or any other respectable peep show. How is one to be sure it is real? Perhaps the nave of St. Paul's, after all, is a spectacle of the same class as the Swiss mountains at the Colosseum, the arbitrary routes marked out for the spectators being strikingly similar at the two exhibitions. The actual service of the Cathedral might be performed much more comfortably, effectively, and with more room for the congregation, in a parish church of moderate size. The dome, nave, and aisles, therefore, are wholly unnecessary to that purpose. Then what is their use, if the public is wholly excluded from them?

"The Cathedral is grand enough outside, but its uses would be far better expressed if it were called the National Mausoleum or the Pantheon than a Cathedral. The words under the organ, *Si quæris monumentum, circumspice†* express the character of the edifice only too truly. Call it a tomb,—the tomb, for example, of the English Church, or the Naval and Military Mausoleum,—and all curiosity will be extinguished. It will never be a whited sepulchre, thanks to our eternal canopy of smoke; nor will its interior be very unclean, but we shall accommodate ourselves to the idea of a tomb at once, and be content for the future to treat it with a cold respect. But the Dean mocks our curiosity and interest when he talks of the place as a Cathedral, and puts it on a par with York and Canterbury. 'The most magnificent of Protestant Cathedrals!' What is that to the public if they cannot enter it? It might as well be the Pyramid of Cheops covering six acres, and rising to the clouds, and containing, or rather no longer containing, the mouldering remains of a man. If the Dean wishes the public to enter with real enthusiasm into his wishes for the stability of the pile, he must let some Belzoni force an entrance into it. This is an age of adventure

* *What is it good for?*

† *If thou seekest his tomb—look around thee!* Alluding to Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the building.

We are excavating the site of Nineveh, trying to cut the Isthmus of Panama, to discover a north-west passage, and to remove every other obstruction that presumes to interfere with the freedom of our movements. We recommend St. Paul's to the Geographical Society, or Sir John Ross, or Sir F. Fellowes. But, perhaps, Lord Ellenborough will take pity on the public, and carry off the great west door as a new trophy of his prowess. At all events, if we are to boast of our Cathedral, let it not be a sham one."

This is all excellent, so far as the wit goes, and the exposure of the present uselessness of the building. But if the critic in the *Times* were asked what reforms he would propose to effect in order that 'our Cathedral' might no longer 'be a *sham* one'—would he be likely to answer in such a way as to lead us to conclude that if *his* reforms were carried out, we should no longer have the old question to ask? What if the great west door were opened, what if the man or woman with 'tup-pence' on their lips disappeared from the entrance, and we were all free to walk in, and even to walk up and down the nave and under the magnificent dome, gratis, and at all seasonable hours? *Cui bono*? The question must return. Except the grand blank building, and the statues of Howard, Dr. Johnson, Sir William Jones, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, under the dome—what is there worth looking at, for any man of taste or reflection? Of statues of great murderers—generals and admirals, majors and captains,—there is a crowd. What is there to hear? Now and then, the grand peal of the organ, and the voices of Lockey and a few others,—charming enough as to the melody; but as to the part they, or the drowsy clergymen, are taking in the worship, you are convinced by their demeanour (so characteristic of all cathedral performers) that their worship—like the Cathedral—is a *sham*.

'Call it the tomb of the English Church—or the Naval and Military Mausoleum'—the *Times* may well propose that reform of speech, as the matter now stands; but the *Times* says nothing of the great reforms that *ought* to take place, if 'some Belzoni' could 'force an entrance into' this giant tomb—or Lord Ellenborough were to 'carry off the great west door,' as he carried away the gates of the temple of Sunnauth from the Afghans.

St. Paul's Cathedral cost the nation 150 years ago, the enormous sum of £1,200,000.

It is national property. An enlightened government would provide for its being used to enlighten and elevate the people. Christianity—not the Christianity either of Dr. Pusey or the 'Evangelicals'—teaches that men should be enlightened and elevated. Christianity, as I for one understand it, hails Science, and Art, and Literature, as its great co-workers for rendering mankind wiser and better. And its established teachers have made a partial and blundering admission to that effect, by their acceptance of such a pile as St. Paul's to 'teach' in, professedly; and by the admission of statuary, and the scanty performance of music, within its walls. But an enlightened government would correct the blunder. It would sweep out the monuments of great murderers, and fill not only the transepts and the space around the pillars of the dome, but the sides of that now desolate nave, with such productions of Art as could not be beheld without the purest and best emotions. 'We have no national sculpture gallery,' is the perpetual cry of artists and lovers of art.—'We cannot afford to build one,' say statesmen. What need? Why not render St. Paul's the most magnificent sculpture-gallery in the world? If the *things* you now permit to hold it in idleness, and whom you now pay for being idle there,—pretend alarm, and talk about 'deseccration,'—ask them if they are not ashamed of such talk, when they look at the butcher-monuments

they have already admitted there. Again : if you thirst after the grand harmonies of Handel, the delicious melodies of Haydn, or Mozart's richest combinations of all that is soul-stirring and humanizing in Music,—where must you seek gratification in London ? At Exeter Hall, only ; for the lover of the old masters finds no food at the Opera-houses,—and mere concert-rooms are too dwarfish for the performance of the loftiest music, with the masses of voice and instruments necessary to embody it worthily. And what is Exeter Hall ? A huge warehouse-like room. The new hall at the Euston Square Railway Station is regal—compared with such a tasteless interior of a building. 'We have no Music Hall worth the name,' say musicians and lovers of music ; 'and we despair of raising the vast sum that would be necessary to raise one.' But *why* raise one, while St. Paul's is already the most appropriate national hall for the performance of sacred music ? And who ought to object to its being used for that, among its other right purposes ? They *do perform* the music of Handel and Haydn there, now : all that is wanted is more of it. Remuneration to the performers, you might secure by very small entrance monies for the immense numbers it would hold. To admit the People gratuitously—or, rather, at the national expense,—one dare not dream of (even while *thus* dreaming) in England. We are not in glorious Athens, in the days of Pericles.

And Lecture halls, what poor pitiful rooms we have in London ! Twenty towns, at least, in the provinces, have lecture rooms that will hold thrice the numbers that any of our *accessible* lecture rooms will hold in London—for your Exeter Hall is only for the religious, or the well-able-to-pay. If a Government deserved its name and delighted in the intelligence of the People, instead of dreading it—the eloquence and philosophy of Fox, the wit, the good sense, and liberality of Dawson, the brilliant declamation of Vincent, would attract its fostering care ; and it would take measures for throwing open the grandest lecture-room in the metropolis to these ornaments of their age, and inviting the People to crowd around them for instruction. That room is St. Paul's cathedral. But its funereal silence must not be broken, *as yet*, by soul-moving and heart-bettering descants on the godlike philanthropy of Howard—the genius and patriotism of Milton—the wisdom and goodness of Newton. The old, dull, mechanical lip-service must go on, *as yet* ; and no *real* instruction be given there. The time will come when Christ's own Christianity will be understood and felt, and every theme that can raise the mind and improve the heart will be conjoined with his own pure lessons—and within the walls of that noble masterpiece of Wren such themes will receive eloquent treatment while enraptured crowds listen. Some of us feel that we are toiling for that day—though we shall not live to see it. With the spread of science and intelligence around us, we cannot doubt—though others think we dream.

THOMAS COOPER.

Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

SUNDAY, May 5, at half-past 7, Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square. "Life and Genius of Rousseau"—Thomas Cooper. At half-past 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square,) City Road. "Life, Patriotism, and Writings of Algernon Sydney"—S. M. Kydd.

MONDAY, May 6, at half-past 8, Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars. Elocutionary Entertainment, by the members of the Elocution Class. At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenæum, 23, Henry Street. "Objects and Tendencies of Physical Science"—J. S. Hibberd. At half-past 8, Finsbury Hall, Bunhill Row. "Life and Character of Napoleon."—Ambrose M. Hurst. At 8, Soho Musical Instruction Society, 2, Little Dean-street. "Character and Poetry of Robert Nicol."—Walter Cooper.

WEDNES., May 8, at 8, Hackney Literary and Scientific Institution. "Poetry—Past and Present."—Rev. F. A. Baynes, M.A., of Nottingham.

THINKINGS, FROM JOHN LOCKE.

NOVELTY AND TRUTH.—The imputation of novelty is a terrible charge against those who judge of men's heads, as they do of their perukes, by the fashion ; and can allow none to be right, but the received doctrines. Truth scarce ever yet carried it by vote anywhere at its first appearance : new opinions are always suspected, and usually opposed, without any other reason, but because they are not already common. But truth, like gold, is not the less so for being newly brought out of the mine. It is trial and examination that must give it price, and not any antique fashion : and though it be not yet current by the public stamp, yet it may for all that, be as old as nature, and is certainly not the less genuine.

LOVE OF TRUTH.—He that would seriously set upon the search of truth, ought in the first place to prepare his mind with a love of it : for he that loves it not, will not take much pains to get it, nor be much concerned when he misses it. There is nobody in the commonwealth of learning, who does not profess himself a lover of truth : and there is not a rational creature that would not take it amiss to be thought otherwise of. And yet for all this one may truly say, that there are very few lovers of truth for truth's sake, even amongst those who persuade themselves that they are so. How a man may know whether he is so in earnest, is worth enquiry : and I think there is one unerring mark of it, viz., the not entertaining any proposition with greater assurance, than the proofs it is built upon will warrant.

MISUSE OF LANGUAGE.—Language being the great conduit whereby men convey their discoveries, reasonings, and knowledge, from one to another, he that makes an ill use of it, though he does not corrupt the fountains of knowledge, which are in things themselves, yet he does, as much as in him lies, break or stop the pipes whereby it is distributed to the public use and advantage of mankind. He that uses words without any clear and steady meaning, what does he but lead himself and others into errors ? And he that designedly does it, ought to be looked upon as an enemy to truth and knowledge.

DIFFERENCE OF MENTAL TESTS.—The mind has a different relish, as well as the palate ; and you will as fruitlessly endeavour to delight all men with riches or glory (which yet some men place their happiness in) as you would to satisfy all men's hunger with cheese or lobsters ; which though very agreeable and delicious fare to some, are to others extremely nauseous and offensive ; and many people would, with reason, prefer the griping of an hungry belly, to those dishes which are a feast to others. Hence it was, I think, that the philosophers of old did in vain inquire, whether *summum bonum* consisted in riches or bodily delights, or virtue or contemplation ? And they might have as reasonably disputed whether the best relish was to be found in apples, plums, or nuts ; and have divided themselves into sects upon it.

ETERNITY OF SOMETHING.—There is no truth more evident, than that something must be from eternity. I never yet heard of any one so unreasonable, or that could suppose so manifest a contradiction, as a time wherein there was perfectly nothing. This being of all absurdities the greatest, to imagine that pure nothing, the perfect negation and absence of all beings, should ever produce real existence.

REASON AND REVELATION.—If anything shall be thought revelation, which is contrary to the plain principles of reason, and the evident knowledge the mind has of its own clear and distinct ideas, there reason must be hearkened to, as a matter within its province. Since a man can never have so certain a knowledge, that a proposition, which contradicts the clear principles and evidence of his own knowledge, was divinely revealed, or that he understands the words rightly where-in it is delivered, as he has that the contrary is true ; and so is bound to consider and judge of it as a matter of reason, and not swallow it, without examination, as a matter of form.

HOPE.—Hope is that pleasure in the mind which every one finds in himself, upon the thought of a profitable future enjoyment of a thing which is apt to delight him.

SPRING.

SPEED thee, chaste virgin of the pea-bud cheek
 And violet eye, from Winter's rude embrace !
 Swiftmess and strength be with thy agile limbs,
 Till, far escaped, thou meet the youthful Sun,
 Thy ardent lover ! Neither turn away
 So bashfully thy look, nor shun his smile ;
 Cast from thy neck thy mantle of gray mists,
 And, robed in the light fleeces of the sky,
 Go forth to meet him ! While attendant Hours
 Entwine fresh garlands of the primrose pale,
 Hare-bells, and lady-buds, and hawthorn flowers,
 Young silken beech-leaves, and the cowslip sweet,
 To deck thy modest brow. The wakeful lark
 Shall, tireless, tend thy steps,—the woodland ring
 With joyous music as thou passest on,—
 The vesper blackbird and the matin thrush,
 Alternate, peal their thrilling melody,—
 The cuckoo shout at noon above the hum
 Of gladsome bees,—yea, every voice of joy
 The chorus swell, while every hill and vale,
 Delighted, listens to thy bridal song.

Gainsborough, 1833.

THOMAS COOPER.

SONNET TO SPRING.

Welcome, most hopeful season of the year,—
 That, virtue-like, marshals us on through storms
 And chilling winds, gladdened by fitful charms,
 To lovely scenes, and seasons ever fair !
 All nature lives again : the quickening sun
 Sheds warmth and beauty o'er the smiling earth ;
 And the gay flowers to joyous life come forth,—
 Spangling the arid waste and grassy lawn ;
 And man, to all kind impulses awake,
 Lists with a tender joy the wild-bird's note,
 On hill and plain,—by forest, wood, and brake.
 The brightening earth, and sky, and softening gale,
 And all their varied life, thy gentle presence hail !

Thornton, near Bradford.

JOHN ACKROYD.

To Correspondents.

* * Correspondents will please address " Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London."

S. M. CARTHU.—Apply to Dr. Viettinghoff, Homœopathic and Mesmeric Medical Establishment, 10, Chadwell Street, Myddleton, Square, Clarksenwell ; or, to Mr. E. Elliot, Professor of Mesmerism for the cure of Diseases, 29, College-street, Dowgate Hill, City.

THOS. PARKER.—They wrote thus *because they could not help it*. If the writer enquires and reflects, he will understand *that*, and not be angry with them.

W. E. ADAMS.—We may take up the subject some time: it does not seem urgent at present.

G. H., Market Rasen ; J. B., Barnsley ; ' Tyro ' ; ' Alcæus the Younger ' ; T. L., Portsmouth ; O. S. B., St. Bees. Their poetry is most respectfully declined.

THOMAS ROOKE.—The Bible with 40,000 emendations is published by Bagster, Paternoster Row.

D. C. Answer next week.

H.W.N. " The Pioneer Metropolitan Association for promoting the practice of decomposing the Dead by the agency of Fire," will hold a Public Meeting at the City of London Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars, on Friday in the present week, (3rd of May,) at eight o'clock in the evening.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

AN ORATION, DELIVERED AT THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, AND OTHER LONDON INSTITUTIONS.

BY THOMAS COOPER.

(Continued from last number.)

Metal rings, or scales, sewn on leather or coarse cloth, appear to have formed the first species of defensive armour worn in Europe, after the various northern tribes had divided among them the sovereignty of the ancient Roman Empire. This seems to have been improved into chain-mail, and scale-mail : the former constituting a brief shirt, composed of intricate rings, something like those of a steel purse : the latter also being connected together independent of the leathern or cloth suit worn underneath. The steel shirt was gradually improved till it fitted the arms and legs, as well as the body ; and the Spanish armourers were famous for their excellence in constructing these suits. Upon the chain-mail, plates of iron or steel began to be affixed at the breast, and over the thighs and arms ; and, at length, this mixed harness gave way to the complete case of plates of steel. When villanous saltpetre was

“ Digged out of the bowels of the harmless earth,”

and balls and bullets came into use, plate after plate of steel was gradually laid aside, till the leathern or buff-coat only remained, as in the beginning. You may observe this process of stripping in the valuable show of our ‘ Horse Armoury ’ of the Tower—where the last Stuart, with his huge boots, buff-coat, and patches of steel, looks, one had almost said, ‘ like a hog in armour ’ so uncouth is his figure compared with the chivalrous forms of the earlier kings and knights. Defensive armour eventually disappeared—until our Life Guards were opposed to the French Cuirassiers, who wore steel at the breast, in the battle of Waterloo, and beat them *without* any such defence : it was then judged proper, by a strange sort of wisdom, to give the Guards the cuirasses they now wear !

At the period of the Norman Conquest, body armour consisted either of a stiff frock, or tunic, of leather, covered with rings, or otherwise with lozenges of steel or *mascles*, as they were called,—or otherwise of a covering of the same materials, but forming both jacket and breeches. The former was called the *hauberk*, the latter a *haubergeon*. With the hauberk, were worn *chausses*, or pantaloons of similar materials. With either a *hood* was worn, fastened round the forehead by leather straps, and of a piece with either the hauberk or haubergeon. Heavy armed shoes defended the feet, and the ankles, up to the knees, were covered by the *hose*, composed of bands of different colours, which were crossed. William the Conqueror, you may remember, used to call his son Robert, who was short-legged, ‘ Curt-hose.’ The shield was of various shapes, as it continued to be, during succeeding centuries. The helmet, was worn over the hood, and, in that time was conical in shape, and was open at the face, having only the curious nasal piece—a broad piece of iron projecting before the nose : this whimsical appurtenance—for so it looks in pictures—was discontinued after king Stephen was taken prisoner, at the battle of Lincoln, by a knight who held him down by the *nasal*, after he had been stricken to the earth. The lance, with its streamer, was the general weapon of the Norman chivalry ; but the long cutting sword was a frequent weapon—and the Conqueror’s own two-handed sword, it is said, none could wield but himself. The iron mace, a short, but very massive

weapon was also in use. During this period, the infantry were utterly without defensive armour, and their weapons were the bow and arrow, save where the old Saxon *bill* remained in the hands of some. Such is a brief summary of the state of armour in this period according to Dr. Meyrick, whose splendid work was published some twenty-five or thirty years ago; and whose descriptions are borne out by the celebrated Bayeux Tapestry—that curious picture history of the expedition of the Conqueror, executed in his own time.

From the fourteenth century, plated armour took the place of chain-mail completely. The iron breast-plate, or cuirass, as it is now termed,—*brassarts* for the arms, *ailettes* for the shoulders, *cuisse*s for the thighs, *poleyns* for the knees, *greaves* for the shins, the *camail* for the throat, and the back-piece, were all separate pieces of harness, which occupied some time in putting on, and in fastening together with rivets. The head-piece underwent considerable changes. The conical form gave way to the cylindrical: the helmet now resembled in form our modern hat without the brim. Afterwards it was modelled more after the pattern of the old classic helmet. The *visor* was, at first, added to it, as a fixture; but this, at length, gave way to the *bever*, or moveable protection for the face—deriving its name from the Italian *bevere*, to drink,—because it could be raised for that purpose. When the classic form, or that fitting close to the head, was adopted,—the terms *casque*, *burgonet*, and *basinet* began to be used to designate the helmet. Crests surmounting the helmet came into use in the fifteenth century; but plumes were not worn till the fifteenth, when all had become pomp and parade, and fire-arms were near putting an end to the gorgeous cumber in which men-of-war were clothed.

While chain-armour was worn, the surcoat, or tabard, was a linen-garment decked with the heraldic insignia of the knight, and was put on over the mail. But when plated armour began to be perfected, the knight's heraldic bearings, or 'coat-of-arms', were emblazoned on the steel; and the armourers of Milan became so famous for their engraved and chased work, that it was copied and emulated all over Europe.

This most brief and imperfect glance at the armour of Knighthood has already brought us upon the subject of heraldry—that most fanciful and foolish of all the marks and customs of Chivalry,—and, for that reason one would suppose, since one cannot see that another can be alleged,—the very trace of Chivalry still most fondly and proudly preserved. It is preserved, however, and therefore like all other foolish observances around us, must be enquired into, by all who choose to gather multifarious knowledge. And let me assure all who have been indisposed to look at heraldry hitherto, that the treatises upon it—especially old ones—are full of entertaining matter. Some of these old books contain abstruse arguments to show, not only that heraldry has a very ancient origin (as from the Trojan war, or Joseph's 'coat of many colours', or even from Adam in Paradise), but that the highest intelligent existences—the angels, the archangels, the cherubim and seraphim,—nay, even the Holy Trinity—have all their proper heraldic emblazonments! Of course, you will not expect me to adduce the argument on such high matters. Any of you who can get a sight of Sir John Ferne, or Gwillim, or Sir George Mackenzie, or the Lady Juliana Berners—I mean of the curious books written by these antiquated persons—will be enabled to satisfy yourselves concerning them. In what age heraldry can be properly said to have arisen I have never been able to satisfy myself; but, suffice it to say, that anciently

the bearing of heraldic arms was the distinctive mark of gentility ; but 'in our days' says Bailey, writing at the beginning of the last century, 'all are accounted gentlemen that have money ; and if a man have no coat of arms, the King at Arms can sell him one.' And this sale takes place, even in this our enlightened nineteenth century. — Vulgar-minded men having become rich, desire a 'coat of arms' for the pannels of their carriages, or for decorating parts of their mansions, or adorning their plate ; at the Heralds' office application is made, and the Garter, Clarencieux, Norroy, Lyon, or Ulster 'Kings at Arms'—wondrously assisted by the golden fees, discover that the applicant—even though his father and grandfather may have been scavengers or chimney-sweeps—is descended from some grand Crusader, and therefore entitled, to mount an escallop shell, or a besant, or a half-moon, or a Saracen's head, or a 'cross flory,' or 'cross bottony', or some other kind of cross, on his shield ; or they make out that he is really descended from some high family who mounted a griffin, or a wivern, or a blue lion, or a black bull, or the head of a boar, or the paws of a bear, as the sign of their *nobility*—and therefore, he—said applicant who has 'downed with his dust',—shall be privileged to shew his *high* descent, by bearing the same *enviable* emblazonments. This is costly fooling—to say the best of it. Yet, with all its absurdities, I like to peep at this heraldry : its terms are soon learned—chevron and fesse and bend and pale and chief, gules and argent and azure and or, and so on ; and I often find some curious point of family or national history illustrated, by reading a shield of arms—though you may think such occasional employment strange for a professed democrat. I hold, however, that *all* knowledge—even the knowledge of foolish and absurd things—is useful.

The mottoes at the bottom of a coat of arms may often occasion an interesting train of thought, and sometimes awaken reflections not very favourable to the motto-bearer. Thus the proud Duke of Beaufort, who boasts his descent from a Plantagenet, 'on the wrong side of the blanket,' as we say—has *Mutare vel timere sperno*—'I scorn to change or to fear,' for his motto ; and a very truthful one it is, when his Tory unchangeableness is remembered. My Lord Stanley's *Sans changer*—'Without changing,' is equally notable—though we remember that he *has changed* since he stood forth as the acutest debater for the Reform Bill—and we may wish he would once more falsify his motto and change again. *Che sara sara*—'What will be, will be,' saith the Italian motto of the Bedford family ; and surely a saying more significant of the statesmanship of little Lord John could not be uttered. Not resolve, not duty, not what ought to be, directs him—but utter helplessness : he takes the reins, but lets accident guide the team of government, with Mussulman resignation,—and can only exclaim—'What will be, will be !' *Jamais arriere*—'Never behind,' is the motto of the Douglas—but alas ! the Douglas is ever behind now—for a more obscure peer is not found mentioned in the pages of Burke or Debrett ! Other mottoes of the 'high born' are still keener satires upon themselves—for some proclaim 'I dare, while they are the veriest poltroons in existence ; and others say 'I give,' when the heraldic knave should have written 'I take my pension for doing nothing' !

The stirring subject of the Crusades will form a sequel to our imperfect discourse of to-night, and I shall, therefore, reserve mention even of the leading events of those singular enterprises. I have merely suggested materials for thought, rather than treated of Chivalry with fulness : your own reading will enable you to fill up the outline, if you choose to concern yourselves so far with the historic Past, and the source of some part of the fantastic Present, as to enter more fully into the enquiry. 'The Age of Chivalry is gone !' was

the melancholy exclamation of Edmund Burke, in the passage often quoted as the most eloquent in his work on the French Revolution,—but the reflection need not make *us* equally melancholy. Let the 'Age of Horse troops' (for it means no more!) go, and all its errors with it! We cannot understand the history of Europe without understanding the customs of Chivalry,—and the figures of those old knights, clothed in mail, may serve to remind us of many a deed of valour which proves what courage belongs to human nature—what perseverance, what fortitude, what power of surmounting difficulty. But if the heroism of their times had been devoted to worthier objects, how much more advanced might our times have been in real civilization! 'The Age of Chivalry is gone!'—Let it go—for a nobler and better Chivalry is begun. Bacon and Newton began it for science, and Herschell and Davy and Watt have nobly succeeded them in the lists: Wickliffe and Luther began it for the freedom of opinion; and Priestley and Channing, Strauss and Theodore Parker, have since stepped forth for still more signal 'derring-do': Bernard Gilpin, and Howard, and Clarkson essayed to commence it anew for philanthropy; and Fourier and Owen, and others, have not been less daring, but more universal and all-embracing in the Chivalry for human happiness. Of the true knighthood of civilisation we may all be members—warring against wrong—lifting a lance for free opinion—wielding the moral weapon of persuasion—displaying the courtesy of true tolerance. Let us all enlist—let us all swear that we will, to the utmost of our power, contend against error in every form. Let us set the example, one and all, for those who are to come after us—that we may help to bring nearer the time, the faith in whose arrival ever cheers us,—when the shout of a morally regenerated and happy world over ignorance and wrong and oppression, will be 'Victory, victory!'

CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848-9, AND 1849-50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'

IV.—THE MIRACLES.—(Concluded).

But, if the turning of the water into wine, at the marriage of Cana in Galilee, were the 'beginning' of Christ's miracles, how is it that Matthew Mark, and Luke, have no mention of it? Must we repeat the question—How, if they were all 'inspired' they should not have known of it, or should have forgotten it? As Christ's *first* miracle, they surely would not have omitted it. There is but one rational solution of this difficulty: the story arose in a region of tradition unknown to the first three Gospel writers. Legend was busy in the various regions round Galilee, as well as within it; and she could not be expected to act with uniformity. She only chose for her model the ancient mythical stories. Thus, since Moses had procured water for the Israelites out of the rock, and the ass's jaw-bone wherewith Samson slew his thousand men was miraculously rendered a reservoir to quench his thirst; since Moses had made bitter water sweet, and Elisha had

made unhealthy water good (2 Kings, 2 ch. 19 v.)---there were models by which, with a little imaginative faculty, the Messiah might be made to fulfil his types,--and Jesus, in a region of tradition out of the range of the first three Gospel writers, could be made to turn water into wine, and to do so on the magnificent scale!

4. Cursing the Barren Fig Tree. This miracle is only recorded by Matthew (xxi. ch. 18 v.) and Mark (xi. ch. 12 v.)—and like the narratives of the Temptation by the Devil, the devils sent into the herd of swine, the *stater* found in the fish's mouth by Peter, &c. is a stumbling-block, even with divines, and a story they would willingly pass by. And we may pass it by for an evident legend, after a very brief consideration. Matthew, after rehearsing Christ's words, says the fig-tree withered away *immediately* ('presently,' our translators somewhat shrewdly rendered it—having glanced at the disparity in Mark, doubtless). Mark relates the words of Christ to have been uttered respecting the tree on the morning after his entrance into Jerusalem, and not till the following morning the disciples remark, in passing, that the tree is withered. Mark gives the *coup de grace* to his narrative, after his peculiar way, by observing 'the time of figs was not yet.' One cannot wonder at Woolston's ridicule, in this instance. If a Kentish countryman, says he, were to seek for fruit in his garden in spring, and were to cut down the trees which had none, he would be a common laughing-stock. Poor Mark! he must have been in extreme difficulty for a dramatic flourish, when he resolved to render the miracle more striking by making Christ come to seek figs when it was not the season for them, and then turn angry, and cause the poor tree to wither! Even if we cast out Mark's unlucky embellishment (though that would be deemed presumptuous towards an 'inspired' writer) Matthew's narrative is inadmissible: the tree was not Christ's: he would not destroy the property of another: he was wise and good: a tree was not a subject, with him, for punishment. The legend is too coarse for our belief.

A little attention will, I think, serve to convince us, that some of the discourses related in the Gospels themselves might give rise to it. First, in the mouth of the Baptist, and then in that of Jesus, we have the apophthegm of the tree which, because it bears no good fruit, is cut down and cast into the fire. Farther on (Luke, xiii. ch. 6v.) this theme is dilated into the fictitious history of a man who for three years in vain seeks for fruit on a fig-tree in his vineyard, and on this account determines to cut it down, but that the gardener intercedes for another year's respite. St. Ambrose thought that the cursing of the fig-tree was only the parable of the barren fig-tree carried out into action; and Neander, the opponent of Strauss is of the same opinion. But surely, it is more rational, to conclude that the apophthegm was expanded into a parable by Christ in the course of his teaching; and that it is Legend alone which has constructed the repulsive and uncharacteristic story of the miracle.

I hasten to close these somewhat laboured—but necessarily laboured—enquiries into the reality of the Miracles attributed to Christ. The legendary origin of by far the greater number of them has been fully perceived by you—if your convictions have followed my own. That such *wondrous* legends were gradually formed, respecting Jesus is, after all, scarcely *wondrous*—if we look through the history of mankind in the Past, and mark and scrutinise our own nature, and the nature of our fellow-creatures now existing. There is only necessary, as a foundation—the existence of an individual endowed

with high native intellect, an enlarged sympathy, strong religious tendencies, and—undoubtedly, great natural curative power—(for it is in vain to deny that such power exists)—and the path of such a being through the world, marked as it would be with the gratitude of many who were physically relieved by him, and others who were morally enlightened, would grow more luminous, more full of marvel, as it was beheld from a distance. This may be proved every day. Any act distinguished from men's most ordinary acts is usually misreported; and a closer enquiry lessens the marvellousness of the recital.

The age, too, in which Jesus lived—the expectations so long cherished, of his countrymen,—their perpetual tendency to find types of their promised Deliverer in their ancient writings,—to give these writings secondary meanings,—to apply them enthusiastically to him in whom they thought they saw the signs of Messiahship;—all these circumstances serve to render these stories of Miracles less wondrous to us. While, in this nineteenth century, and among a northern and comparatively unexcitable and unimaginative people, we find men and women still believing that Miracles are performed, and performed *now*—who can wonder at this pile of legend constructed so many centuries ago,—in such a clime,—among such a race?

Our enquiry commenced with the Birth and childhood of Jesus—it proceeded to his Baptism and Temptation, as recorded by the Evangelists,—and we have now gone through our proposed examination of the miraculous deeds attributed to him by these early writers. The Transfiguration, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection of Christ, yet claim our investigation, in the pages of the Four Gospels—with some other recitals not easy to be classed under one general term. So far as we have gone, I trust I shall be borne out by all who hear me, when I say, that although the scrutiny has been fearless, it has been fair and candid. Regarding all existence around me as confirmative of the doctrine that there *is* no miracle, there *can be* no miracle; that all things are subject to law, and ever will be,—I have, doubtless, said much that the orthodox will condemn, and cry out against as ‘impious.’ Be it so: I am content to abide the issue, whatever ill things may be said of me. Others have received the ill word of the timid, the bigoted, or the self-interested, before me; and the man that will not risk people's good opinion for speaking truth—or what he conceives to be truth, is so contemptible, in my eyes, that I could not become such a man.

Let those who differ from me, tolerate me, as I tolerate them. Let your religious opinions be what they may—no man should injure you for them, if I could prevent it. But since you do differ from me—*try* to convince me. It is your duty, if you really believe me wrong.

On the other hand, let every advocate of free thought be as earnest. ‘Let Truth and Falsehood grapple.’ Let us grapple until we end the possibility of grappling. For the universal conviction of the Human Mind as to what *is* Truth, and what *is* Falsehood, will as surely arrive, as that we have discovered the polarity of the magnet. There lies *my* faith—and, unless I greatly err, *all* other Faiths will eventually be absorbed in this—the Faith in the Progress of the Human Mind, and consequently, the Progress of the entire Human Family in Happiness.

LOVE OF TRUTH.—The love of power in ourselves and the admiration of it in others are both natural to man: the one makes him a tyrant, the other a slave. Wrong dressed out in pride, pomp, and circumstance, has more attraction than abstract right.—*Hazlitt*.

Rebiew.

Life and Death in Ireland, as witnessed in 1849. By SPENCER T. HALL.

Author of "Mesmeric Experiences," &c., &c. (SIMPKIN and MARSHALL.) This little volume contains some most valuable food for reflection. The moralist and politician may alike turn over its pages and wonder—that such an anomaly as Ireland, neighbour and sister of England, exists. No wonder that we hear superstitious people say 'Ireland is cursed.' So it is, with a witness—as these pages terribly prove—but who, or what, has inflicted the curse? Let Governments answer that.

The author went to Ireland in company with a large landholder, and had ample opportunities for observation: his own well-known intelligence is a warrant that he would observe to some purpose. Here is a line or two on his first impressions, while looking out upon the country, from the house of his friend:

"With a richness of pasturage I had seldom anywhere seen equalled at that season of the year—several workmen going steadily about their business, and apparently performing it well—cattle grazing contentedly around in seeming security—a delicious supply of butter and cream from the dairy—and the fishermen bearing a fine take of salmon from the river—all in the midst of so beautiful a prospect—the question again occurred to me, on turning in to the breakfast table after my morning's glance—am I, can I really then be in the midst of a land of starvation and crime? "Stay awhile," said a calm and analysing clerical friend who had preceded me a week or two in our visit, "stay awhile, and you will understand these things better. One swallow does not make a summer, nor one estate Ireland." Breakfast over, and newspapers opened, we found them teeming with accounts of death from starvation and pestilence in every direction! It is at all events, said I, a land of most striking contradictions."

He has very soon a revelation as to what some of these 'contradictions' consist of. The graphic power of description in the following extract will bring the scene it portrays most livingly before the eye of the reader:

"Ascending the mountain through such a profusion of verdure as I had never observed in England so early in the year—among underwood composed principally of the greenest and brightest hollies—we at length arrived at the boundary of the estate, and I was now made fully sensible of the meaning of the term *outsider*. Occasional showers were sweeping about, and the city of Limerick with its one dark tower lay far below us, spanned by a rainbow, in the plain; and many other interesting objects were within view. Whilst the chieftain and the bailiff were taking shelter by the wood-side, I happened to climb the hill a little higher for the enjoyment of a still wider prospect; but, becoming thirsty, thought I would go for a draught of water to a cabin at a short distance, of which I had become aware, not so much by sight as by the aromatic smell of its fire of turf, the smoke of which was finding its way through the roof and walls. The door to it was not much higher than that to many a common English pig-stye. Its window was a mere loop-hole and had never known the luxury of glass; and the floor I scarcely need say was without a pavement. The first salutation I had on entering was from the still animated skeleton of a dog, famished till it was hardly able to raise a bark; the second was a feeble female voice from a place within, that might fitly have served for the dog's kennel, but which was used as a sleeping room. By the little light struggling into the outer apartment, I was just able to discern that an old table, on which stood a broken jug, composed the whole of its furniture. Into the inner-room (or hole) no light penetrated; but in accents that betokened sad suffering its inmate told me that she was very ill, and I approached her as well as I could, being guided solely by her voice. When she found that I was a stranger she gave a faint shriek of terror, but was soon pacified by kindly words. She complained of getting rapidly worse and of being near her end, and said that those to whom she belonged were compelled, for the sake of trying to obtain food, thus to leave her alone. I asked if any doctor had been to see her. Such words seemed to have for her but an idle meaning, and she answered to the contrary in a tone of despair. Had no clergyman been near her? 'He hadn't then.' Whatever was her complaint, I could only infer from her own description that the cause of it was destitution. Whether she was young or old I did not know; for as to *seeing* her, that was out of the question. But I did feel her

poor bony hand as it received from mine the little coin I had to bestow towards buying some relief when her companion should return. Oh! I thought it was a young hand, but any way it was that of death; and when next I went up to learn what more had been or could be done, the silence of death was there too; his work was finished, and the place deserted! This then was starvation, and within sight of Limerick city, where hay at the time was selling at less than twenty shillings a ton! Hundreds of cattle were, probably, exported that week from Dublin and Cork to England. At all events, I myself saw, a few days afterwards, within a mile and-a-half of the very scene described, a cow and calf sold for forty-eight shillings, to enable a poor man, as he said, to pay his rent, which cow would have fetched in any English market, five or six pounds—perhaps more! Surely thought I, the sun never before shone upon such a strange anomaly! Scenes like these and worse, soon became common to me, however, as the sequel will show; and from that hour (though the climate is a marvellous stimulant to the appetite) I never ate a good meal in Ireland without the heart-ache."

(To be concluded in next number.)

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No. 19.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1850. [Price One Penny.

THE EDUCATIONISTS AND THE RELIGIONISTS.

"Go, search thy heart, poor fool !
And mark its passions well ;
'Twere time to go to school,—
'Twere time the truth to tell,—
'Twere time this world should cast
Its infant slough away,
And hearts burst forth at last
Into the light of day."

Motherwell.

THAT religion, and above all the Christian religion, should be made to stand in antagonism to intellectual culture is truly deplorable. Yet such is the fact. The old spirit of ignorant bigotry, which in days gone by opposed itself to the spread of any education whatever amongst the people, has revived in a new phase. Christianity, the best, the purest, the most beautiful religion that could gladden the heart and adorn the character of man, is now pressed into the service of those who seek to prevent the growth of the national mind. Roman Catholics and Protestants, Episcopalians and Wesleyans, and Independents, appear to vie with each other in their hostility to a system of secular education which shall exclude the peculiarities of any religious creed. Their exalted Christian wisdom tells them that the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, cannot be taught, nor the moral duties of humanity inculcated, except in company with the Pentateuch and the four Gospels. To teach the alphabet—to teach the multiplication table—to teach the history of England—to teach the beauty of virtue, and the ugliness of vice—to teach the young idea how to shoot' in the direction of intelligence and integrity,—in short, to impart any species of instruction unblended with Moses and the Four Evangelists, is denounced as dangerous and atheistical. The Bible is made use of to block up the avenues to knowledge. That book, about which mankind have been quarrelling for so many centuries, must be the first and foremost volume in every school, or the pedagogue's labour will be in vain. If some form of Christianity which accepts the Bible as the Word of God be not the basis of every education-scheme sanctioned and assisted by Parliament, Christianity is to be crushed and England ruined. Now, really we blush for such as can gravely support this kind of reasoning. We blush to think of the grievous amount of silliness that fell from the lips of Lords Arundel, and Blandford, and Sir R. Inglis, on the two occasions when Mr. W. J. Fox's Education Bill came before the House of Commons. If any three men were ever entitled to wear the cap and bells, the above-named two lords and the baronet need have no hesitation in applying for that ancient mark of distinction. The grand point in their argument was, that

this being a Christian country, national education must be founded on the Scriptures, or else Christianity will fade away and ultimately become extinct. As well might they have said that since this is a commercial nation, if Parliament sanctions any school from which Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" is excluded, trade will languish and eventually die out. What absurd drivelling is this! One would almost imagine there was a clause in Mr. Fox's Bill providing for the express inculcation of atheism—for the deliberate propagation of disbelief in the Bible, and for the ordination of a band of anti-trinitarian apostles, instead of the whole spirit of the measure being to leave religious theories absolutely alone. And why should the most rabid Christian object to this? If this is such a wonderfully Christian country, why should the spread of temporal knowledge by a purely secular national school be an obstacle to the acquirement of dogmatic religion from other sources? Are there no churches and chapels in the kingdom? Is there no religious press to print godly books? Are there no zealous clergy to supply the Biblical instruction to those whose minds have been previously enlarged and cultivated by the *un-theological* precepts of a secular tutor? Is Reason so dire an enemy to Revelation that its development must necessarily tend to overthrow what is admitted to be the eternal word of the Deity? Are logic, astronomy, algebra, geography, are any one of the arts and sciences adverse to religion? Is an enlightened mind less capable of receiving the doctrines which religionists hold to be everlasting truths, than a mind grovelling in its native ignorance and under the influence of petty superstitions? If so, all we have to say is, that the Christianity afloat in England is a most trumpery and rickety commodity. If Mr. Fox's Bill is stronger than the Four Gospels, (as Lord Blandford gave us to understand it was), how can those so-called evangelical writings be of divine origin?

Perhaps that sapient nobleman will deign to lighten our darkness on this point. But just let us put the following hypothetical case to his lordship and his brother noodles:—Suppose a colony of Christians in a country under a strict Mahommedan Government; suppose a Mahommedan Parliament in that country; suppose, also, the established system of education there to be based *religiously* on the Koran; suppose a radical Mussulman M.P. to bring before the assembly a plan to change the national education system from its compulsory religious teaching of the doctrines of Mahomet, to one which should leave *all* religions to individual choice, but should promote the advancement of universal literature; and that every school, whether conducted by Mahommedans or Christians, should receive government pecuniary aid, provided even the name of God was never mentioned within its walls; we ask, would Lord Blandford think that Christian colony wrong in supporting such a measure?—would he not, were he one of those hypothetical colonists, say "by all means let it be carried, because, though the government will not help us to teach Christianity, it will help us to give good cultivation to the mental soil into which we can throw the seeds of religion by other collateral and independent agencies, such as our preaching-houses and our free press, &c., &c.?" If, then, secular education would be good in a Mahommedan country under the supposed circumstances, *a fortiori*, it would be good in a country where Christian doctrines pervade the entire social atmosphere. This is our view of the matter, and we wish others in high places would see it in the same light and act upon their convictions.

F. G.

A REMINISCENCE OF WORDSWORTH.

I SAW the patriarchal poet who has just departed, in his own home, in September, 1846 ; and cannot forbear recording, very briefly, the pleasing remembrances of that interview, now that every lover of true poetry is dwelling with emotion on the fact of his death. I had set out from my friend James Arthur's, at Carlisle, for a four days' walk through the mountain and lake country—taking, simply, my stick in my hand, and a map of the district in my pocket. On the second day I climbed Skiddaw ; and on the third, having left beautiful Keswick in the morning, I reached Rydal Lake in the afternoon. There was a magnet in the very name of Rydal Mount : how was I to get past it, without attempting to see and talk with Wordsworth ? I asked, at a house by the high-way side, where he lived ; and was immediately pointed to his cottage, lying upwards and to the left, a little out of the direct road to Ambleside. I began to walk in that direction ; but I was somewhat puzzled as to whether my purpose was not too romantic to be carried out.

I had no introduction : a fact which would have settled the question at once had I been in London, and the wild thought had entered my head of attempting to make a call so unceremoniously, on any of the great men of letters, living there. But Rydal Mount, thought I, does not come, cannot come, under the same category with London : it is an out-of-the-way place ; and many must have come on pilgrimage to it, who had no introduction. Yes,—I reasoned again,—in their carriages they might come, and would then seem to assert their right to be attended to ; but what will be said to me—covered with dust, and having nothing to recommend me—except——but I scarcely dared to hope it, the patriarchal Poet Laureate should have heard that a Prison Rhyme was sent forth last year by a Chartist—and yet, what sort of a recommendation would *that* be to Wordsworth ? That was my forlorn hope, however ; and determined not to fail for want of trying, I boldly strode up to the door, and knocked.

Behold, a servant maid came to the door, and when I had asked “Is Mr. Wordsworth in ?” and she had answered “yes,”—I was, for one moment, completely at a loss—for she looked at me from head to foot with an expression which told me she was surprised that I should come there covered with dust, and so plainly dressed. To send in a request, verbally, I felt at once, would not do. “Stop a moment !” I said—took off my hat, drew a slip of paper from my pocket, and resting it on my hat crown, I wrote instantly—“Thomas Cooper, author of the Purgatory of Suicides, desires to pay his devout regards to Mr. Wordsworth.” I requested the maid to present it ; and in half-a-minute she returned, and said, with an altered expression of face, “Come in, sir, if you please.” In another half minute I was in the presence of that majestic old man, and I was bowing with a deep and heartfelt homage for his intellectual grandeur—with which his striking form and the pile of his forehead served to congrue so fully—when he seized my hand, and welcomed me with a smile so paternal, and such a hearty ‘How do you do ? I am very happy to see you’—that the tears stood in my eyes for joy.

How our conversation opened I cannot remember ; and yet I think every word he uttered I can recollect—though not the order in which the remarks came from him. This I attribute partly to our conversation being broken by the visit of a very intelligent and amiable lady—(the widow of a great and good man—the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby)—accompanied by her little daughter ; and also by my being invited to take some refreshment in the

adjoining room, and at the kind solicitation of Mrs. Wordsworth,—whose conversation was of too great excellence for me to forget it. It related chiefly to Southey, whose bust was in the room ; and for whose genius and industry—in spite of the Toryism of his manhood—I had a deep admiration, to say nothing of the noble strains for freedom written in his youth.

What the great author of “The Excursion” said respecting my *Prison Rhyme*, I shall not relate here, but remembering what he said, I can also bear the remembrance that *Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, *Westminster*, and *Times*, have hitherto, and alike, judged it fit to be silent as to there being such a poem in existence. Nothing struck me so much in Wordsworth’s conversation as his remark concerning Chartism—after the subject of my imprisonment had been touched upon. “You were right,” he said ; “I always said the people were right in what they asked ; but you went the wrong way to get it.” I almost doubted my ears—being in the presence of the ‘Tory’ Wordsworth. He read the enquiring expression of my look, in a moment,—and immediately repeated what he had said : “You were quite right : there is nothing unreasonable in your Charter : it is the foolish attempts at physical force for which many of you have been blameable.”

I had heard that Wordsworth was very vain and egotistical, but had always thought this very unlikely to be true, in one whose poetry is so profoundly reflective ; and I now felt astonished that these reports should ever have been circulated. To me he was all kindness and goodness, while the dignity with which he uttered every sentence seemed natural in a man, whose grand head and face, if one had never known of his poetry, would have proclaimed his intellectual superiority. There was but one occasion on which I discerned the feeling of jealousy in him : it was when I mentioned Byron. “If there were time,” he said, “I could show you that Lord Byron was not so great a poet as you think him to be—but never mind that now.” I had just been classing his own sonnets and *Childe Harold* together, as the noblest poetry since *Paradise Lost* ; but I did not reassert what I had said : I should have felt that to be irreverent towards the noble old man, however unchanged my judgment remained.

(To be concluded in next number.)

Correspondence.

MY DEAR COOPER,—I send you a letter containing more useful knowledge than half the books which have been printed during the last month. This is saying much ; but you shall judge. I send you not theory,—not speculation,—not an opinion which may be as good, and no better than the one from which it differs : I send you knowledge, not derived from books or conversation, but that best of all knowledge, the result of experience, of universal application, and which it is important that all should possess :—such knowledge as would have been to me, last year at this time, more valuable than gold ; and for which I should have been almost ready to worship the giver.

Who, or what I am, matters little. You know me well enough, perhaps, better than I know myself.

Before I enter on the principal subject of my letter, it may be well to state, that some years since,—partly from ill health, but mainly from anxiety and severe mental distress, which latter, as I now believe, in a majority of cases, means little else than mental imbecility,—I was betrayed, by degrees, into the habit of Opium-eating. And, though I never indulged this habit so excessively as some men have indulged it, yet latterly I became an Opium-eater to what might well be deemed, a fearful extent. On this subject, for the present, I shall say no more ; because hereafter, I may give you my “Confessions of an Opium-eater.” And, if I could give them as I would, I, too, could a tale unfold, enough to harrow up the souls of most

men. An angry serpent, or a mad dog is a fearful thing, but these are far less dangerous in a town or city, than the sale of opium.

To proceed: seven years since, I opened a day-school in one of our largest seaport towns. I obtained as many pupils as I could manage; and might have had many more, if I would have taken them. My circumstances being easy, the irrational interference of parents, which so often embitters the life of a schoolmaster, and destroys his usefulness, I could set at defiance. I managed my school in my own way, and gave, as I had reason to believe, general satisfaction. I am a single man. Well: school over, the curtains drawn, the fire burning brightly in my snug little parlor, tea over, a small pill of opium swallowed, tea things taken away, candles brought in, sofa drawn to a convenient distance from the fire,—on this sofa, behold me laid at my length, the bowl of my pipe resting in the snuffer-tray, the other end in my mouth, and, with a book to my taste,—was I not the very impersonation of comfort upon an humble scale? or, rather, was I not, remaining as I did, from six till eleven, and sometimes, twelve o'clock, the very impersonation of indolence,—of down-right sloth? And did I not richly deserve the punishment which was imperceptibly, but certainly, coming upon me? True, I had worked during the day; and, I hope, done my duty, so far as the instruction of thirty boys was concerned. But I call no man industrious who does only what he is forced to do,—or what he is paid for doing; unless, indeed, all that he can earn is needed for the support of himself and family. I call him who is otherwise circumstanced, as I was, industrious when he labors, not from compulsion, but from choice, and because he prefers the mere chance of being useful, to mere indolent self-gratification. I was, indeed, very comfortable—*too* comfortable; for fifty years' experience has taught me, that in this life there are circumstances in which a man *may* be too comfortable.

Literary men seldom take up a book unless they want, at the time, the information it contains. They read as a means to some end, which may be temporary. But to those who have read much, and who continue to read mainly for amusement, or, only partly for instruction, there comes a time when books lose much of their interest; and when a man finds it difficult to get hold of a book that really will interest him. I had reached that point, and, consequently, betook myself to the higher branches of the mathematics. These attracted, delighted, absorbed me. They kept me in the house, when I ought to have taken air and exercise; and often up at night when I should have been in bed.

Thus things went on, very comfortably, until May, 1848. During the three months preceding, I had experienced a dimness of sight, but nothing serious, as I apprehended; and betook myself to the occasional use of spectacles. About this time, two of Mr. Combe's pamphlets, on "Popular Education," were put into my hands. It was a holiday, and I read them at a sitting, or nearly so. They cost me about six hours. The next morning, the 19th of May, when I attempted to hear a boy read a portion of Cicero *de Officiis*, I found myself unable to distinguish, not only one word, but even one line from another. I was surprised, but only at the first, slightly alarmed; for I thought my utter dimness of vision but temporary. I put on my glasses; I washed my eyes; but to no purpose: all was a blank! I began to be seriously alarmed; and hastened to the optician's. I tried all his glasses: they were useless: I wept like a child. The remembrance has, at this moment, filled my eyes with tears. I went to a physician reputed to have some knowledge of the eye: he examined me, and told a person, in my presence, that my sight would never return;—that my eyes were affected with *Gutta serena*;—that nothing could save them;—and that, in a few months, my sight would probably leave me entirely; but he advised me not to accelerate total blindness, by tinkering with my eyes. What I felt on hearing this cannot be conceived; certainly, I cannot describe it, and shall not try.

The next month, I gave up my school. During the whole of 1849, I was unable to read or write anything. I could see my hands; but could not distinguish the nails. I placed myself under an eminent surgeon, who punished me, but did me no good. During the five years previous to the decline of my sight, I had lived temperately and regularly, as man well could live: eating little animal food, and scarcely ever tasting fermented liquors; and never beyond half a pint of ale at a time. I had little or no bodily pain; still, I was pale, emaciated, bodily debilitated, and my nervous system altogether deranged; and hence, as I now know, the failure of my eyes.

At the moment I write this—twenty-two months from the time of my giving up my school—I am in perfect health, and can read and write almost as well as ever, without the aid of glasses! What means have I used? To what am I indebted for this, to me, almost miraculous change? I will tell you faithfully; and, for your own sake, take notice of what I say.

First, then, I said to myself—Now that I am no longer able to labor, I have but little money to spend on medical and surgical advice,—and if I had, after what I have proved, I have little faith in it. But one thing I will do: I will secure to myself the satisfaction of having done my best,—of having left no means untried whence I thought benefit might be derived.

I had heard of cold water; and when I thought of the robust health enjoyed by those who had constant air and exercise,—and of the extent to which I had neglected these same sources of health, I determined to throw myself upon Nature, and see how far she would second my exertions. I renounced medicine, in every form, and began thus:

I walked from eight to ten miles every day. The weather must be bad, indeed, if I yield to it. From four to six times every day I hold my eyes *open*, mind, in the coldest water I can find. The first thing on rising in a morning, I plunge myself up to the knees in cold water: then, with a large sponge, I drench myself from head to foot, coming as near to a bath as possible: it should be a perfect one, had I the conveniency. I then take a rough towel; a long one, and with an end in each hand I saw myself under the soles of my feet, my hams, and all over my body. After this, I well brush my skin, with an old clothes-brush. This has been my practice during these last eight months; but I would not discontinue it for eight thousand times eight thousand guineas, for the next eight months,—if I must be reduced from my present to my past condition.

I shall only add, that though the holding of the eyes *open* in cold water seems, and indeed is, at the first, rather formidable; yet, after a few times it becomes as pleasant as simply washing the face. An eminent oculist has since told me, that any man adopting and following up this practice, would add, at least, ten years to his sight.

Should you deem this worth insertion, I may send you other results of my own experience. I wish not for honor, but having freely received, I would freely impart, in token of my gratitude to the Giver of all good.

I am, my dear Cooper,

Affectionately yours,

ALPHA BETA.

London, April 23, 1850.

SIR,—I always understood the word *Proletarian* to mean a man that has to work for his bread. I looked into Johnson's Dictionary and there I found the meaning to be "wretched, vile, vulgar." I always thought a working-man was as honourable as one of any other class. Could you tell me whether this be right or wrong, through the medium of your Journal?

I am, Sir, yours,

D. C.

To Mr. Thomas Cooper.

[The original meaning of the word 'Proletarian' is *breeder of children*; the root being *Proles*, offspring. *Proletarian* was applied in scorn to the plebeians of Rome of the most poverty-stricken class—with the intent to designate them as good for nothing but to breed children. Of course, it came, in process of time, to signify 'wretched, vile, vulgar,' as Johnson has it. Why English workingmen should take pleasure in imitating the French, and calling each other 'Brother Proletarians,' I cannot understand. I must confess, I am disgusted by these absurd imitations. Copy anything that is excellent from another nation—if you find it. But in the name of Common Sense, let us speak English, in our own fatherland, and to each other. I wish workingmen would set their faces against these absurdities.—T. C.]

To Correspondents.

* * Correspondents will please address "Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London."

JAMES SHAW.—No intention of the kind is entertained, *at present*.

W. WEST; EDWARD SHAW; 'JUSTITIA'; S. T., York:—Their poetry is most respectfully declined.

Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

- SUNDAY, May 12, at half-past 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square,) City Road.
 "William Tell, and the Deliverance of Switzerland"—Thomas Cooper.
- MONDAY, May 13, at half-past 8, Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars.
 "On the Skin"—Dr. Epps. At half-past 8, Finsbury Hall, 66, Bunhill Row.
 "Life and Genius of Goldsmith"—Thomas H. Rees. At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenæum, 23, Henry Street. "Lyrics of Charles Mackay"—Richard Hart.
- WEDNES., May 15, at 8, Hackney Scientific and Literary Institution. "Music and Musicians, at Home and Abroad"—George Buckland.

THINKINGS, FROM DAVID HUME.

HAPPINESS.—Inward peace of mind, consciousness of integrity, and a satisfactory review of our own conduct, are circumstances very requisite to happiness. Those who possess the will, besides, have the frequent satisfaction of seeing knaves, with all their pretended cunning and abilities, betrayed by their own maxims ; but were they ever so successful, the honest man, if he has any tincture of philosophy, will discover that knaves are themselves in the end the greatest dupes, and have sacrificed the invaluable enjoyment of a good character, for the acquisition of worthless gew-gaws. How little is required to supply the necessities of nature; and in a view to pleasure, what comparison between the unbought satisfaction of conversation, society, study, even health and the common beauties of nature, but above all, the peaceful reflection of one's own conduct—what comparison, I say, between these and the feverish, empty, amusements of luxury and expense ? These natural pleasures, indeed, are really without price ; both because they are below all price in their attainment, and above all price in their enjoyment.

DOGMATISM.—Nothing can be more unphilosophical than to be positive or dogmatical on any subject; and even if excessive scepticism could be maintained, it would not be more destructive to all just reasoning and inquiry. When men are the most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have therefore given the reins to passion, without that proper deliberation and suspense which can alone secure them from the grossest absurdities.

THE NATURE OF OUR REASONINGS CONCERNING MATTERS OF FACT.—All reasonings concerning matters of fact, seem to be founded in the relation of cause and effect. By means of that relation alone, we can go beyond the evidence of our memory and senses. If you were to ask a man why he believes any matter of fact which is absent—for instance, that his friend is in the country, or in France ? he would give you a reason, and this reason would be some other fact—as a letter received from him, or the knowledge of his former resolutions and promises. A man finding a watch or any other machine in a desert island, would conclude that there had once been men in that island. All our reasonings concerning fact are of the same nature; and hence it is constantly supposed that there is a relation between the present fact and that inferred from it. Were there nothing to bind them together, the inference would be entirely precarious. The hearing of an articulate voice and rational discourse in the dark, assures us of the presence of some person. Why ? Because these are the effects of the human shape and fabric, and closely connected with it. If we anatomize all the other reasonings of this nature, we shall find that they are founded on cause and effect; and that this relation is either near or remote, direct or collateral. Heat and light are collateral effects of fire ; and the one may be justly inferred from the other.

SELF-LOVE.—Self-love is a principle in human nature of such extensive energy, and the interest of each individual is, in general, so closely connected with that of the community, that those philosophers were excusable, who fancied, that all our concern for the public might be resolved into a concern for our own happiness and preservation.

ON THE EVILS OF LIFE.—Natural evils are the lot of all animals. A perpetual war is kindled among all living creatures. Necessity, hunger, want, stimulate the strong and the courageous; fear, anxiety, terror, agitate the weak and infirm. The first entrance into life gives anguish to the new-born infant, and to its wretched parent. Weakness, impotence, distress, attend each stage of that life, and it is at last finished in agony and horror. The stronger prey upon the weaker, and keep them in perpetual terror and anxiety. The weaker, too, in their turn, prey upon the stronger, and vex and molest them without relaxation. Consider that innumerable race of insects, which are either bred on the body of each animal, or, flying about, infix their stings in him. These insects have others, still less than themselves, which torment *them*; and thus, on each hand, before and behind, above and below, every animal is surrounded with enemies, which incessantly seek its misery or destruction.

THERE'S NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS.

There's no dearth of kindness
 In this world of ours;
 Only in our blindness
 We gather thorns for flowers;
 Outward we are spurning,
 Trampling one another;
 While we are inly yearning
 With the name of "brother!"

There's no dearth of kindness,
 Or love among mankind;
 But we do not know each other:
 World-wealth makes us blind!
 Full of kindness tingling,
 Soul is shut from soul,
 When they might be mingling
 In one kindred whole!

There's no dearth of kindness
 Tho' it be unspoken;
 From the heart it buildeth up
 Rainbow-smiles, in token

That there are none so lowly
 But have some angel-touch;
 Yet, nursing loves unholy,
 We live for self too much!

There's no dearth of kindness
 In this world of ours;
 Only in our blindness
 We gather thorns for flowers!
 And if men will hanker
 Ever for golden dust,—
 The heart will surely canker—
 The spirit gather rust!

As the wild-rose bloweth,
 As runs the happy river,
 Kindness freely floweth
 In the heart for ever!
 Cherish this God's best giving,
 Falling from above!
 Life were not worth the-living,
 Were it not for love!

GERALD MASSEY.

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Men of England, ye have done,
 Daring deeds in days of old;
 Men of England, ye have won
 Victories from tyrants bold.
 Ye possess an ancient glory;
 Yours a noble legacy;
 Ye have writ a deathless story,
 In the annals of the free.

Men of England, can it be
 That your ancient glory's dead?
 Men of England, can it be
 That the Saxon spirit's fled?
 Rouse ye from your lethargy,
 Mammon worship, sloth, and sin;
 Worthy of your Fathers be,
 Higher, nobler victories win!

Birmingham.

Ye have yet a nobler fight,
 Than ye ever fought before;
 Wrong must bend before the right,
 Want must flee the toiler's door.
 Not the battle of the sword,
 Have ye e'er to fight again;
 But the battle of the "Word,"
 Fought upon a bloodless plain!

Men of England, ye must be
 Wiser, purer, than ye are;
 "Earnest, joyful, pious, free,"
 Earth subduing without war.
 In the progress of the nations,
 Ye must ever take the van,
 Earliest of the federations
 Of the brotherhood of Man.

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

SONNET ON BEAUTY.

Nature is full of fair and lovely things
 And joyous essences,—heard, felt, and seen,—
 Charming existence with their blessed mien,—
 Sweet'ning the change that every season brings :
 Beauty is gushing from a thousand springs,
 Upon the earth, and in the air, and sky—
 Awakening in us thoughts that cannot die ;
 While the soft whispers of their heavenly wings,
 Bring the rapt spirit into harmony
 With their immortal nature—which inspires
 A love devout and holy that ne'er tires,
 But leads the soul to new felicity ;—
 For, aye, while Nature's Beauty it admires,
 Mind rises into higher, holier ecstasy !

Thornton, near Bradford.

JOHN ACKROYD.

MORAL AND POLITICAL LESSONS OF 'GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.'

An Oration; delivered at the Literary Institution, John-Street, Fitzroy Square :
September 23rd, 1849.

BY THOMAS COOPER.

THAT man would go far to prove that he could sound the depths of human nature, who could tell us, exactly, how it is that, to instruct by fiction has evermore possessed the greatest charm with mankind. It was so in the earliest ages: it is so still. The most highly prized relics of antiquity are not its columns and temples, nor its statuary—more precious than they; neither its histories and orations, nor its philosophical treatises, invaluable as they may be; but its written fictions. The 'Iliad':—who, if he were asked what relic of the noblest nation of antiquity he would wish to have preserved at the price of all its other memorials being annihilated, would not name Homer's glorious masterpiece of fiction? And who would not wish every triumph of English literature to be lost, rather than that 'Macbeth' and 'Lear,' 'Othello' and 'Hamlet' should perish?

The power of fiction to instruct, the sources of the charm it exercises over the human mind—the surpassing intellect of the creator of 'Macbeth' and 'Lear,' of 'Othello' and 'Hamlet,' could have unfolded that secret—for he had learned it by practice and experience, the great teachers. But none of us possess Shakspeare's magic plummet; and so our soundings of the human mind can be only imperfect.

Perhaps, the secret of the charm of fictitious writing lies in the fact that it appeals to *all* the powers of the mind,—and thus prevents the weariness from over-labour of any one faculty. Argument, since it appeals to but one faculty—the understanding—is distasteful to the million; and even to the few who possess the reflective faculties in the highest perfection, it becomes wearisome at length, and creates a yearning for relief by the employment of some lighter faculty. History, since it chiefly exercises only the memory and understanding, also palls upon the taste, by continued application to its narratives, as truthful and instructive as they may be. Skilful fiction—for I speak not of the frivolous rubbish of this wide realm of literature—brings *all* the faculties of the mind into play: the fancy or imagination,—the memory—the judgment, understanding, or reason (call the highest faculty of the mind which you choose)—and if the fiction be from the hand of a true master—the will, also, is summoned into action—for the fiction will be sure to have its moral which will impel the mind to make its resolve to shun the vice, and practice the virtue, that has been taught.

Skilful fiction is thus a grand source of instruction. It has brought all the faculties into play: it holds them all captive till the purpose of the story is complete; and then it, all along, brings home the moral to the mind and heart. No wonder, then, can it be, that parable and allegory were the prevailing modes of instruction with the earliest men; no wonder that the professional story-teller still holds his sway over those eastern swarms who preserve ancient manners and modes of thinking; no wonder that story held so all-controlling an influence over our own forefathers before they left their northern homes to settle in our island,—and even over

the whole European mind, during the Dark Ages; no wonder that it still holds its influence, over every class, in spite of changes in civilization. That prophet who says that the enlightenment of science will eventually destroy the profession of the story-teller—that it will close the market in the human intellect for his wares—and render it impossible that the name of any future Scott or Dickens should be inscribed on the rolls of literary fame—possesses not the true gift of divination or foresight. The charm of fiction and its power to instruct is indestructible,—by its profound adaptation to the nature of the human mind,—by its omnipotence to delight, absorb, excite, hold captive, and finally direct the mind to volition, and the man to moral action.

Omnipotence? Ay: for if the aim of a master in fiction be evil, he can almost unerringly accomplish it by his skill and energy,—and that as easily as he could have accomplished good. If, with his pictures of the true and beautiful, with his graphic delineations of human character, and with all his plenitude of moral lesson,—he enthrones some error of the mind, some corrupt passion of human nature,—the reader will be almost inevitably led to love that error, and to nurture in himself that corrupt passion. What matchless beauty, what deep truth, what life-like pictures of humanity, what opulence of moral, in that transcendent ‘Iliad’—and yet it enthrones the bad passion for war; and if one anecdote be credible, that Alexander read it every day, and slept with it under his pillow by night—we owe the record of his ambition, his ravages, and slaughterous conquests, to his reading of Homer! I do not mention this to induce any one to commit so great a folly as to throw Homer away: if he will do so, be it remembered that he must throw the older part of another old book after it, as even more pernicious—because it teaches war and slaughter under still higher sanctions.

My motive is simply to shew the power of fiction to impel and govern the mind. And this power has happily been exercised by many a master-spirit in our father-land, for the most useful and edifying purposes. In our noble English verse, from homely and patriarchal Chaucer to prophetic Shelley, the guise of fiction has been employed to teach the wisest and noblest, the highest and holiest truths. In prose fiction we are almost equally rich in matter, and certainly a thousand-fold richer in measure; for it would take many hours to recapitulate the names and works of our romancers and novelists, were we to begin only at Sir Thomas More’s ‘Utopia’—(that most invaluable political romance)—or at the courtly and sentimental ‘Arcadia’ of Sir Philip Sidney,—and so to tread our way down to Charles Dickens—most incomparably the truest genius, as a novelist, of the present day.

A review of that kind could not fail to interest us with the great change it would present in the taste of different periods,—and, above all, with the strangely different character of the genius of different writers. And, in this review, one name would stand out as wearing features so grotesque, and, at times, so repulsive;—then again, so profoundly wise and discerning, so piercingly acute, so pungent in sarcasm, so electric in wit, so irresistible in ridicule and drollery;—using meanwhile such apparently unnatural means to produce his effects, and those effects often of the highest moral kind;—that if one wished to mention a name which should be at once a type of the shrewdest wit and truest common sense mingled with the most strange and nondescript fancy—it would be that ever-memorable and universally known name of two syllables—Dean Swift.

It is from his master-piece of prose fiction—‘The Travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver’—that I purpose drawing a few moral and political lessons, to night. I make no doubt that with the majority of the present audience, ‘Gulliver’s Travels’ have passed as a book of amusement merely; while the coarseness of some of its pictures will have repelled many from reading the book through. Coarseness is its worst feature, indeed,—for it was a part of the author’s own character; but we must not throw away a deeply instructive book because of one fault, even if it be a gross one.

Others have objected to ‘Gulliver,’ that it presents the bad side of human nature almost exclusively. And this is a true criticism. We all feel in reading the book that there is too little of the excellency of man in it. But Swift had experienced too deep disappointment in the world to think much of its fair and agreeable side, or to value it very highly.

Let us look at the book, however, for ourselves, and mark what degree of truth there is in it.

Gulliver, the hero of the famous imaginary ‘Travels,’ is a surgeon, tolerably well educated, who goes to sea many times, and is eventually wrecked somewhere in the South Sea, not far from Van Diemen’s Land. He is the only one of the ship’s crew that escapes with life, and having walked a little way into the strange country into which he is cast, lies him down, from sheer weariness upon the grass, which he says is ‘soft and short,’ and falls asleep. When he awakes it is just daylight, and he attempts to rise, but finds it impossible. He is fast tied down by innumerable small ligatures: even the very hairs of his head are separately fastened! He liberates one hand, at length, and then partially releases his head, so as to be able to raise himself a little on one side. Behold, above one hundred arrows, no larger than small needles, are discharged at him,—he groans with grief and pain,—and resigns himself to lie still. He is in the land of Lilliput, where the inhabitants are only six inches high! They erect a scaffold of half a yard high near his head, capable of holding four Lilliputians, mount it by ladders, and one of their orators makes a speech to him. Not their language, but their signs, he could understand; and he makes signs in return, to show that he is hungry, by pointing with his loosened hand to his mouth. Baskets of meat are sent up to his mouth by the little people mounting ladders—and they show that they are wonder-stricken at his capacity for eating. They bring him drink in two of their hogs-heads holding less than half-a-pint, and, at their desire he throws the vessels up into the air—at which they shout for joy.

(To be continued in our next number.)

MORAL RULES AND SENSE OF DUTY.—The regard to the general rules of morality is what is properly called a sense of duty; a principle of the greatest consequence in human life, and the only principle by which the bulk of mankind are capable of directing their actions. There is scarce any man who, by discipline, education, and example may not be so impressed with a regard to these general rules of conduct, as to act upon almost every occasion with tolerable decency, and through the whole of his life avoid any tolerable degree of blame. Without this sacred regard to the general rules of morality, there is no man whose conduct can be much depended upon. It is this which constitutes the most essential difference between a man of principle and honour, and a worthless fellow. The one adheres, on all occasions, steadily and resolutely to his maxims, and preserves through the whole of his life one even tenor of conduct. The other acts variously and accidentally, as humour, inclination, or interest, chance to be uppermost.—*Dr. Adam Smith.*

CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848-9, AND 1849-50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'

V.—THE TRANSFIGURATION: LOCALITY, DURATION, AND CHRONOLOGY OF THE PUBLIC LIFE OF JESUS.

'WHAT!' the orthodox believer will exclaim, 'when an old and solemn festival of the church* is returned again, after its celebration through so many ages, are you not yet convinced that our Faith is indestructible, and that all your attempted innovations are vain?'

If you could shew that your faith has been held without innovations for any 300 years of its existence there might be some reason for your confidence; but if it will console you to know that the solemn festival of your church, now at hand, be a very old one, you may rest assured that it is much older than, perhaps, you have thought. The Druid went to the woods, with his chorus, to gather the sacred mistletoe, at this season, ages before your ancestors heard of the Virgin's child being born in Judea; and rejoiced in the emblem that although Nature was sunk in the desolation and death of Winter, she would be redeemed, and appear in the greatness of life in the succeeding spring. That Man who would undertake to say that any religion was absolutely new would manifest little knowledge of the past history of the world. Be not startled when you hear it maintained that *all* Religions of which there is any record in the world, have been, more or less, alike:—that they all contain Truth, even in their fictions:—that these fictions were not originally falsehoods and frauds invented for gain (whatever might be the purpose of some in keeping them up) but arose out of Man's nature and circumstances. Philosophy says, that, with the progress of Man and the amelioration of his circumstances, Religions may change, so far that the fiction or legend they contain may pass away, and the Truth or Moral remain.

It scarcely needs one minute's exhibition of proof, to shew that all the religions of the world have had, more or less, a family likeness. The Zeus of the Greeks, the Jupiter or Jove of the Romans, the Oromazes or Ormusd of the Persians, the Thor of the Teutonic tribes, are one and the same deity—He who wields the thunder. The Poseidon of the Greeks is the Neptune of the Romans: the Greek Hades is the Roman Pluto: the Greek Hermes is the Roman Mercury, and the Egyptian Thoth. The Triunity of the Supreme Godhead—behold it represented by the Old Egyptians, in their Osiris, Isis, and Typhon—or Osiris, Kneph, and Phtha; by the ancient Persians, in their Ormusd, Mithras, and Ahriman; by the Hindoos, in their Brahma, Veeshnu, and Seeva; by Christians, in their Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! *The third person of the Christian Trinity is 'the Regenerator,' and *fire* is one of his emblems. The same element is the emblem of Seeva, the 'Destroyer' or 'Regenerator.' Typhon and Ahriman are also Destroyers. But the Destroyer, say the Brahmins only destroyed to regenerate: death must ensue that the life of Nature may

* This discourse was delivered immediately before Christmas-day.

be continued. This was a necessary tenet with the Brahmins, for they held the indestructibility of matter, and the doctrine of the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. The Trinity, with the priests of the old nations, was an anagram of Nature: its three persons were the three letters or symbols by which Nature was spelt: Creation, Preservation, and Destruction or Regeneration:—the eternal round of existence—the processes ever beginning, continuing, and ending—to begin and continue again!

Pythagoras, from old India, or Persia, carried these cardinal doctrines of the Transmigration and the Trinity to Magna Græcia—our modern state of Naples. Plato, again, and a later time, imported the doctrine of the Trinity from Egypt to Athens. The mystical doctrine, so replete with philosophical meaning, was fused in his own glorious mind; and some intellectual Jews—a scarce class in their own country—becoming converts to his doctrines,—for his teachings spread around every shore of the Mediterranean,) they believed they now discovered this Trinity in the 'Elohim'—the plural word by which the deity is designated in the very first verse of Genesis. 'Jehovah,' thenceforth in their conceptions, meant the First Person of the Trinity: 'Mimra' or 'Schekinah,' was his *Logos* (or Word) as Plato had termed it; and the 'Ruach ha Kodesh,' or Holy Spirit of the Old Testament, was the same with the Third Hypostasis of Plato's Trinity. The venerable mystery had thus travelled from Judea and Persia to southern Italy (in that old time speaking the language of Greece); from Egypt it had travelled to the Groves of Plato's Academy; and the Platonising Jews who settled at Alexandria, thus restored it to the sacred land of the Nile. These Platonising Jews becoming Christians also introduced their favourite doctrine into the religion they had espoused; and from Asia Minor and Alexandria, in the second century, it has reached a dwelling on the banks of the Thames and kept possession of it till this nineteenth century.

In old Egypt, the great *Virgin Mother*, *Isis* or Nature, was worshipped with her child, *Horus* or Man—the prime object of her solicitude. The statues are yet seen in the land of the Nile—though none now bows before them. But the Myth, the Legend, is unabolished: the Virgin and her Child are objects of religious reverence in the temples, now rebuilding, of the old faith of the Middle Ages, in our land. The great truth contained in the Myth, Science will make clearer and clearer. No violence is needed to destroy the Legend: Man will grow out of the belief of that, as surely as he casts aside the swaddling-clothes of infancy. Let no one, in his free-thinking zeal be angry with any who receive the Legend for a fact. Reason with your neighbours about it, as in duty you are bound, if you be true disciples of Reason. Shew them that the doctrine of the Trinity as commonly received is a metaphysical contradiction—though as a Myth, it is the symbol of a great truth—the perpetual birth and life of Nature out of its death!

This symbolical legend, then, remains, dove-tailed into the Faith held in our land—fitted in by secondary interpretations of 'prophecies' from the more ancient Jewish books—for every people have had their own way of dovetailing ancient legends from one 'dispensation of religion' into another. We entered, a few weeks ago, into this narrative of the birth of the Divine Child, as it is related in two of the Gospels. You saw its divari-

cations. I need not repeat them:—the genealogies which contradicted each other,—the genealogies of a human father, which the double legend of Matthew and Luke—(we still use their names, not as having certain ground for believing they were the real authors of the Gospels, but for distinctness)—taught us to be useless, since the Divine child had no human father at all;—and the contradictions in the other parts of the narrative of Christ's childhood. We then advanced to the story of the Baptism, with its legendary accounts of the Holy Spirit descending in the form of a dove, and of the voice from heaven. We passed on to the strange history of the Temptation, with its irrational romance of the Devil; and lastly we came to the Miracles,—and found them—even at the outset of our enquiry,—without historic testimony: we could not call the witnesses: we knew not who they were, or who to call upon. As to the narratives themselves, whether we could compare them together in two, three, or all the four, Evangelists—we found them to be full of divergencies: in other words, they were legends by the very mode of their writing. But we knew nothing that ought to lead us to conclude that legend is to be believed rather than Science: Science, which assures us that Nature proceeds by fixed laws: Science, which is our great teacher. We did not question the real human existence of Jesus: we beheld the worshipful excellence of his personal character, and of his transcendent moral teachings—though we did not set him forth as a proficient in physical knowledge. Thus far we have proceeded, guided, I repeat, by candour and fairness, as well as a determination to scrutinise fearlessly what so many take implicitly into their credence; and we now advance to some other striking points in the wonderful legendary history—still resolving to be guided by the same fair but fearless spirit of investigation.

The Transfiguration of Jesus relates to a miracle which is stated to have taken place *in* Jesus, not one performed *by* him. It may thus be classed with his Baptism which we have already considered, and with his Resurrection which we have yet to consider. Herder, the great German writer, terms these three events—"the three luminous points in the life of Jesus which attest his heavenly mission." The Transfiguration has no mention whatever in the Fourth Gospel; but is related by Matthew, (xvii. ch. 1 v.) Mark, (ix. ch. 2 v.) and Luke (ix. ch. 28 v.). The substance of their three-fold statement depicts Jesus, six or eight days after the first announcement of his approaching Passion, as going up into a mountain with three favourite disciples, who witness—how, all at once, his countenance, and even his clothes are illuminated with supernatural splendour; how Moses and Elias, from the realm of spirits, appear, and talk with him; and how a heavenly voice out of a bright cloud describes him to be the Son of God.

Let us, for the sake of distinctness, consider the three principal miraculous features in this narrative; 1. The Light; 2. The Apparition of the Dead; 3. The Heavenly Voice.

(To be continued in next number.)

SIMILAR VIRTUES AND VICES.—People will despise their own virtues, and censure their own vices, in others. Nobody laughs at the folly of another so much as a fool; no man believes another so little as a liar; no people censure the talkative so much as great talkers. Misers daily condemn covetousness; and squanderers rail at extravagance in others. If one lady calls the chastity of another in question, she gives suspicion of herself.—*The Reflector.*

Review.

Life and Death in Ireland, as witnessed in 1849. By SPENCER T. HALL, Author of "Mesmeric Experiences," &c., &c. (SIMPKIN and MARSHALL.)

A brief extract, already given, contained an appalling description of misery:—the following passage is written with equal power, and the sad picture it reveals pertains to a country so beautiful as Ireland—be it remembered—and only removed from us by a few hours' voyage:

"My next call was at a dirty cabin containing a family of two or three starving and spiritless middle-aged people, one of whom had work occasionally at a lime-kiln, but seeming now almost too deficient of strength to do much at it. His brother, equally wretched, remained behind, looking on the fields that composed their holding, without energy to dig or seed to put in, and seeing little before him but the fate of another of the family, who had recently been kept many days uncoffined and putrid for want of the means to inter him after he had died. I endeavoured to arouse some little effort in this survivor, and gave him a trifle to buy seed with, but was afterwards told that he would be much more likely to lay it out in something to satisfy the immediate cravings of hunger, especially as there would be odds against his remaining to reap the crop.

"Leaving this scene, we came to a hamlet that had been rather inviting in the distance from some of its buildings being large and whitewashed—which has always a pleasant effect when the landscape around is green. Standing somewhat apart from the rest was the Roman Catholic chapel, at that time undergoing an alteration. Among the cabins and houses near, was one cottage having a rather genteel appearance; and the police barrack was here, as everywhere in the country, a neat, clean, and commodious erection. There were one or two houses that had evidently degenerated from comparatively respectable to most deplorable habitations; and the picture was finished by a number of impoverished huts, beyond all description stinking and filthy, and peopled by beings in a state far more wretched than that of the most dejected beggars I had hitherto seen in the world. Crawling about, and in some instances altogether unable to crawl, were objects more like death than anything I had heretofore seen out of a coffin, and which I should certainly have believed to be dead already but for their feeble efforts to solicit charity as I approached them. In one cabin were several children, one parent of whom had recently died; the other was gone for their weekly relief; and it is no exaggeration to say that were I keeper of pigs I should be ashamed to see them in so dirty and deplorable a state as those orphans. Most of the cabins about had their dung-heaps close to the door, but this, held like them under a titled landlord, furnished an exception to the rule—in having it inside! Time and decay had, however, shown a negative sort of mercy to the poor inmates by making three or four great holes in the roof for ventilation. It was about this period and on the same estate that a man died of hunger, and lay for the greater part of a week in a cow-cabin, without any one making the slightest preparation for burying him!

"Climbing from this place up the shoulder of the mountain to its summit, it would be impossible to forget the prospect suddenly bursting upon me there,—the plain below, here squared into fields, yonder gleaming with lakes and rivers; in some parts dotted with cabins or commanded by old castles and fair mansions, and everywhere exceedingly beautiful; with the little town of Six Mile Cross nigh at hand to give it life, had anything like life or spirit been remaining. But though in the middle of seed time and with weather so favourable for work, the fields were nearly all deserted or neglected, and as still as if it had been the sabbath,—and this generally because the holdings had recently fallen into the landlord's own hands, from tenants having emigrated or died off, or become idle for want of seed! The few I did find at work and talked with on descending, were all holding at enormous *nominal* rents which they declared it quite impossible they could pay, and wishing for means to get away either to England or America, or anywhere in the world, so that they might escape the starvation that seemed so inevitable at home. One little occurrence was very characteristic. Seeing a ragged and lean man ploughing in the field by his cabin, with as lean a horse;—or to come nearer to the truth, seeing them both standing at the headland as if quite jaded and unable to take another turn, and the housewife and child being also near, I went to them for the purpose of a little conversation. It was now mid-day, the weather very serene, and ere long we were joined by two armed policemen in pursuit of some one who had stolen a goat, the owner of which was with them, and, from his miserable and impoverished appearance, an object of the deepest commiseration: indeed, the entire scene was enough to make

the stoutest hearted weep. The two police had put down their guns and were leaning back to rest against the side of the dyke. The poor half-naked and dejected skeleton of a being bereaved of his goat—perhaps the only property he had in the world—had laid himself down on the ground near their feet. The tattered peasant and his wife, with the ill-clad child, stood by the side of their famished horse and their apology for a plough—all silent, gazing one upon another and on the country around; while a dog came crawling from the cabin with its ears down, its tail between its legs, and the ribs plainly to be counted through its hide, when one of the policemen, on its drawing near to lick his hand, said in a tender tone, and with evident though partially suppressed emotion, as he turned towards his comrade, 'Faix, and the dog's beat too!' To which the comrade replied, with a shake of his head and a sigh that proved they were on that subject at least both of one opinion. What must have been the scenes which, during that day's search among the cabins, had thus touched and softened the feelings of those sturdy policemen, whose occupation is said to have such a hardening effect on the heart!"

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"AND though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple! Who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a *free* and *open* encounter?"—*Milton's Areopagitica*.

No. 20.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1850. [Price One Penny.]

THE ONLY HELP FOR WORKINGMEN.

"What art thou, Freedom? * *
For the labourer thou art bread,
And a comely table spread,
From his daily labour come,
In a neat and happy home.
Thou art clothes, and fire, and food,
For the trampled multitude."

Shelley's Masque of Anarchy.

IF Workingmen needed to be convinced, the recent doings in Parliament ought to be sufficient to convince them that there is no speedy relief for their social condition to be expected in that direction. Questions regarding the hours of labour, the rate of wages, and the unhealthy condition of the places in which labour is performed,—meet with such endless objection and opposition among legislators, so called, that it is sickening to read their debates. Workingmen ought clearly and fully to look the truth in the face,—that if they do not set about helping themselves they can only expect to toil on and die. If a few men of humane hearts plead the cause of the oppressed and neglected, in the House of Commons,—there is a host ready to start up and throw all kind of objections in the way, while the majority listlessly sit and say not a word, nor care how deeply the millions suffer.

How long will workmen dream of help from government, and delay to exercise their own power of help? A Parliament elected by Manhood Suffrage is not to be looked for, at present; and any Parliament elected by a limited suffrage will never probe the Labour question, in such a mode as to give relief to millions who are enduring wrong. Association—Association—is the remedy,—the remedy which can be *instantly* applied; and it is the remedy which workingmen have in their own hands.

Let no one object that it is doubtful whether this be a remedy. The 'Association of Working Tailors,' the formation of which I announced several weeks ago, is now flourishing most cheerfully. The hands at work are twenty-seven in number; their affairs prosperous; and their union harmonious. In the present week their first quarter—which was to be a quarter of probation—ends, and the selection will be made, of the number of workmen who are to form the company, in future. Work has poured in from all quarters: peers, clergy, and gentry, have been among their customers; and groups of workingmen have gone to the premises at 34, Castle Street, Oxford Street, in the evenings,—some giving an order for a coat or vest, and others for a pair of trowsers,—gladdening their brother workingmen by this proof of sympathy. The average amount of work done on the

establishment, lately, has been £80 per week. A good rate of wages has been paid, and there will be something to share.

It may be replied, 'But you told us, some weeks ago, that a capital had been furnished to these workingmen, by some benevolent persons who had the power and the will to furnish it.' True: and does any workingman suppose that, though there is so much selfishness in the world, like benevolence will not show itself in other quarters, when the oppressed display the spirit to help themselves? Never doubt it. And if it cannot be found, surely, when workingmen begin earnestly to hold their 'Committees of Ways and Means'—some mode of starting can be devised. In some instances a little capital can be furnished or borrowed by *each* workingman: thus a 'Tailors' Joint Stock Company' has been started at 314, Oxford Street, near Hanover Square: each member of the Company is a £5 shareholder—wages are paid—and profits will be shared—and the shareholders are *all* working tailors. Here is a fragment from their handbill:—

"The wretchedness of the condition to which the Journeymen Tailors of London have been reduced, has lately become well known. That condition must go on from bad to worse, unless some energetic means be taken to stem its course.

"The above Company consists solely of Journeymen Tailors. They have well considered the position of themselves, and of their class, as well as of the Artizan in general. They deeply feel that the work of improvement must depend—and can only truly and permanently depend—upon their own efforts; and that any reliance upon the aid of Parliament can only be delusive, while to be content to crave such aid is unworthy of Men who have the capital of their own skill and labour at their command.

"They have therefore resolved to combine that skill and labour for their own benefit; and, with that capital, to ask no external or artificial aid, but to place themselves before the public, in the spirit of an equal and honourable competition."

Now, perhaps, that fatal word 'competition' is the worst they could have chosen, and shows that there is but little comprehension among them of the real source of the evils under which Workingmen labour—but what then? Let every mode, any mode, of Association be tried—let the grand experiment be made—let the doctrine be tested in every way—until it be proved whether Society can, or can not, be rescued from its existing evils, or whether we are to surrender ourselves up to the conviction that misery is the inevitable and never-ending lot of the majority of our race.

It is not among the Tailors only, that the principle of Association is being attended to. A Needlewomen's Association is established in a large and airy house, at 31, Red Lion Square, and has been two or three weeks at work under the management of a committee of ladies,—chiefly the wives and acquaintances of the benevolent promoters of the Tailors' Association at 34, Castle Street. These humane yearners over the miseries of the working classes have also assisted with a little capital, an Association of Working Shoemakers to start at 151, High Holborn, and another at 11½, Tottenham Court Road: and I have private information that an Association of Working Bakers will soon be started.

Among no poor victims of competition is there more need of some step being taken for their own deliverance than among the bakers. A correspondent informs me that they "toil from sixteen to eighteen hours per day, and the sleep they obtain is twice broken every night, and the one-half of it is under the heated atmosphere of the bakehouse. And that," he continues, "is not the worst: there are hundreds of us who begin work on Thursday evening, and are never out of the bakehouse till Saturday night, except on business; and the like on Sunday forenoon, when the priests are crying out against twenty-five men working in the Post-office. I suppose they are not aware of the fact that from six to eight hundred men are em-

ployed in bakehouses, throughout London, on the Sunday forenoon." So writes my correspondent; but I venture to assure him that few of the priests care how many bakers or cooks, grooms or coachmen, are employed on a Sunday. Their luxuries few of them would forego, on any day. As for bothering about the Post-office, it is a part of their vocation to stand in the way of public improvement, and they are eager to seize on any occasion for making pretences to strict righteousness. Let us hear of their demanding a holiday for the poor bakers, and *giving* the holiday to their cooks, grooms, and coachmen, and we shall be more ready to believe that their din about the Post-office arises from a religious regard to their Sunday-Sabbath.

What little hope the poor bakers can have from Parliament let the debate, in the Commons, of Tuesday night in last week testify! Lord Robert Grosvenor, with humanity that does him honour, entreated for leave to bring in a bill to remedy the case of the Journeyman Bakers, and had a majority of two to one against him. And who was the chief opposer? With shame and regret it must be spoken—John Bright was that man! his opposition too, was couched in the language of the most vulgar objection: Lord Robert Grosvenor was urging the objection of *Communitistic* doctrines, John Bright said—and said it, too, because he knew the vulgar prejudices of members of Parliament would take alarm at that. It was the most disreputable way of putting a man down: disreputable because it appealed to *fear* and *ignorance*—for how many of the Commons' members know what Communism is? To the great credit of Lord Dudley Stuart, George Thompson, and Sharman Crawford, among Liberals,—and of Mr. Stafford, among Conservatives,—be it remembered that they spoke earnestly in favour of Lord Robert Grosvenor's motion. But what can a *few* do in Parliament? The poor bakers, in spite of their apparent helplessness, *must* shew that they are resolved to help themselves—or, I repeat, they must toil on and die.

Workingmen, I tell all of you that *that* is a truth applicable to you all. *Will* you despairingly submit to it—or will you, one and all, begin to resolve to band yourselves into Brotherhoods and take yourselves out of the power of oppression? 'The means?' do you still ask? Cast about, and *try* to find the means. But do not despair without trying.

THOMAS COOPER.

P.S. I have just learnt another cheering fact. Mr. Neale, a gentleman of large property, being about to erect a house in May-fair (one of the most aristocratic parts of London) has accepted the contract of an Association of Working Builders;—and *more*—he hints that 500 acres of land, in his possession, shall be open to an Association of Working Cultivators. I hope to learn more particulars by next week. The importance of attending to this subject of Association must be my apology for deferring the conclusion of the 'Reminiscence of Wordsworth' till next number.

NOTES WHICH THEY WHO RUN MAY READ.

"THE CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST."—A penny monthly periodical, under this title, is published at Newcastle-on-Tyne—conducted, if my information be correct, by Dissenting Ministers. It has several excellent objects in view, and not the least is the advocacy of Temperance. The number for April has been forwarded to me by three friends, who each draw my attention to the opening article, which is entitled—"The English in the cast-off Clothes of the Ger

mans : the duty of the Church in relation to the Age." It sets out with observing that as "England has long borrowed her fashions in dress from her French neighbours," so she is now borrowing "her modes of religious and philosophic thinking from the more speculative Germans." The intended wit of the title selected for the *article* points at Strauss, and is sharpened as follows :—

"Not only has a very excellent English translation rendered his writings accessible to the higher class of readers, but he has lately found a shrewd, sagacious, and zealous interpreter, in the person of Mr. Thomas Cooper, a man who understands the popular English taste, and who has displayed a considerable amount of tact in adapting Strauss's German reasonings to the less mystical and clear-headed people of our island. His English version will undoubtedly have a wide sale, and must exercise a considerable influence on the minds of multitudes, who will eagerly swallow the poison, but for whom no proper antidote has been provided. We do not share in the exaggerated fears of some ; but the subject appears to us to be one of vast importance, and demands the careful and earnest thought of every lover of truth and righteousness. Indifference to the danger, or silence as to its existence, will not remove it. The cry of 'peace, peace,' in the hour of peril, at the very crisis of existence, may be pleasing to quiet easy people ; but it is treason to the common cause, and cannot fail to issue in ultimate disaster and defeat."

Now, all this parade of zeal for orthodoxy becomes questionable in its character, when the reader gets through the article, and finds not one word of defence penned for orthodoxy. The writer is conjectured to be the Rev. H. Rogers, M.A., Independent Minister. A man who has taken a learned degree cannot be supposed to be unqualified for the work of defence ; and yet he contents himself with lamenting the 'indifference' of others. Why does he not *prove* his sincerity by *showing* us that the narratives in the Gospels are *not* Legends, but true History? He observes, towards the close of his article, that "there will be little force in sceptical objections to those who have at all accustomed themselves to the study of the points involved." If such really be his conviction, it would be an easy work *for him* to sweep away Strauss and his book, together with the 'shrewd, sagacious and zealous interpreter,' and his 'Critical Exegesis.' Until this be done, Mr. R.'s flourishes about 'God's truth'—that is to say *orthodoxy*—being "a rock," and "a deep flowing river," and "a sun," may pass for pretty strokes of rhetoric—but they cannot stand in the place of argument, or satisfy people who think for themselves. The wittiest titles Mr. R. can select will serve his purpose no better. A freethinker might return his compliment by describing "Orthodox Christianity in the cast-off clothes of Paganism"—or in some other way as apt as Mr. R.'s. But what then? The Gospel narratives would have to be examined : it would have to be shewn that they were *not* legendary, but historical. The challenge is thrown down. Will Mr. Rogers take it up? If not, let him cease to blame his brethren for 'indifference.'

THE LONDON UNDERTAKERS.—The following is a copy of a circular which has just been addressed to every M.P. by a master Undertaker not 100 miles from Tottenham Court Road :—

"Although I write to you individually, I represent a class of Metropolitan Tradesmen numbering upwards of 10,000 ; 1,000 of whom, like myself, get their living solely by the Undertaking trade, while the remaining 9,000 are more or less employed. I beg respectfully to call your attention to clauses 25, 26, 27, and 61, in a Bill now to be submitted to you in Parliament entitled the 'Metropolitan Interments' Bill,' which if permitted to pass into law with these clauses, will virtually shut up every one of our shops ; and for why? To benefit the public? No! but to create a monopoly, dangerous in the extreme, both in policy and practice, especially in a free-trade country. Although to effect this monopoly, recourse has been had to the basest falsehoods respecting the present burial grounds, we interfere not, but agree with extramural interments as being a step in the right direction. Hoping you will not allow the slightest interference with trade, there being sufficient competition to protect the public,

I have the honour to be, &c., &c."

Furthermore, some of these master Undertakers are saying very bitter

things about the Government, and regretting that they have supported it—seeing that the said Government hesitates not to entertain the idea of cutting away their monopoly. One worthy Undertaker, residing not far from Long Acre, cries out that, on the ‘glorious 10th of April,’ he himself raised 600 special constables to put down the Chartist, and yet *this* is the reward the *rascally* Whig government gives him for his exertions—shuts up his shop! Good lack! how little it takes to melt away some people’s ‘patriotism!’

ORGANISATION OF LABOUR.—Let men laugh at Louis Blanc as they may, he has stirred the minds of all our great thinkers. Thomas Carlyle, with all his dislike of ‘Universal Suffrages and Ballot-boxes,’ asserts that the Organisation of Labour is the *duty* of a Government. The idea must and will gain strength in some shape. In a late number of his ‘Latter Day Pamphlets’ he is proposing ‘Industrial Regiments of the New Era,’ with ‘continents of new real work opened out, for the Home and all other Public Offices among us.’ And after describing the Home Office ‘looking out, as for life and salvation, for proper men to command these Regiments’—he thus goes on:—

“Wise obedience and wise command. I foresee that the regimenting of Pauper Banditti into Soldiers of Industry is but the beginning of this blessed process, which will extend to the topmost heights of our Society; and, in the course of generations, make us all once more a Governed Commonwealth, and *Civitas Dei*, if it please God! Waste-land Industrials succeeding, other kinds of Industry, as cloth-making, shoe-making, plough-making, spade-making, house-building,—in the end, all kinds of Industry whatsoever will be found capable of regimenting. Mill-operatives, all manner of free operatives, as yet unregimented, nomadic under private masters, they, seeing such example and its blessedness, will say: ‘Masters, you must regiment us a little; make our interests with you permanent a little, instead of temporary and nomadic; we will enlist with the State otherwise!’ This will go on, on the one hand, while the State-operation goes on, on the other: thus will all Masters of Workmen, private Captains of Industry, be forced to incessantly co-operate with the State and its public Captains; they regimenting in their way, the State in its way, with ever-widening field; till their fields *meet* (so to speak) and coalesce, and there be no unregimented worker, or such only as are fit to remain unregimented, any more.—O my friends, I clearly perceive this horrible cloaca of Pauperism, wearing nearly bottomless now, is the point where we must begin. Here, in this plainly unendurable portion of the general quagmire, the lowest point of all, and hateful even to M’Crowdy, must our main drain begin: steadily prosecuting that, tearing that along with Herculean labour and divine fidelity, we shall gradually drain the entire Stygian swamp, and make it all once more a fruitful field!”

THE FINANCIAL REFORMERS.—I said nothing about their Conference at the time it was being held—because they did nothing. True, there were a few good speeches made—such as those by W. J. Fox, George Dawson, and George Thompson. But the cold-water caution of John Bright, and the refusal of the Conference to entertain the question of Manhood Suffrage, served to negative the positive good speaking, and to render the whole affair a political neutrality. This association *may* do good; but it will not be in a hurry.

THOMAS COOPER.

Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

- SUNDAY, May 19, at half-past 7, Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.
 “Life and Genius of Voltaire”—Thomas Cooper. At half past 7, Hall of Science (near Finsbury Square,) City Road. “Last Moments of Great Men”—Walter Cooper.
- MONDAY, May 20, at half-past 8, Mechanics’ Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars.
 “On Bathing”—Dr. Epps. At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenæum, 23, Henry Street. “Readings from the Lady of Lyons”—C. Sims. At half-past 8, Soho Mutual Instruction Society, 2, Little Dean Street. “Phonography and Phonetic Spelling.”—W. Russell.
- WEDNESDAY, May 22, at 8, Hackney Scientific and Literary Institution. “Popular Proverbs”—George Dawson, M.A.

Correspondence.

SIR—Judging from my own observation of the literary compositions of the present day, there appears to me to be great doubt in the minds of many writers as to the correct spelling of certain derivative words such as *bigoted*, *worshipping*, *traveling*, &c., as if there was no rule by which the orthography might be guided. One's eyesight is constantly annoyed by seeing two *ts*, two *ps*, two *ls*, respectively in the words just instanced, the doubling of which letters must either be the result of ignorance or carelessness. Perhaps you will be kind enough to aid in reforming this abuse by making it known that in the preface to Webster's American Dictionary of the English language will be found these words:—"On this subject Walker observes, in his Rhyming Dictionary, 'Dr. Lowth has justly remarked that this error (that of doubling the final consonant when not under the accent) frequently takes place in the words *worshipping*, *counseling*, etc., which, having the accent on the first syllable, ought to be written *worshiping*, *counselling*, etc. An ignorance of this rule has led many to write *bigotted* for *bigoted*, and from this spelling has arisen a false pronunciation; but no letter seems to be more frequently doubled improperly than *l*. Why we should write *libelling*, *revelling*, and yet *offering*, *suffering*, *reasoning*, I am at a loss to determine; and unless *l* can give a better plea than any other letter in the alphabet for being doubled in this situation, I must in the style of Lucian, in his trial of the letter *t*, declare for an expulsion.' In this expulsion, it is believed, the public will finally concur, when they reflect, that this violation of analogy takes place in the derivatives of comparatively few words, in opposition to multitudes of instances in which the general rule prevails.

The *general rule*, then, is that when the accent is on the *first syllable* in those derivative words, the *final consonant of the primitive* is *not to be doubled*.

I offer these remarks as a useful hint to your younger readers, and

Mr. Thomas Cooper.

Remain yours respectfully, OMICRON.

[I wish we had among us, an acknowledged literary tribunal, like the French Academy, to which all disputes on spelling, pronunciation, grammar, &c., could be referred. In default of this, I fear our irregularities must continue for many years to come. No one likes to take upon himself the singularity of omitting the two *ls* in 'libelling'—although Omicron has shewn us, in the quotation given above, that analogy demands but one *l*. Landon, who *ought* to be considered an authority, adopted several reforms in spelling in the first edition of his splendid 'Imaginary Conversations;' and yet nobody would follow him. It is discouraging to attempt reform when so great a writer's example proved a failure.—T. C.]

To Correspondents.

* * * Correspondents will please address "Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London."

J. H. Y., Haggerstone.—I would not recommend you to do any such thing. Try cold water sponging, and take more exercise.

T. M., Macclesfield.—Send me the name of your London agent. I can do nothing without that.

J. E. J., Bethnal Green; 'Journeyman Carpenter;' T. W., Bristol; 'Anglicus;' 'Radical.'—Their poetry is most respectfully declined.

'Gustavus,' Edinburgh.—Will he send me his full address, that I may write to him, privately?

A. B.—I leave London, for the North of England, if all be well, on Monday, May 27—have to talk at Coventry that night and the next—at Hull on the three next nights—and journey, on Saturday, to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where I am to talk twice on Sunday, June 2nd, and also on the two following Sundays. On the week-days, during the first fortnight in June, I shall be ready to attend to such appointments in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, as the friends may fix upon. If I find it possible to stay from home longer, I shall be happy to visit the friends at Sheffield, Bradford, Keighley, and other towns, with which I have corresponded. But if circumstances should call me home in the middle of June, I will take the first opportunity of setting out again to visit them.—T. C.

THINKINGS, FROM ARCHDEACON PALEY.

OF PROPERTY.—If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn ; and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got in a heap ; reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse ; keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst, pigeon of the flock ; sitting round, and looking on, all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it ; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it, and tearing it to pieces ;—if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is everyday practised and established among men. Among men you see the ninety and nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one (and this one too, often times, the feeblest and worst of the whole set—a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool ;) getting nothing for themselves all the while, but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces ; looking quietly on, while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled ; and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft.

EXAMPLE OF PARENTS.—A good parent's first care is to be virtuous himself ; his second to make his virtues as easy and engaging to those about him as their nature will admit. Virtue itself offends, when coupled with forbidding manners ; and some virtues may be urged to such excess, or brought forward so unseasonably, as to discourage and repel those who observe and who are acted upon by them, instead of exciting an inclination to imitate and adopt them. Young minds are particularly liable to these unfortunate impressions. For instance, if a father's economy degenerate into a minute and teasing parsimony, it is odds but that the son, who has suffered under it, sets out a sworn enemy to all rules of order and frugality. If a father's piety be morose, rigorous, and tinged with melancholy, perpetually breaking in upon the recreation of his family, and surfeiting them with the language of religion on all occasions, there is a danger lest the son carry from home with him a settled prejudice against seriousness and religion, as inconsistent with every plan of a pleasurable life ; and turns out, when he mixes with the world, a character of levity or dissoluteness.

IMITATION.—Amongst the causes assigned for the continuance and diffusion of the same moral sentiments amongst mankind, may be mentioned *imitation*. The efficacy of this principle is most observable in children indeed, if there be anything in them which deserves the name of an *instinct*, it is their *propensity to imitation*. Now there is nothing which children imitate, or apply more readily, than expressions of affection and aversion, of approbation, hatred, resentment, and the like ; and when these passions and expressions are once connected, which they soon will be by the same association which unites words with their ideas, the passion will follow the expression, and attach upon the object to which the child has been accustomed to apply the epithet. In a word, when almost everything else is learned by *imitation*, can we wonder to find the same cause concerned in the generation of our moral sentiments ?

INFLUENCE OF HABIT.—Mankind act more from habit than reflection. It is in few only and great occasions that men deliberate at all ; on fewer still that they institute any thing like a regular enquiry into the moral rectitude or depravity of what they are about to do, or wait for the result of it. We are for the most part determined at once ; and by an impulse, which is the effect and energy of pre-established habits. And this constitution seems well adapted to the exigencies of human life, and to the imbecility of our moral principle. In the current occasions and rapid opportunities of life, there is oftentimes little leisure for reflection ; and were there more, a man who has to reason about his duty, when the temptation to transgress it is upon him, is almost sure to reason himself into an error. If we are in so great a degree passive under our habits, where, it is asked, is the exercise of virtue, the guilt of vice, or any use of moral and religious knowledge ?—I answer, in the *forming and contracting* of these habits.

TO KENILWORTH CASTLE.

How proud, in thy desolation,
Thou standest here, old pile;
Folding closer thy ivy mantle,
As the spring begins to smile;
With a cold, stern spirit disdaining
All sympathy and stay:
But alone and silent, maintaining
Fierce war with time and decay.

Thou bringest strange thoughts, old ruin,
Of days that are long gone by;
When the dark De Clinton raised thee,
With thy frowning turrets high;
They were lawless times, old ruin,
Those Norman days of yore;
And heavy, and harsh were the burdens
That the Saxon bondmen bore.

These very stones were quarried
By serf and vassal hands,
And the earth was dug by the conquered,
Where thy strong foundation stands;
And the fields o'er which thou lookest,
Have witnessed many a feud,
'Tween the ruthless, bold usurpers,
And their stubborn foemen rude.

Full many a fearful tragedy
Thy days of power could tell,
Were it not that grey oblivion
Had hid them in her cell:
Thou hadst many a noble master,
Like him of the Maiden's reign,
But no other wizard hath waved his wand,
To call them forth again.
Coventry.

The times are vastly changed, old pile,
In this our latter day;
But the Wrong hath still dominion,
And Might o'er Right holds sway;
And we toilers are still the Saxon,
Who drudge for scanty fee;
And our homes are homes of the wretched,
And our lives a misery!

But your high and noble chivalry
Have died from off the earth!
And the tyrants who now rule us,
Are not men of knightly worth;
But such as for filthy lucre
Have sold their souls high meed;
And they wallow in boundless luxury,
While their bondmen die of need!

But a power is breaking forth, old pile,
That ye little knew of yore;
More potent than rock-built castles,
Or the ban of priestly lore;
More strong than the bond of gold that ties
Our selfish tyrants now;
More firm than the faith of martyrs;
More pure than the vestal vow!

'Tis the power that Knowledge giveth
To the hard-used and oppressed;
'Tis the conquest Thought achieveth
In the lowly toiler's breast!
And the days are ever bringing
Higher tidings of its might,
In its battlings with old Error,
For the cause of Truth and Right!

EDRIC.

THE TALE OF LOVE.

I read to thee a tale of love,
A tear was in thine eye;
And rose and sunk thy bosom's swell,
Moved by thy struggling sigh.
Thy head reposed upon my heart;
Thy hand was clasped in mine;
And life on earth can never know
A moment more divine!
Birmingham.

The day was rainy, dark, and dull;
Dense clouds o'er earth did roll;
Yet brightness beamed around our hearth,
And sunshine in the soul.
Time had no power over us;
To each the bliss was given,
To feel, within the present, flow
The timelessness of Heaven!

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

TO POVERTY.

O poverty, thine is a cheerless den,
Sad, drear, and gloomy, as a polar night;
Chill, and unwholesome, as a sunless fen
Deprived of all real comfort, and delight;
Where the poor wretch exists as in a dream,
Nor knows that life has joys he may receive;
And looks, and speaks withal, that one might deem
He felt unworthy in the world to live.
His mind to every form of slavery bowed,—
Truth, beauty, liberty, are nought to him:
Its strength and light obscured, as with a cloud,
Inactive sleeps, nor e'er shoots forth a gleam:
No grand, ennobling thought, can e'er engage
His youth or manhood, listless as his age!

Thornton, near Bradford.

JOHN ACKROYD.

MORAL AND POLITICAL LESSONS OF 'GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.'

An Oration; delivered at the Literary Institution, John-Street, Fitzroy Square :
September 23rd, 1849.

BY THOMAS COOPER.

(Continued from last number.)

THE courage of these tiny people amazes Gulliver—for they mount upon his body, and walk to and fro upon him, till he feels inclined to seize a score or two of them and punish them; but he reflects that he might suffer by it, since their numbers are so great, and so resigns himself to patience, believing they will eventually liberate him. He falls asleep—they had mingled a sleepy potion with the wine they gave him—and when he wakes, he is being drawn towards their capital city on a machine seven feet long, raised three inches from the ground, moving upon two and twenty wheels, and dragged by one thousand five hundred Lilliputian horses, each four inches and a half high!

Gulliver's adventures when he arrives at the capital of Lilliput—his interview with the emperor—his description of the council held as to what was to be done with himself,—'Quinbus Flestrin,' or the Man-mountain, as they termed him—their search of his person, and inventory of the articles found upon him, such as his watch, his snuff-box, his comb, his sword, and his pistols—afford proofs of Swift's singular ingenuity. You will not expect me to complete the detail. My aim is to induce you to read for yourselves. You will not fail to observe with what remarkable skill Swift has proportioned the appearance of the objects he has described—with what mathematical instinct, in the lessening of the size of the Lilliputians, he has also squared the dimensions of their houses, their dress, their arms, and all other circumstantials surrounding them. The calm, quiet satire with which he has depicted the pomp and absurd forms of courts, in his portraiture of this diminutive people, is equally admirable. Not seldom, he has a stroke at some real character. Thus, in describing the games performed, before the emperor of Lilliput, Gulliver is made to say:

"I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground: upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

"This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments, and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together, upon the trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common packthread in England."

Sir Robert Walpole, the prime minister of the period is the real *Flimnap*. Swift belonged to the Tory party, at the time he wrote the 'Travels;' and he could not forbear the opportunity of having a satirical blow at the Whig premier.

The 'articles' upon which Gulliver is allowed to have his liberty, are introduced by a royal preamble which contains an admirable satire of the ridiculous claims of sovereigns. Thus it reads:—

"Gulbasto Momarem Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ully Gue, most mighty emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand *blustrugs* (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as the winter. His most sublime majesty proposes to the man-mountain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which by a solemn oath, he shall be obliged to perform."

The articles consist of several provisions—the chief being that Gulliver shall not depart from Lilliput—that he shall render himself useful while there—shall especially aid the emperor against his enemies of Blefuscu—and shall, on the observance of said conditions be allowed daily as much meat and drink as would be sufficient for 1728 Lilliputians. Gulliver swears to the conditions, and then the chain which had been fastened to his legs in sleep, is unlocked, and he is set at liberty. Swift makes his hero conclude the account of the treaty with a passage which contains a piquant parody on the grave descriptions of travellers:

"The reader may please to observe, that in the last article of the recovery of my liberty, the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1728 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determinate number, he told me that his majesty's mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1728 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of this people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince."

The High and Low Church parties of the time of George the 1st, are pointedly satirised in the picture of the High and Low Heel parties of Lilliput; and the prince, afterwards George 2nd, is ridiculed for his characteristic trimming in the portrait of the 'imperial heir' who had one high, and one low heel to his shoes. But the most skilful satire is that of the Big and Little Endians. The Lilliputians broke their eggs at the smaller end, the inhabitants of Blefuscu at the larger. Both asserted they were right in their interpretation of the 54th chapter of the *Blunderbush*, which declared that 'all true believers should break their eggs at the convenient end.' Six rebellions had been raised in Lilliput, and 11,000 persons had suffered death,—all for the precious right of breaking their eggs at the larger end, according to ancient custom. The Blefuscu people being Big-Endians, were at war with the emperor of Lilliput as an abettor of heresy. England and France—or the Protestant and Roman Catholic states—are ridiculed under these figures. Gulliver is, at length, pressed to assist in the war, and performs the famous feat of drawing to shore 50 of the Blefuscu men-of-war ships. The emperor desires him to draw *all* their ships to the Lilliputian shore, to reduce Blefuscu to a province, and compel all the Big Endians to break their eggs at the smaller end! Gulliver, however, refuses to be made the instrument of completely enslaving that people—the emperor is offended with him—and, thenceforth, intrigue against him is rife in the court, and is headed by one who had been all along his enemy—Skyresh Bolgolam, the high-admiral. An important accident brings the plot against him to a crisis: the royal palace is on fire, and Gulliver puts out the fire in a *natural* way, which in spite of his having saved her life, the queen declares to be unpardonable. Modern taste is offended with these strokes of Swift; but his strong mind had wondrous skill in adapting them to the exposure of the ridiculousness of pride and false delicacy.

Gulliver had secret information by a courtier that his enemies are now bent on his destruction. They are proposing, either to set fire to his house at night, to poison all his shirts and sheets, to put out his eyes, or to starve him gradually to death. He takes his determination—makes his escape to Blefuscu, where he is well received, and the pigmy monarch of that country offers him greater honours than he had ever received in Lilliput—but he sees a boat, keel upwards, in the sea, is assisted in securing it—is then allowed to depart in it—comes up with an English vessel, and so reaches his own country, once more.

In his second voyage the hero enters the country of Brobdingnag—a land of giants, in whose presence he is as much a pigmy, as each of the Lilliputians were in his. I must not delay to give even a brief sketch of this second part of Gulliver. Suffice it to say that it is as perfect as the first; while the contrast between the situation of the same man, who was before a giant and is now a pigmy, is most felicitously conceived, and increases our enjoyment of the satire at every page, as we proceed. The only feature of tenderness in the book is found in the portrait of Glumdalclitch—the maid who carries Gulliver in her bosom, and takes care of him. How far Swift partook of the Radicalism of Genius, in spite of his professed Toryism, begins to be strongly developed in this second part of the book. Gulliver's descriptions of the English institutions before the king of Brobdingnag, and the replies of the giant monarch, are as unlike Tory writing as anything we can conceive. But, perhaps, in the entire book, there is nothing so forcible as the narrative of that conversation in which Gulliver proposed to ingratiate himself with the king by discovering to him the invention of gunpowder and its use by engines that would enable the monarch, when besieging any city of his enemies, to 'rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, and burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near.' What reception the proposal made is thus described:

"The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of those terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. 'He was amazed, how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I,' (these were his expressions) 'could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation, which I had painted, as the common effects of those destructive machines; whereof,' he said, 'some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself,' he protested, 'that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom, than be privy to such a secret; which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more.'"

"A strange effect of narrow principles and views! that a prince possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endowed with admirable talents, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a nice, unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people. Neither do I say this, with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whose character, I am sensible, will, on this account, be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader: but I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For, I remember very well, in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say, 'there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government,' it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy, or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics, which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his

opinion, 'that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground, where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.' "

There is a commentary on the Art of Government, and a test for excellence of discovery, which—whatever may be thought of the fantastic dress of the story—ought to render 'Gulliver's Travels' a book never to be forgotten or neglected!

(*To be continued in next number.*)

CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848-9, AND 1849-50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'

V.—THE TRANSFIGURATION: LOCALITY, DURATION, AND CHRONOLOGY OF THE PUBLIC LIFE OF JESUS.

1. THE Light with which Jesus is described to have been invested—whence came it? He 'was *transfigured* before them,' says our authorised translation of Matthew and Mark; but the expression in the Greek is μεταμορφώθη—*metamorphosed*. Not an outward illumination, therefore, is intended to be described; but an irradiation from within—an effulgence of the beams of the Divinity through the veil of the Humanity, would seem to be represented. This was the crisis, say some divines, commencing that purifying change of the corporeality of the Redeemer which was necessary, and which was continued up to the time of his ascension into heaven. But we know of no possible purification of matter. If the Deity be in Nature, it is always pure. The churchyard or burial-ground needs no mummary of 'consecration'—the human body needs no purifying. Such an idea is narrow and confined, and could only have been conceived in an ignorant age. It is in the spirituality of Christ's mind that the noblest idea of purification is developed. 'But it was to manifest his glory,' say the orthodox. Then why was not that glory manifested in the presence of the multitude, instead of only in the presence of three disciples,—and for what purpose was it manifested, if they were 'charged to tell the vision to no man' until after the resurrection?

2. The Apparition of the Dead, at the Transfiguration—how are we to conceive of it? *Can* departed souls become visible to the living? And if these had bodies, *whence* had they them? According to Scripture we are not to have restored bodies till the general resurrection. If it be replied that Elijah, who was one of the apparitions, went to heaven in a fiery chariot without dying, and was transfigured as he went up—the apparition of Moses has still to be accounted for. The last chapter of Deuteronomy informs us that he died and was buried 'in a valley in the land of Moab.' What was the object of the appearance of these departed spirits? '*Talking*' with Jesus, is all that we are told of their object by Matthew and Mark; but Luke adds 'of his decease, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem.' But Moses and Elias had no need to come to reveal this; for, according to all the first three evangelists, Jesus had predicted his own death and sufferings a

week before this vision. 'They came to strengthen and prepare him for his passion and death,' say some commentators. But what strength or preparation did he receive from them, if the recital of the agony in Gethsemane's garden be true?

3. The Voice out of the bright cloud (the *Schekinah* undoubtedly was in the mind of the writer) reminds us of the same incident in the narrative of the Baptism. But again our reason is revolted at the anthropomorphic or human likeness this gives us of the Divine Being. Real, human accents,—audible, man's speech!—how this jars with our conceptions of the Infinite!

In both ancient and modern times, be it observed, attempts have been made to take the Transfiguration, more or less, out of the region of reality. Tertullian, at the end of the second century, pleads that it should be regarded as a vision,—as the fruit of ecstasy, in Jesus and his disciples. But the word *ὄραμα*—*vision*, in Matthew, is often used in an external sense, in the New Testament. Some divines have regarded the narrative as the relation of a *dream*, since Luke says the disciples "were heavy with sleep." But during the Gethsemane passion the disciples are also *asleep*. That feature in the two narratives seems only intended to heighten Christ's portrait by a display of his exemption from the ordinary weakness of humanity, either in glorification or suffering. Others have proposed to consider the whole narrative as susceptible of a natural interpretation: there was a flash of lightning, say they,—there was a peal of thunder;—or, two men (Essenes, says Venturini) his secret allies, were talking with Jesus while the disciples were asleep,—they saw them just when they were awaking, the first rays of the morning sun fell on Jesus, and the bright cloud or mist fell on the two Essenes, who, as they went down from the mountain top, pronounced the words 'This is my beloved Son,' &c. Such modes of interpretation, we may say with Strauss, have justly lost all repute: it is time they were done away with, and that we should proceed to investigate the records of the supernatural and miraculous in the New Testament, with the same spirit of philosophic criticism that we bring to bear on any other ancient records.

In what class of narrative, then, will philosophic criticism direct us to place this of the Transfiguration? We have seen that its supernatural features are repugnant to reason. The witnesses for the entire occurrence as an historic fact—where are they? We cannot forget that the real authorship of the Gospels has never been established. And, if it had, the three Gospel writers who record the Transfiguration do not tell us *how* the circumstances were made known to them. None of them are named as witnessing the Transfiguration; and—strangely enough—John, who is one of the three disciples named as witnesses of it, and is also said to be the author of the fourth Gospel,—does not say a word about it!

Excuse me, one moment, when I say to you that I wonder how any man can hold by orthodoxy when he has once dared to think for himself. I do not wonder, while he has not dared to think, or while he represses the struggling desire to begin to think. I know what that state of mind is, by well-remembered experience. But how can reason reconcile these difficulties which perpetually start before us in the Gospels? Is it possible that this can be the Revelation, made in compassion to His lost and fallen creatures, by the God of Goodness? Is it possible that He would have puzzled us over and over again, while proclaiming that He was directing us? Have we not with all this web of difficulty to unravel? John, a witness of the Transfiguration, saying not a word of it; and Matthew, Mark, and Luke never

informing us how the circumstances came to their knowledge! John, on the contrary, detailing the most striking miracle that could be performed before men's eyes—the resuscitation of a man from the grave; and yet the other three evangelists neglecting to say one syllable of such a miracle, although manifesting diligence in the record of numerous acts of Christ comparatively unimportant! I need not go on to name, over again, these difficulties. Why, if *Four* Gospels were written by ‘inspiration,’ to strengthen the testimony for us that we might be left without excuse if we did not receive it,—why do not the writers confirm each others’ accounts? Answer us, orthodox bishop, priest, or curate!—on the peril of your soul, and on the peril of ours, if your doctrine be true,—answer us! We speak the language of passion, now, in the deep earnestness of our hearts; and since you do not answer us—never have answered us, except with quibbles,—we resort again to that guide which, you say, we ought to distrust though God gave it us,—and which we have ever found our best director—Reason.

This guide enables us to detect the sure mark of Legend in this narrative of the Transfiguration, namely,—disagreement with itself. “Tell no man till the Son of Man be risen again from the dead,” Christ is represented to say. “Why then say the Scribes that Elias must first come?” say the disciples. “Elias truly shall first come”—is the commencement of the reply put into the mouth of Christ. How could the disciples ask that question, if they *had just seen* Elias? Are we to conceive of them, here again, as being the most stupid lumps of clay Christ could find in the country? But how, again, could Jesus have answered them as he is said to have done, if they *had just seen* Elias ‘talking’ with him? *Legend forgets itself*. Men of the nineteenth century need but this answer.

But, in a book of Legends, one story will be sure to give contradiction to another. This mark of Legend is also detected here. “Elias truly shall first come,” says Jesus, according to Matthew (ch. 17. v. 11, 12, 13,) “and restore all things. But I say unto you, that Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed! Likewise shall also the Son of Man suffer of them.” Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist.” Yet, John the Baptist, according to John, (ch. 1. v. 21.) said *he was not Elias!*

We are told the Gospels were written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,—and that early. Is it not more likely that not one of them is the work of one writer only—but that they have received accretions at different dates, according as the spirit of Legend developed itself? Thus the Jew regarded the closing words of Malachi as a prophecy, and the words found in the first verse of our 3rd chapter of Malachi also as applicable to Elijah. The earliest writers in the Gospels, confident that *all* the prophecies concerning Messiah *must have* been fulfilled in the history of Jesus, portrayed John the Baptist as the *figurative* Elias, warning the people to ‘prepare the way’ for Messiah. But, in aftertime it would not be deemed sufficient that Elias had appeared *figuratively*; and *then* the story of his appearance at the Transfiguration was formed. Thus Legend piles up her wonders,—never pausing to correct herself—never reflecting how one part of her store of marvels contradicts another.

The Mythical origin of the Transfiguration story is evident. Messiah *must* fulfil his types. Moses was illuminated from Sinai—Jesus on a mountain. Moses took three friends with him, Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu.—Jesus has three disciples, Peter, James, and John. Moses and his

friends went up that they might worship—Jesus and his disciples that they might pray. When Moses went up with Joshua, the glory of the Lord covered the mountain as a cloud, until at length Moses enters the cloud—so a bright cloud overshadows Jesus, Moses, and Elias, there is a voice out of the cloud, and (in Luke) an entering into the cloud. Six days the cloud covered the mountain, and Moses was called to Jehovah—and in Matthew and Mark it is, ‘after six days’ that Jesus takes his disciples with him to witness the Transfiguration. Independent of the passage in Malachi, it was a Rabbinical idea that Moses and Elias would appear in the Messiah’s times. Besides, to the Christian it was a grand desideratum to represent *his* Messiah as conversing with the Founder and Reformer of the first Dispensation; and nothing was so natural a subject of conversation as the Passion, when the Atonement doctrine was once established. The Transfiguration is evidently formed upon the Myths of the Old Testament—and it must have been one of the latest-formed legends in the three Palestinian Gospels, while in the region where the Platonic Gospel was written—whether that were wholly at Ephesus, or conclusively at Alexandria—the legend did not suggest itself to minds less deeply tinctured with Hebrew predilections.

Let us now devote so much attention as our remaining time, this evening will allow—to three subjects—the Locality, the Duration, and chronology, of the Public Life of Jesus.

(To be continued in next number.)

Review.

Peace Lyrics. By H. G. ADAMS. (C. GILPIN, 5, Bishopsgate Without.)

THIS tasteful little volume is the production of one whom I have long known and esteemed, and who is esteemed by very many whose esteem is best worth having, in his native county of Kent. Peace and Brotherhood have their shrines in the very heart’s core of the bard, and he has, most appropriately, dedicated his Lyrics to Elihu Burritt. Mr. Adams is the author of many volumes of poetry and prose: indeed no Kentish poet has received a greater welcome. The pieces in this volume are, perhaps, more perfect in music than anything he has yet produced; and they are certainly inferior to none of his former productions in vigour. The two following pieces may serve as a spice of his quality:—

MY POETICAL CREED.

I sing no song of chivalry,
I wake no sounding lyre,
The deeds of Knights in tourney-fights,
May not my soul inspire;
I look not unto ages past,
Nor dream of by-gone days,
The toil and strife, of present life,
These better suit my lays.

I turn not to the giddy height,
Where mad Ambition tread,
Nor to the plain, of gory stain,
Where War his banner spreads;
Those whom the world has *heroes* called,
I dare not so misname,
But the *truly* great, whate’er their state,
Shall grace my roll of fame.

And who are these? the wise, the good,
Full oft the lowly born,
With whom to walk, with whom to talk,
The proud would think it scorn—
Who labour hard, who suffer much,
Who bear, and who forbear,
And deem the Christian garniture,
The meetest man can wear.

We have chivalric spirits, too,
Though chivalry be dead—
Gone with the age, on whose dark page,
Its light a lustre shed;—
Men who have fought a goodly fight
’Gainst hydra-headed Wrong,
And themes like these, shall better please,
And stir me into song.

THE SICKLE AND THE SWORD.

There went two reapers forth at morn,
Strong, earnest men were they,
Bent, each at his appointed task,
To labour through the day.

One hied him to the valley, where
Ripe stood the golden grain;
He reaped, and bound it into sheaves,
And sang a merry strain.

And lo! the other takes his stand,
Where rolls the battle's tide,
His weapon, late so clear and bright,
With sanguine gore is dyed;

And furiously he tramples down,
And lays the ripe corn low:
He is death's reaper, and he gives
A curse with every blow.

To which of these two earnest men,
Most honour should we give,
He who destroys, or works to save
The food, whereby we live?

And by the Mighty Judge of all
Which, think ye, is abhorred,
Which deems He best for men to use,
The sickle, or the sword?

A COMPENDIOUS WAY TO BE SAVED.—Some, who despair of being saved by works, turn Methodists, to obtain salvation by faith. They resemble the butler in Addison's *Drummer*. Having lost a silver spoon, he consults a conjurer; who promises the spoon again upon condition that he should "drink nothing but small beer for a fortnight;" but the butler despairing to "recover it in this way, e'en bought a new one." Thus it is much easier to be saved by faith among the Methodists, or absolutions among the Papists, than by a course of moral practice: all sinners like it better, for the same reason that an epicure or voluptuary had rather be cured by medicine, or Bath waters, than submit to abstinence and regimen.—*Sylva, or the Wood*.

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OR, UNFETTERED THINKER AND PLAIN SPEAKER FOR
TRUTH, FREEDOM, AND PROGRESS.

"AND though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple! Who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a *free* and *open* encounter?"—*Milton's Areopagitica*.

No. 21.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1850. [Price One Penny.

THE TYPE OF THE PRINCIPLE OF 'ORDER.'

"Oh, Wellington—or Villainton
Though Britain owes (and pays you too) so much,
Yet Europe doubtless owes you greatly more :
You have repaired Legitimacy's crutch—
A prop not quite so certain as before !

Don Juan.

IT is the celebration of the Queen's birth-day—the fifteenth of April. Having to pass by 'Apsley House,' and the colossal equestrian statue of the 'Iron Duke,' on my way from my own home to the city—an unusual bustle and running of people brought me to a halt. What a significant shew passes under that arch above which stands the giant image ! It is a throng of general officers on horseback, with the Iron Duke himself, and Lord Hardinge with his one arm, and the 'royal duke,' Cambridge, abreast. How bolt upright the 'hero of Waterloo' affects to sit, and yet how he rocks and totters, with his years of eighty-one!—and what a contrast there is between his gay scarlet coat and white plumes, and that bedimmed face and ever-mumbling mouth !

They escort him to the gates of Apsley House ; and a groupe of boys, street-sweepers, and cabmen, take off their hats and shout. All who were passing, 'gentle or simple,' stopped to gaze curiously at the old man ; but the shouters—of a verity, they were truly of the 'unwashed !' Yet this was the 'Man of Order,' whom the well-to-do should have delighted to honour. But they left the honour-paying to the *canaille* !

Was not this a sign that *thought* is beginning to germinate in the minds of some ? They looked on curiously ; but they remembered that the 'hero' was an expensive curiosity, and a slaughterous one. So the disposition to take off the hat and cheer, was not found in them.

And that old man himself—was not he a sign, too ? Bedecked and bedizened, yet all his splendid trappings could not make him look young again. Like the principle of 'Order' which he represents and has fought for—he is in his superannuation ; and all his decorations only serve to make it more apparent. The last struggle is taking place with him—and with Kings, Popes, and President-Pretenders ; and all their shew and pretence of security cannot hide it. They belong to the Age-that-was, and their trappings too. The present age feels this, and groans to be delivered from both. Yet this deliverance may not be realised so soon as the most ardent could wish. The type may often put on his trappings, and enact that unseemly farce, yet ; and 'Order' may yet, again and again, suppress the struggles of its victims, and often mount afresh its plumes, and don its holiday gear. But 'Order' will

eventually—like its type—be stricken with the loss of breath, and put on its gala dresses no more. It must come to that, at length—at Apsley House, in the Elysee, in the Vatican, in every palace in Europe. It is in the very nature of things, that it should be so. Let mind grow—strengthen—deepen—widen; and when false ‘Order’ with its bloodshed and tinsel die out, true Order shall make a peaceful, rational, and happy world.

THOMAS COOPER.

THE CRISIS AT HAND, IN FRANCE.

So the workmen of Paris have shewn that they know how to win other victories than those of the barricades. Universal Suffrage works well. The President Pretender and his corrupt Ministry have been beaten by Eugene Sue and the Social Democrats of Paris. Consternation and alarm prevail in the ranks of the “Friends of Order.” They had strained every nerve, they had used every artifice, they had slandered democracy, they had gagged the Press, they had suppressed meetings; in the army they had degraded the officers, and transported to Algeria the men who were known to be most imbued with socialist principles: no dodge was too mean, no trick too shabby; and, now that they are defeated, their rage and fury at the “Cannibals” who have returned Eugene Sue, by a majority of 10,000, is proportioned to the extent of their fears, and the bitterness of their disappointment.

Eugene Sue is not only a republican and a socialist: there is a feature in his character which renders him particularly obnoxious to the friends of established abuses. The men of the long purse and the long acre, backed by the men of the long knife, would not have been so successful as they have been in promoting the reaction which has followed the Revolution of 1848, not only in France but throughout Europe, if they had not been aided by the men of the long head and the long conscience. The priests and monks and Jesuits have been at the bottom of the foul conspiracy against the rights and liberties of the people. They know that Eugene Sue understands their trickery; and that he has both the courage and the ability, as well as the determination, to expose and denounce their machinations. He is their most formidable opponent. Hence their hatred and personal vituperation of him.

One thing is clear: Universal Suffrage and the present system of “Order” will not hold together. Hence the heads of all the factions are now plotting to overthrow the Constitution and destroy Universal Suffrage. The ‘Special Constable’ is seeking to strengthen the friendly relations already existing between his own government and those of Austria and Russia. The clouds are dark and lowering. The Revolutionary tempest threatens soon to rage more furiously than ever over the Continent of Europe. Austria and Russia are collecting large armies upon their frontiers, in order to crush the republic without, if treason should be unsuccessful, from within. The aristocracy and the money jobber, and all the classes who have grown “fat and well favoured,” by the plunder of the industrious portion of the community, would be willing to league not only with Nicholas, but even with Beelzebub, to maintain their power, and perpetuate the slavery of the working-classes. The Monarchs of Europe are scarcely less alarmed at the Paris Elections than is Louis Napoleon himself.

They know that France is the advanced guard of Liberty in Europe, and that Paris sounds the key-note; and they would pay any price for the destruction of the French Republic, as a measure necessary for their own security.

Well, France has been menaced before. Frenchmen will recollect that in 1792, in the name of the Sovereigns of Europe, and in defence of the throne and the altar,—Brunswick with the “truant chevaliers,” the base and cowardly Aristocracy of France at his heels, and backed by British gold and Austrian and Prussian bayonets, advanced towards Paris issuing his famous Manifesto, in which he threatened to raze Paris to the ground and deliver the inhabitants over to military execution if “they dared to stand on the defensive.” They will call to mind how their fathers responded to that threat: how they demolished the Bastille, and stormed the Tuilleries: how they not only drove back the invaders, but how they who had dared to threaten the Capital of France had to do homage for their own. The people of Paris are more humane, but I trust not less heroic, than their fathers. We have no fear of France from foreign invasion. Let the despots send their assassin bands from every country in Europe. Let the Russian bear and the Austrian vulture hunt together. Let blind bigotted priestridden Spain add to their number, and Pio Nono, the last of the Popes, bless the banner of their liberticidal enterprize, France, in the power and grandeur of her democracy, will, as before, be prepared to receive them.

“Come then with every hireling, Slave, Croat and Cossack;
We dare your war! beware of ours! we fling your freedom back!”

Meanwhile let tyrants bear in mind that in any new war against liberty whatever be the disposition of the English Government) they will not be supported by British gold. We can't afford it; and we don't mean to try. Our past wars have bound us over to keep the peace, in securities of eight hundred millions! And let those who menace other nations look at home! The heart of Hungary still beats, and Kossuth lives. Poland bides her time, and trusts the day of coming retribution. Italy has not forgotten her ancient glory, nor abandoned her determination to realize Mazzini's glorious dream of the Italian Republic, one and indivisible. The idea of democracy, the common nature and the common rights of man, the realization of Christ's Gospel of fraternity, has everywhere taken deep hold of the hearts of men: hence our faith in the future. Force may be put down by force; but it is impotent in combatting with opinion. Principles are indestructible: thought must in future govern the world. The Revolution of action has been preceded by a Revolution of thought and sentiment. The people are everywhere marching on toward the promised land of Freedom. They have to pass through the Red Sea. Pharaoh-Kings may burden their hearts, and follow after them with horses and chariots, to bring them back into the land of bondage; but they will be overwhelmed by the returning waves:

“Poor Kings they are all in the depths of the sea”—

Such was the prophetic dirge of Beranger. Time will show.

THOMAS SHORTER.

Life is like a game at cards; we know the cards will beat any one, but he who plays them skillfully will do more with the same cards, than he who throws them out at random. The laws of nature, education, and fortune, are the cards put into our hands; all we have to do is manage them well by a steady adherence to the dictates of sound reason,—*Tucker's Light Nature.*

A REMINISCENCE OF WORDSWORTH.

(Concluded from number before last.)

"I AM pleased to find," he said, while we were taking about Byron, "that you preserve your muse chaste, and free from rank and corrupt passion. Lord Byron degraded poetry in that respect. Men's hearts are bad enough. Poetry should refine and purify their natures ; not make them worse."

I ventured the plea that Don Juan was descriptive, and that Shakspeare had also described bad passions in anatomising the human heart, which was one of the great vocations of the Poet.

"But there is always a moral lesson," he replied, quickly, "in Shakspeare's pictures. You feel that he is not stirring men's passions for the sake of awakening the brute within them : the pure and virtuous is always presented in high contrast—but the other riots in corrupt pictures, evidently with the enjoyment of the corruption."

I diverted him from a theme which it was clear created unpleasant thoughts in him ; and asked his opinion of the poetry of the day.

"There is little that can be called high poetry," he said ; "Mr. Tennyson affords the richest promise. He will do great things yet ; and ought to have done greater things, by this time."

"His sense of music," I observed, "seems more perfect than that of any of the new race of poets."

"Yes," he replied, "the perception of harmony lies in the very essence of the Poet's nature ; and Mr. Tennyson gives magnificent proofs that he is endowed with it."

I instanced Tennyson's rich association of musical words, in his 'Morte d'Arthur,' 'Godiva,' 'Ulysses,' and other pieces—as proofs of his possessing as fine a sense of music in syllables as Keats, and even Milton ; and the patriarch poet, with an approving smile assented to it.

I assured him how much I had been interested with Mrs. Wordsworth's conversation respecting Southey, and told him that James Montgomery of Sheffield, in an interview I had with him many years before, had spoken very highly of Southey.

"Well : that is pleasing to hear," he observed, "for Mr. Montgomery's political opinions have never resembled Southey's."

"That was Mr. Montgomery's own observation," I rejoined, "while he was assuring me that he lived near to Mr. Southey for a considerable time, at at one period of his life, and he never knew a more estimable man. He affirmed, too, that when people attributed Mr. Southey's change of political opinions to corrupt motives they greatly wronged him."

"And depend upon it they did," Wordsworth answered, with great dignity : "it was the foulest libel to attribute bad motives to Mr. Southey. No man's change was ever more sincere. He would have hated himself had he been a hypocrite ; and could never afterwards have produced anything noble."

He repeated Mrs. Wordsworth's remarks on Southey's purity of morals, and immense industry in reading almost always with the pen in his hand ; and his zeal in laying up materials for future works. With a sigh he recurred to his friend's mental decline and imbecility in his latter days—and again I led him to other topics.

"There will be great changes on the Continent," he said, "when the pre-

sent King of the French dies. But *not* while he lives. The different governments will have to give constitutions to their people, for knowledge is spreading, and constitutional liberty is sure to follow."

I thought him perfectly right about Louis Philippe—and which of us would not have thought him right in 1846? But yet I had mistaken his estimate of the 'King of the Barricades.'

"Ay, he is too crafty and too powerful," said I, "to be easily overthrown: there will be no extension of French liberty in his days."

"Oh, but you are mistaken in the character of Louis Philippe," he observed, very pointedly; "you should not call him crafty: he is a very wise and politic prince. The French needed such a man. He will consolidate French character, and render it fit for the *peaceable* acquirement of rational liberty, at his decease."

I remembered the venerable age and high mental rank of him with whom I was conversing, and simply said—"Do you think so, sir?"—without telling him that I thought he scarcely comprehended his subject. But how the events of 1848 must have made him wonder!

He had the same views of the spread of freedom in England, in proportion to the increase of knowledge; and descanted with animation on the growth of Mechanics' Institutes and similar institutions. "The people are *sure* to have the franchise," he said, with an emphasis, "as knowledge increases; but you will not get all you seek, at once—and you must never seek it again by physical force," he added, turning to me with a smile: "it will only make you longer about it."

A great part of the time he was thus kindly and paternally impressing his thoughts upon me, we were walking on the terrace outside his house,—whither he had conducted me to note the beautiful view it commanded. It was indeed a glorious spot for a Poet's home. Rydal Lake was in view from one window in the cottage, and Windermere from another—with all the grand assemblage of mountain and rock that intervened. From the terrace the view of Windermere was magnificent. The Poet's aged and infirm sister was being drawn about the court-yard in a wheeled-chair, as we walked on the terrace. He descended with me, and introduced me to her,—as a poet!—and hung over her infirmity with the kindest affection, while she talked to me.

When I hastened to depart—fearing that I had already wearied him—he walked with me to the gate, pressing my hand repeatedly, smiling upon me so benevolently, and uttering so many good wishes for my happiness and usefulness—that I felt almost unable to thank him. I left him with a more intense feeling of having been in the presence of a good and great intelligence, than I had ever felt in any other moments of my life.

THOMAS COOPER.

SELF KNOWLEDGE.—Who seeth not how great is the advantage arising from this knowledge, and what misery must attend our mistakes concerning it. For he who is possessed of it not only knoweth himself, but knoweth what is best for him. He perceiveth what he can and what he cannot do, he applyeth himself to the one, he gaineth what is necessary, and is happy; he attempts not the other, and therefore incurs neither distress nor disappointment. From knowing himself, he is able to form a right judgment of others, and turn them to his advantage, either for the procuring some good or preventing some evil. On the contrary, he who is ignorant of himself, and maketh a wrong estimate of his own powers, will also mistake those of other men; he knows neither what he wants or undertakes, nor yet the means he maketh use of; so that he not only fails of success, but oftentimes falls into many misfortunes; while the man who sees his way before him most commonly obtains the end he aims at, and not only so, but secures to himself renown and honour.—*Socrates in Xenophon.*

T H O U G H T S.

I would not say, that all is wrong,
 In which men now believe ;
 I would not say, that every priest,
 Is working to deceive :
 Some honesty's in every sect,
 Some candour, in each doubt :
 But I am sure, there's something more,
 Than men have yet found out.
 The good and bad, are ever mixed,
 The sound and rotten grains ;
 And him who strives to winnow them
 The priest damns for his pains :

But let us work undaunted, still,
 Though bigots curse and shout :
 For there is more worth living for
 Than priests have yet found out.
 The day shall come when men shall think
 More clearly than they do ;
 When old ideas shall not destroy
 The good that's in the new ;
 When the king shall break his sceptre,
 And the priest his dogmas scout ;
 For they'll be sure there's something more
 Than ancient saints found out.

H. R. NICHOLLS.

To Correspondents.

* * * Correspondents will please address "Thomas Cooper, 5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London." I intimated last week that I should leave town on Monday, May 27. All letters sent to my own home will be forwarded to me. But as I am to remain in the neighbourhood of Newcastle one fortnight, any correspondent who wishes to reach me direct—can address me (from June 1st to the 16th) at "Mr. Barlow's, Bookseller, 2, Nelson Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne."

N.B.—Any public Institution, or Reading Room, may be regularly supplied *gratis*, with the "Peace Advocate." It will be left to the care of Mr. J. Watson, Queens' Head Passage, within a few days of the first of each month. Notice of a wish to be so supplied being sent to Edmund Wheeler, 2, North Buildings, Finsbury Circus.

A. F. HUNT.—I have never read the publication which he names; and if it be so vile as my correspondent intimates it to be, I think it the more advisable not to draw attention to it.

H. S.—Let the party of Darkness go on; they had better show their real character: the Light of the nineteenth century will be advantaged by it.

H. P. A.—Advertisements of Strauss's works have already appeared in two numbers of this journal.

CHARLES LAMB.—I never heard of the custom he mentions. The *Yam* is usually described to be the original potatoe.

D. C.—I have such a design in view for next year, if I live and be well.

F. G.—In this writer's article 'The Educationist and the Religionist,' in our No. 19, there occurs a grammatical error which he wishes to have corrected. Instead of "Are logic, astronomy, algebra, geography, are any one of the arts and sciences adverse to religion?" (page 290)—the reading should be "Is logic, &c.," and "is any one &c." I take blame to myself for the printed error. Any correspondent might have made such a 'slip of the pen,' in haste; but an 'Editor' ought to have his eyes about him, and prevent errors going into print. I trust readers will forgive my neglect.

X. P. Z.—What he proposes would please me better than the present plan; but 'variety, variety!' is echoed on all sides. Greatly obliged by the communication he enclosed.

R. J. Hovingham.—If he thinks a little, he will discern that the introduction of his question might be misinterpreted, and placed to the account of the person who now answers him. With every sense of his right motives, I hope he will excuse my declining his proposition.

Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

SUNDAY, May 26, at half-past 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square,) City Road. "Kosciusko, and the struggles for Polish Independence"—Thomas Cooper. At half-past 7, Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square. "Piety and Poverty, or Orthodox Reform"—Robert Cooper, of Manchester.

MONDAY, May 27, at half-past 8, Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars. "Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin"—Samuel M. Kydd. At half-past 8, Finsbury Hall, 66, Bunhill Row. "Student's Life in the Nineteenth Century"—Mark Wilks. At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenaeum, 23, Henry Street. "Life and Writings of Lord Byron"—Thomas Shorter. At half-past 8, Soho Mutual Instruction Society, 2, Little Dean Street. "Vegetarianism"—W. Turley.

WEDNES., May 29, at 8, Hackney Scientific and Literary Institution. "Popular Proverbs"—George Dawson, M.A.

THINKINGS, FROM LORD BACON.

THOUGHTS.—A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for, are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.

NOBILITY AND GENTRY.—Let states that aim at greatness take heed how their nobility and gentry do multiply too fast; for that maketh the common subject grow to be a peasant and base swain, driven out of heart, and in effect but a gentleman's labourer.

ILLIBERALITY OF PARENTS.—A man shall see, where there is a house full of children, one or two of the eldest respected and the youngest made wantons; but in the midst, some that are, as it were, forgotten, who many times, nevertheless, prove the best. The illiberality of parents in allowance towards their children, is a harmful error, and makes them base; acquaints them with shifts; makes them sort with mean company; and makes them surfeit more when they come to plenty; and therefore the proof is best when men keep their authority towards their children, but not their purse.

HENRY THE SEVENTH (whereof I have spoken largely in the history of his life) was profound and admirable in making farms and houses of husbandry of a standard; that is, maintained with such a proportion of land unto them as may breed a subject to live in convenient plenty, and no servile condition, and to keep the plough in the hands of the owners and not mere hirelings.

INCONVENIENCE OF A NUMEROUS NOBILITY.—A numerous nobility causeth poverty and inconvenience in a state, for it is a surcharge of expense; and besides, it being of necessity that many of the nobility fall in time to be weak in fortune, it maketh a kind of disproportion between honor and means.

ALCHYMY.—The pursuit of Alchymy is at an end. Yet surely to Alchymy this right is due, that it may truly be compared to the husbandmen whereof Æsop makes the fable, that when he died, told his sons he had left unto them a great mass of gold buried underground in his vineyard, but did not remember the particular place where it was hidden; who when they had with spades turned up all the vineyard, gold indeed they found none; but by reason of their stirring and digging the mould about the roots of their vines, they had a great vintage the year following: so the painful search and stir of Alchymists to make gold, hath brought to light a great number of good and fruitful experiments, as well for the disclosing of nature, as the use of man's life.

OFFSPRING.—The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears; they cannot utter the one, nor they will not utter the other. *Children* sweeten labour, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.

THE SAME.—He that hath *wife and children*, hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly, the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the *unmarried or childless men*; which both in affection and means, have married and endowed the public.

BOLDNESS.—Boldness is ever blind: for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences. Therefore it is ill in counsel, good in execution; so that the right use of bold persons is, that they never command in chief, but be seconds, and under the direction of others. For in counsel, it is good to see dangers; and in execution not to see them, except they be very great.

ENVY.—A man that hath no virtue in himself, ever *envieth* virtue in others. For men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon other's evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other, and who so is out of hope to attain to another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand, by depressing another's fortune.

DEATH.—Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other.

SHAKSPERE'S BIRTH-DAY,—IN THE FUTURE.

The young spring morn breaks brightly on a scene
 Of festival outstretching far and wide ;
 Toil is respite, mute the town's huge din,
 And throngs of freemen, consciously allied
 To England's Shakspeare, hail with soul-felt pride
 This glorious natal day ! With bright blythe spring
 In their hearts dancing, to the mountain side
 And greenwood haunt, 'mid sunshine revelling,
 They speed to gather flower-wreaths fresh and wild,
 Wherewith to bind the brows of Nature's soothest child !

Thence, to the public squares and galleries,
 Thronged with Shakspearean groups in marble wrought,
 Resort the festive crowds ; and gazing seize
 Nobler conception of the poet's thought
 From the life-look the sculptor's art hath caught !
 At length with night's approach, are free to all—
 The theatres, with bodied fancies fraught :
 True love's sad end, content's sweet peace, pride's fall,
 The din of camps, the pomp of courts : these vary
 With tread of midnight ghost, or moonlight freaks of fairy.

Ophelia, Desdemona, Juliet,
 The stored love-wealth unfold of woman's heart ;
 Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet. Jacques, Othello, "fret
 Their hour," personified with perfect art
 By later Keans and Kembles—men athwart
 The renovated stage who grandly move,
 And masterly the thoughts sublime impart
 Bequeathed by genius ; while around, above,
 The eager crowds drink every word and look
 And feel within their souls a loftier being woke.

Not yet hath come this day of jubilee,
 Not yet men hold thus dear to mind the birth
 Of him whose sole name beams more severally
 Than all kings, nobles, joined, that strut o'er earth !
 But shall not this day come—the meed of worth ?
 Sons of our Shakspeare's England, shall it not ?
 Oh, men whom genius fires, arouse ! make dearth
 Of saint and hero days ! let be forgot
 All feast and folly tides ! so ye but spare
 To consecrate one day to true fame's worthiest heir !

Leicester.

WILLIAM WHITMORE.

SONNET.

TO SHELLEY.

Thou wronged and childlike spirit !—oft have I,
 Enraptured, pondered o'er thy living page,
 Then turned indignant to the bigot age,—
 That basely on thy head heaped calumny,
 And spat its sland'rous venom on thy name.
 Thou loving heart and earnest !—it is well
 For us, and for the world, that such have been,
 Who dared to raise their voice above the swell
 Of tyrant shouts,—despising scorn and shame.
 How in thy bosom burned Truth's holy flame,
 When mock religion in the church was seen !
 Then came thy song resounding full and free,
 In praise of justice, right, and liberty,—
 Which yet shall win its meed—a deathless fame !

Birmingham.

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

MORAL AND POLITICAL LESSONS OF 'GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.'

An Oration; delivered at the Literary Institution, John-Street, Fitzroy Square :
September 23rd, 1849.

BY THOMAS COOPER.

(Concluded from last number.)

The third part of Gulliver relates his voyage to Laputa, Bainibarbi, Luggnag, and Glubbubrib. Laputa, is the Flying Island, so famous for its philosophers wrapt up in the deepest speculations to such a degree that they had to be attended by servants 'with blown bladders, fastened like a flail to the end of a stick'—the bladders containing dried peas, or little pebbles, and being flapped across the mouths and ears of the philosophers, to arouse their attention when any one wished to speak with them. The abstractions of the great Newton, and the affected imitations of him by those who wished to be esteemed profoundly thoughtful—are understood to be ridiculed in this whimsical portraiture. Many of the absurd conceptions of men of science in Swift's time are satirised in the picture of the fears of the philosophical in Laputa—such as "that the earth, by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must in the course of time, be absorbed or swallowed up; that the face of the sun will, by degrees, be encrusted by its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world; that the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet; and that the next will probably destroy us."

In the island of Bainibarbi it is that Gulliver is admitted to the famous academy where speculators are engaged, some in endeavouring to extract sunbeams out of cucumbers, others in trying to convert something that shall be nameless into human food, others in striving to calcine ice into gunpowder, others in contriving how to build houses by beginning at the roof and working downwards, others in softening marble for pillows and pincushions, others in discovering the true way of sowing land with chaff for the growth of wheat—in brief these philosophers are bent on every kind of speculation that the wildest fancy could devise; and the account receives its finishing stroke of wit by the relation that one sage had contrived a machine for creating all the books that ever can be written or printed—and thus saving, for ever, the exertion of man's wit! Thus strangely, but significantly, did Swift turn into ridicule the pretended invention of quacks, by which the world has been so often befooled. I pass over a vast fund of entertainment in this third part: read it, for yourselves, and you will find it productive of much reflection.

The fourth and concluding part of Gulliver is usually held to be the most repulsive, but it really contains more solid instruction than any of the foregoing parts. The voyager here lands in the country of the Houyhnhnms, or intellectual horses. The horse, in this strange land, holds the same pre-eminence over other animals that man does in ours. The human being is a filthy inferior creature, and is called the Yahoo—a picture which gives fearful scope for the powers of Swift in describing the worst and most degraded features of humanity. This society of horses—the Houyhnhnms—on the other hand, is a model of intelligence, virtue and propriety; and Gulliver, to the end of his life, acknowledges himself in debt to it for his improvement in morality. I often wonder that so little is said about this

part of Gulliver's Travels. It is more worth the perusal of a political lecturer than twenty books that could be named as celebrated for their political lessons. No modern Chartist ever uttered more withering satire upon the privileged classes than is to be found in Gulliver's conversations with the intellectual horses. Time will not allow me to do more than quote one passage: it shall be that containing Gulliver's description of the Lawyers, and the closing remark of the Houyhnhnm, Gulliver's master:

"I said, there was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves. For example, if my neighbour has a mind to my cow, he has a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now, in this case, I, who am the right owner, lie under two great advantages: first, my lawyer, being practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would be an advocate for justice, which is an unnatural office he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill will. The second disadvantage is, that my lawyer must proceed with great caution, or else he will be reprimanded by the judges, and abhorred by his brethren, as one that would lessen the practice of the law. And therefore I have but two methods to save my cow. The first is, to gain over my adversary's lawyer with a double fee, who will then betray his client by insinuating that he has justice on his side. The second way is for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can, by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary: and this, if it be skillfully done, will certainly bespeak the favour of the bench. Now your honour is to know, that these judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dexterous lawyers, who have grown old or lazy; and having been biased all their lives against truth and equity, lie under such a fatal necessity of favouring fraud, perjury, and oppression, that I have known some of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty, by doing anything unbecoming their nature or their office.

"It is a maxim among these lawyers, that whatever has been done before, may legally be done again; and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice, and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and the judges never fail of directing accordingly.

"In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause; but are loud, violent, and tedious, in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned, they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary has to my cow; but whether the said cow were red or black; her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square; whether she was milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years, come to an issue.

"It is likewise to be observed, that this society has a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply; whereby they have wholly confounded the very essence of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong; so that it will take thirty years to decide, whether the field, left me by my ancestors for six generations, belongs to me, or to a stranger, three hundred miles off.

"In the trial of persons accused for crimes against the state, the method is much more short and commendable: the judge first sends to sound the disposition of those in power, after which he can easily hang or save a criminal, strictly preserving all due forms of law.

"Here my master interposing, said, 'it was a pity, that creatures endowed with such prodigious abilities of mind, as these lawyers by the description I gave of them must certainly be, were not rather encouraged to be instructors of others in wisdom and knowledge.' In answer to which, I assured his honour, 'that in all points out of their own trade, they were usually the most ignorant and stupid generation among us; the most despicable in common conversation, avowed enemies to all knowledge and learning, and equally disposed to pervert the general reason of mankind, in every other subject of discourse, as in that of their own profession.'"

The record of the life of Swift—for we must glance at it—is humiliating, when contrasted with the proofs of his subtle and penetrating understanding developed in this singular creation of his genius. He was an Irishman by

birth—was a posthumous child—and first saw the light in an humble dwelling occupied by his widowed mother, in Holey's Court, Dublin. For his education, in Trinity College, of that city, he was indebted to the bounty of an uncle. While at the University, he commenced that famous story of "The Tale of a Tub," which exercised so powerful an influence on the mind of the peasant boy, Cobbett; and served as a model for the style of the man. On leaving college, his mother recommended him to make himself known to her relative, Sir William Temple. That elegant essayist and somewhat fanciful statesman—but whom we must also deem an honest man—at least 'honest as this world goes' to use the phrase of Hamlet—received Swift into his family; and as Temple was a favourite of William the 3rd, and frequently consulted by him, Swift was, by this connection, initiated into Whig politics. The king would have made him a Captain of Horse; but Swift had fixed his mind upon the church; and, in course of time, Sir William Temple's influence served to procure for him a small Irish prebend, worth £100 per year. He soon grew weary of the dullness of Irish country life, and returned to England. Yet, this was not before he had formed a love connection—if we may call his acquaintance with Miss Waring by such a name. On reaching England, he formed another—with a very beautiful young lady, Esther Johnston—better known by the name of 'Stella,' in his writings. The darkest shade of Swift's character arises from the facts of his treatment of this young woman.

He had been promised clerical preferment by King William, but the King did not perform his promise; and Swift's mind began to be soured. From the earl of Berkeley he received the gift of two small livings in Ireland. He evinced zeal in the performance of his duty, and increased the parochial services by reading prayers on Wednesdays, and Fridays, at Laracor. The parishioners, however, had no relish for these extra services, and it was on one occasion when himself and his clerk Roger formed the entire congregation, that he played the joke familiar to your memories—commencing the service "Dearly beloved Roger, the scripture moveth you and me in sundry places, &c." To Laracor he invited 'Stella;' she joined him; and until 1713 (when he became 47 years of age) he passed his time, alternately in her society, in attending to his church duties, and in short visits to England. In the year just mentioned, he was advanced to the Deanery of St. Patrick's as a reward for his political regenadism. Harley and Bolingbroke, the leaders of the Tory party, had come into office under Queen Anne; they patronised Swift; and he was ready to desert the Whigs, through the wish to be revenged upon them for broken promises. His political pamphlets have lost a great part of their interest now, but they served his patrons greatly, and were eagerly and extensively read. The great duke of Marlborough, and the duke of Wharton, smarted severely under his pen.

While visiting in England, just before his advancement to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, he won the heart of Miss Vanhomrigh—known as 'Vanessa' in his poems. This acquaintance was entirely concealed from 'Stella.' He rejoined 'Vanessa' in England, after taking possession of his deanery; but was compelled to flee to Ireland, on the breaking up of the Tory ministry, having so greatly exasperated the Whigs that he was in danger of punishment by them. 'Vanessa' followed him to Dublin: 'Stella' now discerned the cause of the neglect she had long suffered from the man to whom she had given her heart, and demanded marriage as an atonement. The dean consented—but only to the outward forms. His marriage was concealed for

some years from 'Vanessa,' who refused many offers for his sake ; but at length discovered the fact of his private union with 'Stella,' and died of a broken heart. Before her death, she had given Swift's love-poem of 'Cadenus and Vanessa' to Bishop Berkeley, as her executor, with the injunction that it should be published. The world—poor 'Stella' included—were thus fully made acquainted with Swift's profession of love for the woman whose heart he had broken ; and, now, the remnant of life was unspeakably bitter to his remaining victim,—and the sense of his own baseness made it, perhaps, equally bitter for himself.

Yet, even in this very year that 'Vanessa' died, he proved his intellectual power by writing the famous 'Drapier's Letters,' which raised such a spirit in oppressed Ireland as caused English ministers to tremble.

In 1727—that is to say in Swift's 61st year—his 'Gulliver' appeared. If it gives the bad side of human nature, with too little relief,—the gloomy and remorseful experience of its author sufficiently accounts for that. 'Stella' died in the year in which it was published,—and, to the end of his life, in 1745, Swift's misery increased. Indeed, during the last four years of his existence, he was frequently insane. For many previous years, it is said, he was accustomed to keep his birth-day by fasting and humiliation,—never failing to read the third chapter of Job, on that day ; and the servant in whose arms he expired, relates that one of the few lucid intervals which he experienced during his last malady, was a faint consciousness of his birth-day, which he shewed by frequently repeating, when it came round—"Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, there is a man-child conceived." The last lines he wrote were penned in one of these lucid intervals. Being taken out by his physician for a drive in the park, he observed a building he had never seen before, and asked what it was. Being told it was a magazine of powder for the defence of Dublin—he cried out, 'O ho ! my tablets ! let me put that down !' and taking out his pocket-book, wrote

"Behold a proof of Irish sense !

Here Irish wit is seen :

Where nothing's left that's worth defence—

We build a magazine !"

Swift was intimately acquainted with Pope, Addison, Arbuthnot, and the leading literary men of his day ; and, notwithstanding the moral delinquencies we have noticed, was welcomed almost everywhere for his wit—his conversational power being as vigorous as his talent for writing. But his life ought to be a warning to genius. Strong intellect unpurified by moral culture, leaves its possessor an object, either of blame or pity. And though his own consciousness of error was so deep in Swift as to plunge him into the torturous depths of remorse, he evinced so little disposition to atone for the injuries he inflicted on others while it was in his power—that our judgment of his character must partake less of pity than of blame. We know but little, however, of the primary causes of most men's errors,—and, if we knew all, respecting Dean Swift, there might be much unfolded that would lead us to mitigate our judgment—and to cause us to sum up our displeasing reflections on his portrait with the single sentence—Behold here, also, a victim to the power of circumstance !

VARIOUS VIEWS OF LIFE.—It fares with us in human life, as in a routed army ; one stumbles first, and then another falls upon him, and so they follow, one upon another, till the whole field comes to be one heap of miscarriages.—*Seneca.*

CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848-9, AND 1849-50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'

V.—THE TRANSFIGURATION: LOCALITY, DURATION, AND CHRONOLOGY OF THE PUBLIC LIFE OF JESUS.

THE *Locality* of the Public Life of Jesus,—or, in other words,—the customary scene of his ministry, is described with the strangest divergencies in the Gospels.

According to the first three Evangelists, Jesus, from the time of his Baptism till the period of his entry into Jerusalem to undergo the Passion, is in Galilee. Nazareth, Capernaum, the sea of Galilee or Tiberias, Bethsaida, &c., are the localities where he performs miracles and exercises his high vocation as a public teacher. He never goes but twice beyond the province of Herod Antipas, to the North; and has three short excursions to the eastern border of the sea of Tiberias. But he never touches on Samaria, to the South, or Judea—the Roman province. At length—he leaves Galilee to travel through Samaria, comes through Jericho, and enters Jerusalem, to suffer.

According to the Fourth Evangelist, Jesus goes, after his baptism by John, into Galilee, to the wedding of Cana; and, thence, back to Galilee (to Capernaum). But, in a few days, the passover calls him to Jerusalem (a *first* time)—thence into the country part of Judea, and he, for some time, ministers there. He then returns, *through Samaria*, into Galilee. He performs only one cure there, and then another festival calls him to Jerusalem (a *second* time)—where he performs another cure, is persecuted, delivers long discourses, and at length betakes himself to the eastern shore of the lake Tiberias, and thence to Capernaum. He is now some time in Galilee; but leaves it again to be at Jerusalem (a *third* time) at the feast of Tabernacles. John rehearses many discourses delivered by Christ in Jerusalem *now*: he is there at the feast of the Dedication, and undergoes various vicissitudes. After this Jesus retires into the region of Perea, or the wilderness of Judea, where he was baptised,—and remains there till the death of Lazarus brings him to Bethany, near Jerusalem,—whence he withdraws to Ephraim, (in the neighbourhood of the same wilderness,) until the approach of the Passover, which he visits as his last.

Time will allow me merely to notice these strange divergencies thus generally. Read for yourselves, with this particular purpose in view, and you will note more deeply how differently John lays the scene of action for Christ compared with Matthew, Mark, and Luke. But how came it that these three omitted so important a locality as Jerusalem from their chronicle, for so many times, if Christ really appeared there before the period of his Passion? The answer to this question, by orthodox commentators, is twofold, necessarily. Mark that answer! Matthew being a Galilean, only wrote of what concerned his own country. Mark and Luke, being natives of, or dwellers in Judea, considered that *their* countrymen *knew* what had taken place in Judea and Jerusalem its

capital---and so only needed the Galilean information! Such *ingenious* methods of reconciling discrepancies might move our mirth, if the subject of enquiry were not too grave. But if the defence were *not* ridiculous---what, again, shall we say about the 'plenary inspiration' of *three* Evangelists who know nothing about a series of visits (with important circumstances) made by Jesus to Jerusalem? 'Inspired' were they,---and yet failed to register the remarkable cures of the man who had the infirmity thirty-eight years, of the man who was born blind,---and also the raising of Lazarus,---three of the most imposing 'miracles' attributed by John, to Christ,---all wrought in Judea (two at Jerusalem and the other at Bethany)! *could* they have failed---I ask again---to chronicle these events, if they had known of them, or of Christ's visits to the localities where John says they were performed? And if John's 'inspiration' only, be questioned---in order to square the discrepancy---what greater warrant have we for the 'inspiration' of Matthew, Mark, and Luke?

We need make but one remark, and pass on---that as the first three Evangelists always give a reason for Jesus leaving Galilee (either to proceed to the North, or to the eastern shore of the lake of Tiberias)---and John for his leaving Jerusalem---it is evident that they proceed from positively opposite data: just as Matthew and Luke do with regard to the place of Christ's birth.

The *Duration* of Christ's Ministry is another moot point. No exact period of time can be affixed to it, from the first three Evangelists. In John, it comprises something over two years, from the feasts he mentions---though *one* is controverted: it might be Pentecost, Purim, or Passover: the majority of the Fathers made it a Passover, and so obtained a period of three years for the entire duration of Christ's Ministry. Yet, a few of the Fathers reckoned but *one* Messianic year---taking, as their rule of judgment, the phrase "acceptable year of the Lord," in Isaiah! Irenæus stands alone, and strangely prolongs the Ministry of Christ from his thirtieth to nearly his fiftieth year---adopting as *his* rule of judgment the remark of Christ's enemies---"Thou art not yet *fifty* years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?" All is uncertain, however, as it regards this moot point. If the Baptism, as Luke intimates, took place in the fifteenth year of Tiberius, and the Crucifixion under Pontius Pilate,---the Ministry of Jesus *might* extend to nearly *seven* years,---since Tiberius reigned more than seven years after his fifteenth, and Pilate was only recalled from his government of Judea at the death of that emperor. In default of positive information by the Evangelists, no one, therefore, can say *how long* the Public Life of Jesus continued.

But, the *Chronology* of the Public Life of Christ is involved in still deeper difficulties. The transactions in the Galilean gospels which are *not* recorded by John cannot be *panelled* between the Jerusalem 'Feasts' of John. *Two* negative facts warrant us in this affirmation: Matthew, Mark, and Luke, give us *no* points of departure to Jerusalem: John never tells us that these said transactions occurred---even by way of hint; for he *might* have done so, without going into the whole history of them, if he had known of them.

And how striking are the divergencies between the first three and the fourth Evangelist---when they *do* mention the same incident or miracle! For instance: John, says that when Jesus began his ministry, the Baptist was *not yet* cast into prison: Matthew makes Jesus come into Galilee to

commence his ministry *after* John's imprisonment! Again: the healing of the Centurion's son, John places immediately after the return of Jesus from his prolonged residence in Judea and Samaria, during and after the first Passover: but not a single aperture can be found in the first three Evangelists---no going out of Judea---no return: the Sermon on the Mount has been delivered after a course of teaching and miracles---and this cure of the nobleman's son follows at once! Again: in the narratives of the miracles of the loaves and fishes, and of the walking on the sea: Matthew makes Jesus come from Galilee to the opposite shore of the sea: John makes him set out from Jerusalem! Matthew and Mark make him go *after* the miracles, for seclusion, into a district where he was *less known*: John takes him, at once, to Capernaum, with which of all places he was *most familiar*! I forbear to dwell on these divergencies---for we have already dwelt upon them, or, at least, on some of their features.

What is the most candid sentence which a reader who had thought for himself, and dared to speak in defiance of orthodoxy, would pronounce upon the first three Evangelists? Simply this: that they give us a string of anecdotes,—more or less legendary,—and that they *think* they are chronologising, but fail to do so. On the other hand, John's narrative is abundant *comparatively* in materials for our forming a connected and sequent history of the ministry of Christ—but we start back from adopting it, and ask how *his* gospel with its peculiar developement of the character of Jesus, so widely different from the portraiture in Matthew, Mark, and Luke—can be credible rather than theirs?—how *his* data can be received as correct compared with the want of data, and the omission of *his* accounts of transactions, in Matthew, Mark, and Luke?

I might go on to notice the divergencies in the account of the calling of the disciples, with many other divarications in the Gospel Narratives; but I must stop, somewhere,—for the Sunday evenings of one half of the year would scarcely suffice to give us time enough to complete our investigation. I therefore stop here—purposing to devote the time allotted for the remaining discourses, to a consideration of the Gospel narratives of the Crucifixion and Resurrection, and to a summary view of what I conceive to be the real character of Jesus of Nazareth.

In conclusion, let me entreat you not to take on trust anything that I may have said—any more than you take on trust what orthodox teachers say. Read, examine, scrutinize, and judge for yourselves. I give you but my own honest conclusion, when I tell you that it seems to me we must take the most improbable things for true on less evidence than we should consider necessary to establish the most ordinary fact in our own life-time—if we receive these Gospel stories for truths. I dare not do this—seeing the vast importance of the facts involved in the receipt of the stories as facts: I cannot do this—for the writers themselves prevent me: they tell me the tale in different ways. With such forbidding difficulties, shall you or I be intimidated by the threats of eternal punishment for our unbelief? Then we are unworthy of the name of Protestants—if we relinquish Luther's noble claim of 'the right of private judgment,' at the frown of the priest. We are unworthy of the name of Christians—if we dare not do what Christ did: proclaim the convictions of our hearts and minds in defiance of power and authority. We are unworthy of the name of Men—if we consent, each, to become a living lie; and to cringe in the tacit confession that Orthodoxy is 'all right;' and its doctrines clear as the

light of noon—while, in our very heart's core, we feel it to be a huge imposture—a mass of pernicious and debasing superstition.

My friends and brothers, it is not by cowardice that great truths have ever been established. Their advocates and champions were all 'heretical' or 'seditious,' or pestilential fellows branded with some execrable name. But did they *unsay* the truth for that? Never forget that the very men whom Protestants boast of as 'Martyrs' were sufferers for *freethinking*: they refused to receive the Romish doctrine of *transubstantiation*: they would not, they could not—their *reason* would not allow them—to acknowledge that Christ's words were literal when he called the bread and wine his body and blood. They affirmed that the bread was *bread*, and the wine was *wine*. Why? Oh, answer ye evangelicals of whatever sect! Why? Because they could not disobey their *reason*; they were *freethinkers*! So are we. Who will be coward enough to disown the name? What Christian ought to be ashamed of it? What man ought not to be proud to be distinguished by it?

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No. 22.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1850. [Price One Penny.

EPISCOPAL HOSTILITY TO SECULAR EDUCATION.

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Julius Caesar.

WHEN Cobbett said that "cool impudence" was a prominent feature in the character of the established clergy, he uttered what was true. Up to this hour they have continued to maintain their title to that distinction; they have not abated one jot of those priestly pretensions which ever grow up in a dominant church, and render it odious to the sight of all thinking men. Fortunately, we live in an age when, in this country at least, there is little to fear for the safety of person or property from the dictatorial swagger of any religious sect; and thanks to the diffusion of useful knowledge, not even the Church of England, with all its pride and compositeness, can materially interfere with the rights and liberties of the citizen. The persecuting, exclusive, dog-in-the-manger spirit is, however, still strong in the bosom of the hierarchy; and every now and then it forces itself upon our notice in some repulsive form or other. Whenever a question is in agitation involving an extension of civil or religious freedom,—whenever some antiquated remnant of illiberal prejudice is to be polished,—whenever a fresh piece of legislative bigotry is brought forward,—or a wide, unsectarian, and generous scheme for the elevation of the masses, and for making the great body of the people an intellectual and moral ornament to the land,—whenever Right is to be achieved, or wrong perpetrated,—the clergy of the Establishment will invariably be found hounding on the advocates of oppression and ignorance, and maligning the motives and reputations of the opposite party.

This is precisely the case now that Secular Education occupies the public mind. On the side of the opponents of that measure are the Church party, sure enough. They join hands with the Nonconformists to defeat Mr. Fox's Bill. But the spirit of their opposition is of a somewhat different temper to that offered by the Dissenters. These latter reject the proposed plan, because all Christianity, because the Bible, is to be excluded from the schools; and not because the peculiar doctrines of this, that, or another sect, are not to be taught therein. But by the Church of England it is denounced on grounds far less respectable: on grounds at once selfish and contemptible, as well as truly ridiculous. In any measure for establishing a system of *National* Secular Education, (which *must* be in every essence, not inimical to, but unconnected with, every particular use of religious faith,) the clergy see an attack upon what they have assurance to claim as their indefeasible privilege—the sole authority for teaching the children of the poor. The schools in connection with

their churches in the different parishes, would then cease to be in name what they have long ceased to be in reality,—National schools. The clergy must then give up the theory as well as the practice of being the only legitimate educators of the English people. They must descend from their haughty elevation, resign their visionary prerogative, and consent to be regarded as an equally protected, but not a favoured, educational body in the state. This levelling system, which after all is nothing more than equity, sorely goes against their proud stomachs; and, (independent of the dread that the people shall think too much for themselves, become too free in their notions, and lose what little reverence they may have remaining for a well-nigh worn-out institution,) was quite sufficient to ensure the hostility it has met with, and by which it will, for a while, be thrown overboard.

That there is a fear on the part of the clergy, that if non-scriptural education become prevalent, the rising generation may become too rational in their religious views, is evident from a sentiment uttered by the Rev. G. A. Denison, a violent high-churchman, at a public meeting a few months ago. He said:—"If any attempts to rationalise the Church of England are to be allowed, we will, at least, take very good care, by God's help, that *so great a curse* shall not be inflicted upon us and our children through the channel of her schools." So that, according to Mr. Denison, so long as the Church is the guardian of Education the 'great curse' of Reason shall never be encouraged. It is indeed a consolation to know that Reason can make its way, despite the stumbling-blocks thrown in its path by scriptural schoolmasters. In the petition adopted at the above-named meeting, is this modest opinion, "*according to our belief the Church of England is the divinely appointed teacher of the English nation.*" From whence she derived her divine charter we are not informed, and have never been able to discover. However, this is only one of the multitude of absurdities harboured in the imagination of Mother Church. She not merely believes that she *ought* to be the exclusive teacher of the poor, but that in process of time she will be so *actually*. The Archbishop of York, in a charge delivered by him last year, expresses himself thus:—"My own hope and belief, and unwavering conviction is, that the managers of schools—in other words the clergy—will soon find themselves in possession, generally, of all the authority they can desire, and will have the satisfaction of directing, according to their best judgment, *the whole education of the children of the poor.*" This is an honest admission of the pretensions of the Church: pretensions we never expect to see gratified. The enemies of Secular Education, be they who they may, will ultimately be defeated. Truth will grow, and weather every storm. The close affinity of crime, with intellectual as well as physical poverty, is now generally recognised; and it is the duty of government to render all the assistance in its power for the prevention of crime. The best and surest preventive force is a sound intellectual and moral culture. A child may be taught to feel the criminality of theft, or murder, or lying, without being introduced to the perplexities of Trinities and Atonements, and crucified Deities. Soberness and chastity may be inculcated, unblended with theories of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. We want to make good *men*, wise *men*; and, if Christianity be true, goodness and wisdom will form a firm basis on which to graft the doctrines of Christ. But whether or not we obtain a National Education immediately, the time has arrived when the people will think for themselves, in spite of the scowl of Orthodoxy. That the English hierarchy should dislike thinkers is natural, for to all systems of theological domination "such men are dangerous."

REMINISCENCES OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT,

THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT has passed away from amongst the living into the regions of death and eternity,—from the busy haunts of men into the realms of peace. But by the natural vigour of his mind he has left behind him an imperishable monument. Whilst he lived, however, he breathed and moved amongst those who did not and could not understand him. Those who knew him not were *the men of the day*, the annoying insects that buzz about us for a brief summer's hour, then disappear in the ever-flowing stream of time, and are lost for ever. His mind resembled one of those beacons seen out at sea, which gives to the mariner, now the brilliant light of a night sun, and then passes away and leaves the darkness more visible. Like most mortals, he had his peculiarities, his sunshine and clouds. When the shadows hung over and around him, he appeared, to the limited vision of ordinary men, less than themselves; but when the light burst forth he was a mental sun in the surrounding darkness. It is thus that so many and various opinions are passed upon him. He could only be understood and comprehended when studied by kindred minds; and was known least by those who moved within his more domesticated circle, and should have known and esteemed him most.

If a stranger had visited Sheffield, or as our poet generally styled it—"The city of soot, in which are more steeples to Mammon than to God,"—he might have seen a small sized man passing through the streets, or from his country residence to his counting-house, dressed in a suit of shabby brown black, with his hat crown broken, and pressed down almost over his eyes; his boots frequently unlaced, and his trowsers' bottoms partly inside and partly outside of them,—walking along as if lost in reverie, which some men interpreted to mean dulness. If, however, he met an acquaintance or a friend, he accosted him not in the ordinary language of greeting, as "How do you do?" or "I hope you are well;" but his countenance brightening, he would accost him, as he has done the writer of this article, with "Oh, you terrible Chartist!" or "Well, have the flunkey Lords ruined the country yet?" or "No trade and no bread will drive the wolves into the field at last!" His whole soul was evidently absorbed in this great question. At all public meetings, whatever might be the object for which the people assembled, or whatever might be the subject on which he had to speak, he was certain to denounce the *Corn-laws*, and their lordly supporters,—sometimes much to the evident mortification of those who had invited his assistance. On these occasions he was not uniformly distinguished as a powerfully eloquent speaker; yet, at times, whilst speaking, some masterly conception would illuminate his mind. Then, he was truly great and sublime; but suddenly he would sink low into the bottomless bathos; yet even then there were coruscations which illuminated and delighted. On one occasion we saw the poet of meekness and benevolence, James Montgomery, and the poet of feeling and passion,—the former chairman of a meeting in the Town Hall, Elliott seated by his side,—the motion was one for removing restrictions from the reading of young men, in one of the libraries of the Town; and Elliott was a free-trader in the interchange of mind as well as in commerce. There was a pause in the business of the meeting; the Corn-Law Rhymer arose, his eyes dilated, there was an irresistible movement within; his whole features denoted a storm. The chairman would have called order;

but he saw the smouldering fire must explode, and Elliott exclaimed at the height of his voice, "Am I to be dictated to by a conclave of Methodists? No! I'll be——if I will!"—striking his clenched fist on the desk before him, and then resuming his seat. Many of those who heard these outbursts of passion, condemned him much. But they knew him not. It was the expression of honest heart-felt indignation, at any monopolies or restrictions which spring from any party, sect, or partial interests, which he conscientiously believed impeded or injured the onward progress of the public good or the liberty of his countrymen. It is thus that those amongst whom the poet lived and moved should have judged of him. He was the rough, natural diamond, with more valuable properties and beauties than the polished gem.

That these reminiscences give a tolerably correct estimate of the Corn-Law Rhymer, will be evident from his own words. "Corn-Law Rhymer," was a name with which he was pleased, if not proud. He had C. L. R. engraved upon his letter-seal.

The first time I had any correspondence with him was in the year 1832. At that time, I had no personal acquaintance with him; but having heard much of his rising fame, and being about publishing "Wesleyan Parsons: a Satire"—it was sent to him, with a note soliciting his opinion of its merits or defects. I supposed him then to be an author of high literary attainments; from his answer and one other letter the following are extracts:—

Sheffield, 8th of April, 1832.

"SIR,—God be thanked for another good sign of the times! It is refreshing in these days to read an honest book like this. But there is *no trade* which requires a longer apprenticeship than poetry; and *poetry like truth*, must be its own "exceeding great reward."

Truth with him was poetry, and poetry a truthful picture of nature. Thus he had formed for himself the only correct standard of either poetry or prose: for truth, moral, governmental, or natural, can alone bear the test, or wear the stamp of immortality. After advising the revision of the Satire, previous to printing, which suggestion was acted upon, he says:—

"Even as it is, your verse has the rare merit of saying something. Much of what is called poetry has no meaning at all."

These brief sentences convey to the reader the opinion of an extraordinary man, on much of the poetical small talk of the day: whether his opinion be correct, and is borne out by the genius, or rather the want of genius, of the age, he will of course form his own judgment. In a letter of a later date, he says alluding to his own poetic creations and Corn-Law Rymes,

"I learned to write poetry as calves learn to suck."

This without doubt is true; for he drew from the contemplation of this world and the universe, in their immensity and minutiae, the material and the fire of his comprehensive muse;—and then clothed his ideas and imaginations in glowing, ardent words, which constitute the real, undisputed merit of his poetry.

In the year 1839, or thereabouts, when suffering and oppression had evoked from the gloomy abyss of human passions the spirit of resistance and rebellion, it could not but be gratifying to the feelings of the Corn-Law Rhymer to know, that when the people of Sheffield,—goaded almost to madness by insult and suffering,—assembled in their thousands, they selected some of the energetic effusions of his muse to sing on a Sunday

morning, in the large square, where are held our public meetings. It is an awful sight,—a terrific gathering,—when men thus assemble; and it adds much to the solemn grandeur of the scene, when their united voices ascend to heaven loaded with the burthen of those sufferings which oppression has heaped upon them; and they thus breathe vengeance upon the heads of their oppressors. It is a volcano boiling and moving in burning liquid surges before the bursting of the storm. In these meetings were to be seen the vivid flashes,—were to be heard the distant rumblings of concealed but irresistible forces, when the multitudes sung in the words of the poet:—

“Hands, and hearts, and minds are ours:
Shall we bow to bestial powers?

Tyrants, vaunt your swords and towers!
Reason is our citadel.

With what arms will you surprise
Knowledge of the million eyes?—
What is mightier than the wise?
Not the might of wickedness.

Trust in force!—To tyrants trust!
Words shall crush ye into dust;
Yet we fight, if fight we must—
Thou didst, man of Huntingdon!*

What we are our fathers were;
What they dared, their sons can dare;
Vulgar tyrants! hush! beware!
Bring not down the avalanche.

By the death which Hampden died!
By oppression, mind-defied!
Despots, we will tame your pride—
Stormily or tranquilly!”

These hymns were printed and circulated separately, though the poet was not at the time in great favour with the people; for, as they thought, *he* only sought to give them bread: *they* demanded, and continue to demand—political freedom.

R. OTLEY.

(*To be concluded in our next number.*)

* One Oliver Cromwell, a brewer.

INDOLENCE OF THE HUMAN MIND.—The human mind is fitted, from its own indolence to be dazzled by the glare of a proposition: and to receive and utter for truth, what it never gives itself the trouble to examine. There is no paradox among all the enormities of despotism, but what finds its advocates from this very circumstance. We must not therefore scorn to encounter an argument because it is foolish. The business of sober philosophy is often a task of drudgery; it must sometimes listen to the most incoherent clamours, which would be unworthy of its attention, did they not form a part of the general din, by which mankind are deafened and misled.—*Barlow's Advice to the Privileged Orders.*

Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

SUNDAY, June 2, at half-past 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square,) City Road.
“Mistakes about Toleration”—George J. Holyoake.

MONDAY, June 3, at half-past 8, Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars.
“Life and Writings of Algernon Sydney”—S. M. Kydd. At half-past 8, Finsbury Hall, 66, Bunhill Row. “Random Recitations”—H. Tyrrell. At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenæum, 23, Henry Street. “Life of Alfred the Great”—T. H. Rees. At half-past 8, Soho Mutual Instruction Society, 2, Little Dean Street. “Life and Writings of Thomas Moore”—Austin Holyoake.

TUESDAY, June 4, at 8, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—Weekly Meeting of the Free Enquirers' Society.

Correspondence.

SIR,—The excellent article in No. 20 of your Journal, on the subject of Associative Labour will, I hope, be extensively read and deeply pondered on by the working-men here, in the Staffordshire Potteries. In no part of the kingdom is the deplorable conflict between Capital and Labour carried on with greater virulence than it is in this district. Masters and men are for ever at war with each other, and all mutual confidence is destroyed. Just now, there is plenty of employment and no idle hands are in the market, because the spring orders from America are being executed. These orders came in so heavily, and pressed so hard upon the master Potters, that the working-men determined to take their advantage of the moment; and consequently a general 'strike' for higher wages took place from one end of the Potteries to the other. The men were resolute, and at last the masters were obliged to accede to the proposed terms. By and bye trade will be slack, the labour-market will be full, the unemployed will bid against the unemployed, and wages will of course fall. Then, the masters will have *their* turn, and endeavour to recover at the ebb-tide what they lost at the flood. And the fruits of this desolating competition are discontent, vindictive unsocial feeling, pauperism, and starvation. Talk of Peace Societies and international arbitration instead of war! Yes, these are admirable movements, and all good men must wish them 'God speed'; but what we want *most* is some power that shall allay the strife amongst the trading classes at home, and 'set at one' those two elements of commerce—Labour and Capital. This, I believe, might be effected by substituting Association for Competition; and would the working classes reflect on their position, they would soon discover that the remedy for a large majority of the evils they endure is in their own hands. Surely some four or five hundred might practise a little self-denial, now labour is plentiful, in order to raise a sufficient capital that would enable them to carry on a business on their own account.

I know that many are beginning to fancy there is something radically wrong in the system, and would be but too happy to "reform it altogether"; only they don't seem to understand how to begin, or have not the courage to commence an agitation on the subject. As a proof that there is dissatisfaction with the present arrangements, I need but mention, that a short time ago, a working potter proposed to his fellows that they should try and compel their employer to exhibit his books to them with a full statement of his profits accruing every month, and that an average of wages should be struck by that scale. This, however clumsy a proposition it may be, shows that we are thinking about the matter of Labour and Capital down here. In time, perhaps, we shall get hold of the right end of the stick. Feeling certain you will render us what help you can in this vital question,

I remain, Sir, yours most respectfully,

ONE OF THE PEOPLE IN THE POTTERIES.

Mr. Thomas Cooper.

To Correspondents.

* * * Correspondents who wish their communications to reach me at once, will please address "Thomas Cooper, at Mr. Barlow's, Bookseller, 2, Nelson Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne." This address will serve from June 1st to June 16th. Let it be understood, however, that all letters sent to my home "5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London," will be duly forwarded to me.

James Finler; 'Humanitas'; M. L. Shrewsbury; 'Oocleve the Younger'; Samuel Amour; "Barnsley Franklinian." Their poetry is most respectfully declined.

D. C.—He will find his most important question answered in No. 7. of this Journal, page 102.

'Un Incrédule,' Paisley. Will this correspondent favour me with his real address, that I may write to him privately?

W. BARBER.—Obliged to him for the correction, that it is *not a new house* which the Associated Builders are erecting for Mr. Neale, in May Fair; but a large one which they are completely repairing.

C. CRISP.—Obliged to him. I have made a note of the matter for use, very shortly.

GEORGE HARDY.—Of course, John Bright, M.P. for Manchester was the man.

'Ignoramus' (a strange signature—but it is the correspondent's own). The lines are not a quotation, but Gerald Massey's own.

'LEARNER.' Let him try again. He will do better next time.

THINKINGS FROM THOMAS PAINE.

TESTIMONY TO CHRIST.—He was a virtuous and an amiable man. The morality that he preached and practised was of the most benevolent kind; and though similar systems of morality had been preached by Confucius, and by some of the Greek philosophers, many years before; by the Quakers since; and by many good men in all ages, it has not been exceeded by any.

CAUSE OF CHRIST'S DEATH.—That such a person as Jesus Christ existed, and that he was crucified, which was the mode of execution at that day, are historical relations strictly within the limits of probability. He preached most excellent morality and the equality of man; but he preached also against the corruptions and avarice of the Jewish priests, and this brought upon him the hatred and vengeance of the whole order of priesthood. The accusation which those priests brought against him, was that of sedition and conspiracy against the Roman government, to which the Jews were then subject and tributary; and it is not improbable that the Roman government might have some secret apprehension of the effects of his doctrine as well as the Jewish priests; neither is it improbable that Jesus Christ had in contemplation the delivery of the Jewish nation from the bondage of the Romans. Between the two, however, this virtuous Reformer and Revolutionist lost his life.

HUMBLE PARENTAGES.—It is somewhat curious, that the three persons whose names are the most universally recorded, were of very obscure parentage. Moses was a foundling; Jesus Christ was born in a stable; and Mahomet was a mule-driver. The first and the last of these men were founders of different systems of religion: but Jesus Christ founded no new system. He called men to the practice of moral virtues, and the belief of one God. The great trait in his character is philanthropy.

THE TRUE THEOLOGY.—That which is now called natural philosophy, embracing the whole circle of science, of which astronomy occupies the chief place, is the study of the works of God, and of the power and wisdom of God in his works, and is the true theology. As to the theology that is now studied in its place, it is the study of human opinions, and of human fancies concerning God. It is not the study of God himself in the works that he has made, but in the writings that man has made. It is a fraud to call the sciences *human inventions*; it is only the application of them that is human. Every science has for its basis a system of principles as fixed and unalterable as those by which the universe is regulated and governed. Man cannot make principles; he can only discover them. Since then man cannot make principles, from whence did he gain a knowledge of them, so as to be able to apply them, not only to things on earth, but to ascertain the motion of bodies so immensely distant from him as all the heavenly bodies are? From whence, I ask, *could* he gain that knowledge, but from the study of the true theology?

GOD, THE GREAT TEACHER.—It is from the study of the true theology that all our knowledge of science is derived, and it is from that knowledge that all the arts have originated. The Almighty Lecturer, by displaying the principles of science in the structure of the universe, has invited man to study and to imitation. It is as if he had said to the inhabitants of this globe, that we call ours, "I have made an earth for man to dwell upon, and I have rendered the starry heavens visible, to teach him science and the arts. He can now provide for his own comfort, AND LEARN FROM MY MUNIFICENCE TO ALL, TO BE KIND TO EACH OTHER." Of what use is it, unless it be to teach man something, that his eye is endowed with the power of beholding to an incomprehensible distance, an immensity of worlds revolving in the ocean of space? Or of what use is it that this immensity of worlds is visible to man? What has man to do with the Pleiades, with Orion, with Sirius, with the star he calls the North Star, with the moving orbs he has named Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and Mercury, if no uses are to follow from their being visible? A less power of vision would have been sufficient for man, if the immensity he now possesses were given only to waste itself, as it were, on an immense desert of space glittering with shows.

THE FAMINE-SMITTEN.

In the tears of the morning
 And smiles of the sun,
 The green earth's adorning
 Told Spring had begun :
 The woods donn'd their beauty, wrought
 Through long, still nights ;
 And soft winds and kisses, brought
 Flowery delights.
 The humming leaves flashed
 Rich in light, with sweet sound,
 And the glad waters dashed
 Their starry spray round ;
 The woodbines up-climbing
 Laugh'd out, pink-and-golden ;
 And bees made sweet chiming
 In roses half folden.
 But where is that infant band
 Wont, in spring-weather,
 To wander forth hand-in-hand
 Violets to gather ?
 Whose hearts like plumed powers
 Leap'd up from the sod—
 Raining music in showers
 As guesting a god ?
 Alas ! they are sleeping—
 Dear blossoms of Love !—
 Where green grass is creeping,
 And boughs bend above.
 With musical gladness
 The golden air swells,
 But there's mourning and madness
 In Poverty's cells !
 For Famine hath smitten
 Their pride of life low,
 And agony's written
 On heart, brain, and brow !
 Sweet from the boughs the birds
 Sang in their mirth ;
 The lark messaged heavenwards
 Blessings from earth ;
 But I turn'd to the Lost,
 Where they lay in their dearth :—
 They heard not nor heeded
 The sounds of life o'er them ;
 They felt not, nor needed
 The hot tears wept for them !

But to see earth's flowers springing
 O'er human flowers' grave—
 Oh, God ! what heart-wriving
 Their tender looks gave !
 They died !—died of hunger—
 By bitter want blasted,—
 While Wealth for the Wronger
 Ran over untasted !—
 While Pomp in joy's rosy bowers
 Wasted life's measure—
 Chiding the lagging hours,
 Wearied of pleasure !
 They died, while men hoarded
 The free gifts of God !
 They died !—'tis recorded
 In letters of blood !
 Yet the corn on the hill
 Waves its showery-gold crown,—
 Still nature's lap fills
 With the good heav'n rains down !
 Oh, this world might be lighted
 With Eden's first smile,—
 Angel-haunted, unblighted,—
 With freedom of toil !
 Hark ! mirth rings from palace,
 From hall, dome, and rafters !
 Ah, laugh on ye callous—
 In hell there'll be laughter !
 But tremble inhuman
 Oppressors of men !
 They have risen from your shadows ;
 And will rise again !
 There be stern days a-coming—
 The dark days of reckoning !
 The clouds are up-looming—
 The long-nurs'd storms wak'ning !
 On heaven blood shall call
 Earthquake with pent thunder ;
 And shackle and thrall
 Shall be riven asunder !
 It *will* come ! it *shall* come !
 Impede it what may :—
 Up, People ! and welcome
 Your glorious day !

GERALD MASSEY.

A LAY OF FREE-THOUGHT.

Let the sycophant bow to the Lords of the land,
 And cringingly fawn for a pittance of pelf ;
 But, give us the grasp of the patriot's hand—
 Whose dignified soul is not centred in self.
 Let the hypocrite crawl to the cross with his prayer,
 And the temple of faith with its wrath still resound ;
 But, our church shall be Nature,—earth, ocean, and air !
 And we'll bow to the Truth, wheresoe'er it is found.
 Tho' tyrants still rule, and tho' slaves still obey,
 And tho' crushed and despised we at present may be ;
 Yet the flood's on the flow that shall sweep wrong away ;
 And the poor and oppressed shall arise and be free.
 For knowledge shall come, like the sun in his might,
 Careering along o'er the hut and the hall,—
 Dispelling the mist and the gloom of the night ;
 And the sword, crown, and mitre for ever shall fall !

HOMO.

LOOK UP, YE TOILING MILLIONS!

Look up, ye toiling millions!
 There are better days in store,
 When the shackles that enslave you
 Shall be loosed for evermore.
 Your long-enduring patience
 Shall receive its just reward,
 In universal freedom,
 Which no armed hosts shall guard.

Look up, ye toiling millions!
 'Tis a great and glorious cause—
 Man's moral reformation,
 And th' enthroning equal laws :
 The tyrant-chosen rulers
 Who have dared to spurn your power,
 Now feel its force and tremble ;—
 Then look upward from this hour !

Look up, ye toiling millions !
 There's a lion-hearted band,
 Who have vowed to sweep oppression
 From your tyrant-ridden land ;—
 Go, rally round their standard,
 Wide unfurled for sovereign peace,
 And battle in the warfare
 Till the cry of Wrong shall cease.
 Sheffield, 1850.

Look up, ye toiling millions !
 'Tis the Great Eternal's word—
 That the pruning-hook and plough-share
 Shall supplant the spear and sword :
 The pillagers of nations
 Shall receive no slaughter-prize ;
 One vast united brotherhood
 Shall prevail beneath the skies.

Look up, ye toiling millions !
 Let your hearts and hopes be one ;
 Let ignorance be vanquished,
 With the evil it hath done :
 Give diligence to knowledge,
 'Tis a firm and faithful friend,
 It makes oppression tremble,
 And will crush it in the end.

Look up, ye toiling millions !
 Never think your labour vain,
 Though the mighty scorn your efforts,
 And insult you with disdain :
 Let your watchword still be "onward,"
 Till the mighty work be done—
 When Heaven will look benignly
 On the bloodless victory won !

J. W. KING.

CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES ; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848—9, AND 1849—50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'

VI.—THE PASSION, CRUCIFIXION, &c.

'Rob the Gospel of the Atonement' says the orthodox believer, 'and you rob Christianity of its core. If I have no longer the precious sacrifice of my Saviour's blood to rely upon, I am without a refuge. If there be no Mediator between God and Man, there is no hope of deliverance for my sin-sick soul.'

And is it not most weak and irrational in thee to give up all hope for thy sin-sick soul and its deliverance, for lack of a Mediator between God and thee? What sort of a God is it that thou dost worship, if their needs a Mediator between Him and thee? Is there anything god-like about such an object of worship? Are His attributes consistent, if He be Almighty and yet cannot forgive the offence of a human worm, of His Own freewill and without an atonement? 'The precious sacrifice of thy Saviour's blood!' Why, is it the pouring out of a red fluid, which has been formed by the digestion of bread and meat and vegetables, that can alone satisfy an Infinite Existence for transgression, not of the being who suffers, but of the other unnumbered millions of the world? If thy brother had offended thee would not thy nature feel it to be more noble to forgive freely, without a human slaughter? And do you really form to yourself a God for worship with a less exalted nature than your own?

'But God is the governor of the Universe. He must preserve the harmony

of His attributes. His perfect Justice must be satisfied before He can shew mercy to the transgressor:—for He is holy!’

I hear thee, priest! We know thy solemn and mysterious croak well, old Bo-peep behind the altar—where thou hast stood for ages affrighting grown-up children with horrible pictures of a Divinity who to preserve this ‘harmony of His attributes’ can plunge millions into the flames of endless torture and be happy Himself to all eternity; and Who cannot admit any to share His happiness that have offended Him, unless blood be shed as an atonement! He knows of the torture of hell’s helpless tenantry: He hears their ‘weeping and wailing’: He sees their ‘gnashing of teeth’; and He knows of their remorse for guilt; but He is happy amidst it all: He cannot forgive them: they must burn and suffer for ever; for He must preserve the ‘harmony of His attributes’!

Strange harmony. Does the most reprobate man that ever existed possess so horrible a nature? What! be happy while helpless worms writhe in endless agony? worms that He brought into existence without their will? who never asked to exist? and whom he knew would tenant hell-fire for ever, even while He was creating them?

O priest, thou art either very blind and irrational, or very false and wicked! There is no God like that. He is a monster of thy own forming—the feigned instrument of thy tyranny over men’s minds—the grand staple of thy merchandise and trade with man’s peace and happiness, of which precious possessions his ignorance has too long enabled thee to cheat him!

‘But how then came this widely-diffused notion of an Atonement into the world? Why is it that the records of every ancient nation tell of this doctrine? It is as widely-diffused as the idea of various deities.’

Just so; and it arose from the same source: the infancy of man’s nature. And, furthermore, like the doctrine of Deity, the doctrine of Atonement has undergone countless modifications consonant with Man’s progression from childhood towards manhood—from mere pruriency of sensation, passion, and imagination towards reason. Men’s early gods were the sun and moon and mountains and trees and rivers and ocean and thunder and lightning—*personified*. Man saw them—knew nothing of their laws—and attributed to them his own passions and feelings, anger and revenge and wrath, or love and pity and goodness, by turns.

The thunder terrified him—the storm wasted him—the flood threatened him—the darkening of the sun’s face, or the moon’s, by eclipse, alarmed him. His gods were offended: he must propitiate them; as he was wont to propitiate his fellow-man who was stronger than he. The overflowing of a river had destroyed his flocks: the river was a god and demanded them: some of the firstlings of the flock must be sacrificed in future to appease the river’s anger. The lightning smote a child: the god of thunder—the high god was wroth,—and demanded the child: in future some children must be sacrificed to appease the anger of the thunder-god.

Rude tribes became nations with an approach towards settled polity: the gods, as well as governments must have their officers: the deities their separate temples and altars: the altars their appointed victims at stated seasons—that the favour of the gods might rest on the nation. The Greeks were too imaginative to give up the notion of many deities (except their leading minds, the philosophers;) but they speedily gave up the abhorrent idea of human sacrifices. In old India it exists still, as it has existed for thousands of years: the car of Juggernaut, the Ganges river-god, have still their hundreds of victims. Old Egypt inclined rather to the inculcation of preserving human life, and

dedicating it to the service of the priest and enriching of the temple. From the great Tritheistic idea of Deity—as a Myth for representing the powers of Nature—Creation, Preservation and Destruction or Regeneration—how easy was it to evolve the notion of the Deity of Nature as One! Moses was ‘learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians’: he knew that the Egyptian priests believed in no personal triune god: it was merely Nature personified; and Moses would not have Jehovah depicted: He was to be likened to nothing that was on the earth or in the waters. But how coarse was this monotheistic idea which Moses was compelled to present to the Israelites! There was but One God, and He was not to have any visible representation: But Moses himself saw him—‘face to face’ or otherwise His ‘back-parts’—for the legend differs! And with all His spirituality He was a god that talked for days with Moses about snuffers, and candlesticks, and bowls, and spoons, and veils, and hangings, and altars, and staves with silver sockets, and golden hooks, and dyeing of stuffs purple, and scarlet, and blue! And the sacrifice of rams, and lambs, and goats, and bullocks,—that must be continued. If the Greeks with their vivid intellect did not grow out of the notion of sacrifices, all at once—it was not to be expected that a wandering tribe of semibarbarians should. Indeed the One God of their leader was evermore becoming wearisome to them: they wanted to return to polytheism which they had doubtless been enured to, and their fathers before them.

At length, in the most enlightened nations, sacrifices became fewer: they were only celebrated on a grand scale, occasionally: at Rome and in Greece, philosophers, poets and statesmen ridiculed the prevailing notions of the gods—but believed they were necessary for the common people. A new religion was formed—partly from facts—and partly from the legends of old religions. A Jewish convert of great powers of mind and of extraordinary zeal promulgated this religion along the shores of the Mediterranean—turning the atonement doctrines of his old faith into a new form—all the old atonements under Moses were but types of the one perfect atonement. Christ indeed was both sacrifice and High-Priest, who had entered into heaven to mediate for ever. The whole civilised world was glad to get quit of the actual slaughtering and sacrificing. They eagerly accepted the modified idea. Julian tried to revive sacrifices with his restored polytheism. But it was in vain: he was covered with laughter and ridicule. The Jew, who did not accept Paul’s Messiah, even he, although abiding zealously in the belief of his old law—left off to sacrifice. The Jew does not sacrifice now. He has not sacrificed for nearly 1800 years. He has grown out of the infantile notion of its necessity—or has been shamed out of it, by the rest of the world. Mahomet! he could institute no sacrifices: it was too late for such an institution when he began his religion.

And now remains among progressive nations this only Atonement. The Jew has put away his old one—Mahomet adopted no new one, any more than did the Jew. The Christian Atonement is the only Atonement among highly civilised nations. And look at the changes even in it. ‘Purchased—redeemed—by his precious blood’ says Paul. But *that* has a spiritual meaning say some of the doctors: it is not the red fluid which is meant: that is but a sign of Christ’s death: it was the death, itself, for man, which was the atonement.

‘Atonement!’ says the Unitarian, ‘why the word actually only occurs once in the Greek Testament; and that is too feeble a text for you to build such a strangely revolting doctrine upon. His blood redeems us just as the blood of any other Teacher and Exemplar of Truth redeems us: it shews what strength there is in human nature—how capable we are of becoming virtuous—and even of undergoing death with triumph for virtue’s sake.’ So Civilisation

—so the Progress of the Mind—enables Man to grow out of the fables of his childhood!

We come now, however, to a survey of the relation of those circumstances from which the christian doctrine of the Atonement is held to be derived. Let us pursue our enquiry in the same fair but candid spirit as before. What is there which is evidently legendary in the history of the Passion and Crucifixion as related in the Gospels? With the greatest sympathy and love for the grand and glorious sufferer—let us learn what there is that is doubtful about the narrative by analysing the internal evidence, as we would that of any other book.

The prophecies of Jesus respecting his own death first demand a brief consideration. Did Jesus really utter these? The conduct of his disciples makes this, at least questionable. “They understood not that saying” (Mark, ix. ch. 32 v.)—“It was hid from them, that they perceived it not” (Luke, ix. ch. 45 v.)—“And they understood none of these things and this saying was hid from them, neither knew they the things that were spoken” (Luke xviii. ch. 34 v.)—are all expressions which appear to imply that the disciples absolutely did not understand what the words of Jesus meant. And so the death of their master being utterly unexpected, they are described as having given up hope when that came to pass. At least, the passage (Luke, xxiv. ch. 20 v.) seems to me to signify as much—“The chief priests and our rulers have crucified him: but we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel.” Had Jesus spoken of his death to the disciples with such perfect *openness*—παρρησία (Mark, viii. ch. 32 v.) must they not have understood him? If he had shewn them that his death was foreshadowed in the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament, and was consequently a part of the Messiah’s destination (Luke, xviii. ch. 31 v.; xxii. ch. 27 v.) could they, when his death actually ensued, have so entirely lost all belief in his Messiahship?

Do the Evangelists exaggerate when they state the dulness of the disciples to comprehend what Christ said? Or, were these declarations of Jesus concerning his death composed *after* the event?

The question whether the idea of a suffering Messiah was diffused among the Jews, or any part of them, in the life-time of Christ, is one of the most difficult and disputed points of controversy. I shall not trouble you with the arguments, pro and con,—but only call your attention to the fact that according to some of the profoundest scholars, the passages in Isaiah, Psalms, and other parts of the Old Testament, so often said to refer to a suffering Messiah—really refer to the calamities of the Israelites as a nation, or the ill-usage of the prophets or bards of the old time. If so, Christ either could not have applied them to himself: or, if it be allowed that he *could* err, he erred in applying them to himself. I judge it better to leave the entire question—Whether Jesus predicted his own death? to your own more complete enquiry, than to make any strict affirmation upon it.

There is another enquiry which we had better dismiss prior to a consideration of the circumstances of Christ’s Passion and Death—the Betrayal by Judas Iscariot, and the death of the Betrayer. According to the first three Evangelists, Judas went a few days before the passover, to the heads of the priesthood, and offered to deliver his master into their hands; for which base service they promised him money—Matthew says 30 pieces of silver.

John knows nothing of this ; but represents the betrayer as forming his vile determination *at* the last supper. John has also a statement of which, on their side, the first three evangelists know nothing—that Judas was indignant at what he affected to regard as a waste of ointment, which he observed *might* have been sold for the poor,---but really wishing to purloin the money---for he was a “thief and had the bag.” *It is not* easy to account for the omission of this last relation by three of the evangelists, if it were true. Then again, John and the three differ respecting Christ’s foreknowledge of the treachery of Judas. According to the three, Jesus first manifests his knowledge at the last supper, consequently at a time in which (according to *them*) the deed of Jesus had virtually been perpetrated. According to John, Christ declares before the last passover but one---that is to say a year earlier---that one of the twelve is a *devil*,---meaning, John says, his betrayer Judas (6 ch. 70 v.) Nay, according to this evangelist “Jesus knew *from the beginning* who should betray him” (5 ch. 64 v.) But what a strange character is then presented to us of Christ ! Encouraging sin, by entrusting the ‘bag’ to a covetous man---placing the weak in the very fire of temptation ! How could he, then, have taught his disciples to pray ‘Lead us not into temptation’ ? Besides, Matthew (19 ch. 21 v.) tells us that a short time before the last supper, Jesus promised *all the Twelve*, without exception, that they should sit on twelve thrones judging the tribes of Israel ! What contradictions are these ? Who can avoid classing this account of Christ’s foreknowledge of Iscariot’s treachery as a legend ? Doubtless it arose out of the tendency to glorify Jesus : that Judas should have betrayed him and he not have known of it beforehand, would lessen him, it was conceived : that he should not have known Iscariot’s real character before he chose him, would lessen him ; and so he must have known it ‘from the beginning’---and the act of Judas was all predetermined in the Divine councils ! Ought not orthodox people to be ashamed of these councils which are thus attributed to the Divinity ?

I need only remind you that innumerable treatises have been written on the character of Judas : many of you, no doubt, are acquainted with that fact. It has been maintained that he did not expect Jesus would be put to death, but that he would deliver himself from his foes ; and that Judas believed he should only hasten the accomplishment of the Messiah’s kingdom in the person of his master, by betraying him. Christ’s words---“What thou doest, do quickly”---are interpreted as an actual encouragement to the execution of Iscariot’s design, by this class of writers. Other hypotheses have been framed respecting the character of Judas ; but it is sufficient to remark that *covetousness* alone is assigned as the motive of his treason, in the gospels. Perhaps one of the most striking divarications in the entire New Testament is to be found in the accounts of the death of Judas. Matthew (27 ch. 3 v.) describes him as smitten with remorse on hearing that Jesus was condemned to death, and as hastening to the chief priests and elders to return to them the thirty pieces of silver, with the declaration that he had betrayed an innocent person ; they scornfully retort that on him alone rests all responsibility for that deed, and Judas cast down the money in the temple, and goes and hangs himself : they, holding it unlawful to put the money into the treasury, since it was the price of blood, buy with it a potters-field to bury strangers in. Matthew adds two remarks : that from this mode of purchase the ground was called ‘the field of blood’ up to this time ; and, secondly, that by these transactions an ancient prophecy was fulfilled. The rest of the evangelists are

silent concerning the end of Judas. But in the Acts of the Apostles (1 ch. 16 v.) Peter is made to contradict Matthew very essentially : according to this new statement it is not the chief priests and elders who buy the field with the money when Judas has returned it and gone to hang himself---but *Judas himself* purchases the field with 'the reward of his iniquity.' And again, Judas is not said to hang himself at all---but falls headlong, bursts asunder in the midst, so that all his bowels gush out---and from this being known in Jerusalem, the field is called 'the field of blood'---not because it was bought with the 'blood-money' which the traitor returned to the priests and elders ! Matthew makes Judas a suicide : Peter is made to describe his death as a kind of divine visitation. In brief, the divarication is glaring ; nor have all the thousands of pages which have been written with the endeavour to reconcile Matthew and the Acts, tended to smooth the difficulty. It remains---and where then again is the 'plenary inspiration' of the writers of the New Testament ?---and which account is the true one ? If we are to be sentenced to eternal perdition for not believing the narratives---how can we avoid asking "For not believing *which* ?"

Even the Last Supper itself is surrounded with difficulties in these narratives. John not only knows nothing of Jesus sending any of his disciples to bespeak a place where they might keep the passover, and of the man they would find 'bearing a pitcher of water'---but he differs entirely from the other evangelists, both respecting the meal, and the time at which it took place. According to John, Jesus was crucified on the day in the evening of which the Passover was held, and the Last Supper was on the evening before. According to the first three evangelists, the Last Supper is the Passover itself !

Let no one suppose that I am representing this divergency between the Fourth and the other Gospels to be greater than it is. Take the case in the three gospels, first :

The day on which the disciples were directed by Jesus to prepare for the meal was "the first day of unleavened bread, when the passover must be killed" (Matthew, 26 ch. 17 v.) The disciples ask Jesus "Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the passover?" (Matthew, 26 ch. 17 v.) Then it is said of the disciples, "And they made ready the passover;" (19 v.) and of Jesus, "Now, when the even was come, he sat down with the twelve." (20 v.) Luke, also, makes Jesus open the repast with the words, "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you;" (22 ch. 15 v.) and Mark, in his narrative, repeats the word "passover," in describing the Last Supper, and the preparations for it.

John, on the contrary, commences *his* narrative of the Last Supper with the words, "*Before* the feast of the passover;" and when he says to the traitor Judas, "What thou doest do quickly"---and this is *after* the meal---the words, the Fourth Evangelist tells us, are misunderstood by the rest of the disciples to mean, "Buy those things that we have need of against the feast"---that is to say the paschal meal, or passover. Then, it is said, (John 18 ch. 28 v.) that, on the following morning, the Jews would not enter the Gentile prætorium "Lest they should be defiled ; but that they might eat the passover"---so that he means the passover was yet in prospect. And this day, on which he says Jesus was crucified is---still more pointedly---called by him, "the preparation of the passover."

The passover then, according to John, was on the evening of the day on which Christ was crucified : the Jews were eating the paschal lamb at the

time of his burial. But, according to the first three Evangelists the pass-over was on the evening before, and Christ partook of the feast with his disciples. There can be no mistake about the identity of the meal, as the Last Supper—for the incidents of Christ's announcement of the treason of Judas, and of Peter's denial, occur in each description of the meal.

Commentaries without number have been written with the intent to clear up this difficulty—but no one can answer us whether John, or the first three evangelists, be the proper authority—whether Christ ate the Last Supper on the evening of the passover, or the evening before—whether he was crucified *before* the passover evening, or *after*. Can 'inspiration' contain contradiction?—or *which* is the 'inspired' authority—the authority that we are bound to believe on pain of eternal perdition?

But it is not only in relation to the time of the last meal of Jesus, but in the narrative of what passed on that occasion, that there is considerable divergency between the Evangelists. The chief difference here, lies again between John and the first three evangelists; but, on a closer scrutiny, it is found that only Matthew and Mark closely agree;—and that Luke diverges from these two considerably, though he is more accordant with them than with John. John, only, has long—very long discourses—pronounced by Jesus, at the meal; and he, alone, has the incident of Christ washing the disciples' feet. Luke differs from Matthew and Mark in making Christ *institute* the supper, as a commemorative feast, *before* the betrayal by Judas, instead of *after*; and in making Jesus announce Peter's denial in the supper room, instead of on the way to the Mount of Olives. In the last circumstance he agrees with John; but John has not *any* mention of the *institution* of the supper. And is not this strange that this Evangelist omits an incident so vitally important in the whole scheme of Christianity—according to orthodoxy? Are we to understand that he *corrects* the other three writers—and that Christ did *not institute* 'the Sacrament' as we popularly, and by pre-eminence, term it, in Protestant England—but that the real incident was the washing of the disciples' feet? Who shall determine this difficulty for us? *Can* this be 'inspiration' which speaks in puzzles?

The Agony in the Garden is a picture which we approach with the greatest solemnity of feeling—both from its awful character and our early associations;—but again we are startled with difficulty, for the Agony is not in John, nor does he leave any room for it,—since he makes the arrest of Jesus follow immediately on the arrival in the garden! Read the first dozen verses in the 18th chapter of our translation of John's Gospel—and you will see that he leaves no room for the Agony—nor ever gives the slightest intimation that it occurred.

But the narratives of the Agony, by the first three Evangelists are not in unison. According to Matthew and Mark, Jesus takes the three *favourite* disciples with him,—and *three* several times retires from them to repeat the prayer that the cup of suffering may pass from him: according to Luke (who has *not* this double figure of *three*) Jesus retired from *all* the disciples, and but *once*. Luke, however, has one most marvellous feature, peculiar to himself—that while Jesus prayed *an angel* appeared to strengthen him; and that, during the Agony, "his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Even with the orthodox belief of the union of divinity and humanity in Christ, we feel shocked with the statement that it was necessary for Christ to have a strengthening angel sent to him. Without *any* belief in orthodoxy, we ask—What an angel is? Where is the witness for

the angel's appearance? How the disciples saw the angel if they were asleep? How it happens that neither Matthew nor Mark say one word about the angel's appearance,—nor, especially, John who is described as one of the *three* (by Matthew and Mark) chosen by Jesus to accompany him in the garden?

Concerning the 'bloody sweat' orthodoxy herself, according to Epiphanius, had very early doubts. And, even now, the "as it were" is laid hold of by many to shew that blood was *not* mingled with the sweat. If so, as Strauss observes, it would have been "drops," simply, in the text. The possibility, however, of a bloody sweat is confirmed by many authorities, from Aristotle to our own times—but it can only occur in extremely rare cases, and in disease. But whether drops *of* blood, or drops *like* blood—where, again, is the witness for such an occurrence? If the disciples were asleep they could not see it; and even if they awoke, how could they, at a distance and in the night, discern the falling of the drops? Who can imagine that Jesus himself detailed all these circumstances of horror, with minuteness, to his disciples? If Luke received the details by 'inspiration,' how is it that neither Matthew, Mark, nor John were favoured with the same supernatural communication?

(To be continued in next number.)

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No. 23.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1850. [Price One Penny.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

"I, for one, am sick and weary,
Of these everlasting prigs;
Quite disgusted with the shuffling
Of the miserable Whigs;
With their impudent averments,
And their flagrant thimbleries!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE time is come when those who are real democrats, both in and out of the House, should stand resolutely by their principles, and unflinchingly follow out their convictions. Reformers have dallied quite long enough with the Dalilah of expediency. They have sacrificed to satiety at the altar of compromise. They have worshipped, too long for their moral and political health, before the idols of Parliamentary parties. It is time now to break the images before whom they have bowed, and to stand erect in their simple faith in the truth of democracy, and the conviction that it must prevail.

The question for discussion, and for action after discussion, is,—How long shall we endure the Whigs? To my thinking, the Whigs, and Whiggism, are the great obstacles to progress. The Whigs are the *moderate* men. They do not believe that honesty in politics is even the best policy. They conciliate; that is, they believe that the best mode of advancing true principles, is to cleverly adulterate them with false principles. They have the knack of stump-oratory; and, what is worse, their oratory of the stump inspires their legislation with its own windiness and falsity. Yet we tolerate the Whigs! Radical members vote with them, or do not vote against them; and we are told to respect them *as Whigs* and *as gentlemen*.

Far be it from me, to breathe one word against the private character of any member of the Whig party. I have only to speak of them, only to deal with them, only to denounce them as *Whigs*. They may be 'gentlemen': I know them not as such. I only know them as a party existing on false pretences, and who throw dust in the eyes of John Bull before they ease him of his purse. I only know them as the advocates of political purity, and the maintainers of electoral corruption. I only know them as the reformers who emasculated the Reform Act; as the cunning intriguers who taxed the Newspaper Press so as to strangle the people's journals in their birth. I only know them as the economists who *would*, if they *could*, have imposed a fixed duty on corn, as they imposed a fixed duty on newspapers. I only know them as the employers of spies with a free commission to traffic in the blood of the people; I only know them as the secret

backers of the Pope and the Austrian; the tolerators of the Irish iniquity—landlordism; and the sworn foes of democracy. Are these titles to confidence, or recommendations to reprieve? Let the Whigs stand condemned, not for what they do not believe, but for *pretending* to believe what they do not; not for what they have done, but for what they have wilfully failed to do.

Under these circumstances what is the duty of the hour with respect to the Whigs? Clearly, come what will, *to oust them*. Let the popular agitation, such as it is, manifest itself in this form:—hostility to the Whigs. Let the Parliamentary opposition manifest itself in this form—division against the Whigs;—or, by reversing the present rule, never divide *for* them, though you may *not* divide against them. For what does a Radical member go to the House of Commons if not to oppose Government? What is his duty there as a Radical, if it be not to vote against ministers who calumniate the people, and refuse parliamentary reform? The House of Commons is a usurpation. A Whig is any liberal who tolerates, without a protest, the present system. A Radical is any Liberal who pretends to be not a Whig. What particular mission has he to save Lord John Russell from Mr. Drummond or Mr. Henley, from Mr. Disraeli or Colonel Sibthorp? Clearly none. The time is fast approaching when a Radical member who does not go to reform parliament, and stick to it will not be a member long.

The motives are urgent for action. We are now in the middle of a period of commercial prosperity. A great portion of the people get some food not wholly unfit for men. But how long will it continue, and the next crisis of commerce, the next season of starvation for the masses, what may it not bring forth? If it is answered 'Revolution,' *that* would be a calamity. But even this the Whigs may render *necessary*. We have now time to plan, organise, and agitate. The influential classes have thus much grace allowed them before the fatal period of distress arrives. The duty of the hour is then to drive the Radical members into direct and unfailing hostility to the Whigs. Let the Tories come in if need be. The Tories cannot do worse; and really one set is as good as the other.

GEORGE HOOPER.

REMINISCENCES OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT,

THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

(Concluded from last number.)

When the poet first appeared like a twinkling star above the clouded horizon, some sneered, some laughed, some deemed him mad. And indeed what atmosphere could possibly be thought to be more uncongenial, in which to successfully woo the muses, than the din and smoke of his daily pursuits? In the latter part of his trading career,—he might have been found surrounded by the hard material in which he was a dealer—a material almost as impenetrable as the skulls of those with whom he daily conversed. At one time to have even named Ebenezer Elliott with approbation, a man would have been treated as if he had partaken of his hypothetical malady. This no doubt had a great influence upon the sensitive mind of the poet; and effected in him a natural revulsion of thought and feeling. Hence he

affected a great contempt for posthumous fame or present praise,—always speaking of them with an evident affectation of perfect indifference. On this subject, he said to me, when walking with him one day, out of the Music Hall, “I will have no monument erected over my remains, when I am dead. I have planted, or selected, (I forget which), a tree in a secluded nook, near to where I now live, under which I intend to be buried; and the tree shall be the only monument that shall wave over my grave.”

The above very brief reminiscences present some singularly marked traits in the person, character, and genius of the poet and the man. What is however worthy of remark, is, that of all the portraits and busts I have seen, there is not one that approximates to an accurate likeness of the Corn-Law Rhymer. One has represented him with an urchin-like nose;—another with the facial elongation and lachrymose visage of a mawworm. A monument is however to be erected to his memory; and a few of his friends have already subscribed £100 for the purpose. This, for Sheffield is a mighty achievement! Mr. Burnard, of London, is now engaged upon, and has almost completed, a bust of the poet, which his friends and relatives pronounce to be a likeness; and certainly as a work of art, it does credit to the artist. This monument is to be erected in or near Sheffield. Who would have thought it? But the times and men change.

RICHARD OTLEY.

Sheffield, May 14th, 1850.

[To the foregoing sketch—for which I must acknowledge very great obligation to my intelligent and much esteemed friend, Mr. Otley—I beg to add one little characteristic trait of the departed poet. It was never my good fortune to meet the truly illustrious Corn-Law Rhymer, much as I longed to see him and talk with him. It happened, however, that I had just one note from him—which was written but a short time before his death—under the following circumstances. My friend, G. S. Phillips, secretary of the Huddersfield Mechanics' Institute—a man of genius who ought to be more widely known,—was visiting the poet; and in the interchange of our letters respecting a projected visit to talk (or lecture) at Huddersfield, I intimated to my friend a wish that the talking visit could also be extended to Barnsley; that I might grasp Elliott by the hand---if he chanced to have heard of me, and would so far honour me. The next return post brought back a letter from my friend, enclosing the following characteristic note to the ‘Purgatory’ man :---

Hargate Hill, near Barnsley, 9th September, 1849.

“DEAR MR. COOPER,—Stone-deaf, as I am at present,—and agonised with unintermitting pain,—I could not welcome a visit from Dante himself, even if he brought with him a sample of the best brimstone-pudding which may be prepared for me in the low country. But if I should recover, and you then happen to be in my neighbourhood, you will need no introduction but your name; and I will promise you a hearty welcome, bacon and eggs, and a bed.

I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

The note is written in a strong and legible hand, denoting the bold and honest character of the writer---for I hold it to be true, that there is commonly some indication of the nature and habits of a man's mind, in his hand-writing---though, perhaps, the maxim does not hold true in the instance of lawyers, who professionally *stiffen* their penmanship, or book-keepers who are expected to pen their records in a set style,

Respecting the proposed monument to Elliott, I may be allowed to say that I took upon me to write to Richard Cobden asking him to lead a subscription for the purpose---feeling that Elliott *ought to have* a monument, and that Mr. Cobden's successful struggle would cause his name to be mentioned with that of the *Corn-Law* Rhymer, in the future. Mr. Cobden signified his hearty willingness to do his part. I mentioned this publicly at Sheffield, while talking in the Town Hall, a short time ago. The subscription has since been started in Sheffield; and Mr. Burnard, a rising genius as a sculptor, self-taught and sprung from the working-class---who is an ardent admirer of Elliott's genius, has gone down and modelled a bust. Thus, I hope, a sure commencement has been made for securing a monument for the Poet.

THOMAS COOPER.]

THE DEMON OF DESPOTISM.

AN ALLEGORIC HISTORY.

BY RICHARD OTLEY.

PRESENT in all the past and everywhere, in every moment of time, my footsteps, though invisible, have dyed the earth with blood, and forced sighs and tears from the human race; whilst over the future I have spread a wizard power, that threatens with wrathful vengeance the beaming hopes of the spirit of insurrection in behalf of justice and truth. Like Satan, brooding over the regions of darkness and of the tortures of his own creating, I cast a dark shadow of gloom and despair over the coming destinies of man. Where and whenever I speak the genius of Peace stands aghast, or flies from the earth to her celestial regions; for dissensions and war are the only elements in which my soul revels. The lion, the tiger, the eagle, and the bear, are consecrated to my worship. In the night I am present with the assassin, to nerve his arm,—to animate his soul to the daring deed of death. In the day I am with the conqueror, to inspire him with the lust of an alluring but false glory, that he may strew the earth with the carcasses of my victims. Wherever I wander, I leave behind me ruin and desolation. My only rivals are the earthquake, famine, and pestilence, and the two latter are my subordinates and attendants. I was generated by Chaos and born of Darkness before the first beam of light cheered the first morning of the universe. My nature and substance are of a darkness so intense, that it is invisible. Every sentiment that is good or virtuous is held by me in abhorrence; benevolence, intelligence, and love are my deadly enemies; between them and me there can be no peace, no cessation of strife. When war is proclaimed, the sound of my voice,—the echo of my laughter, resounds through space. My power is resistless, and my triumph unrestrained mis-rule and confusion.

When the universe, in the infinity of space, was one chaotic-mass,—when all principles and essences were struggling in the vast conflict and with boundless energies for the mastery, I presided in triumph over the shapeless abyss. My spirit would have encircled all, and would have perpetuated this confusion of elements, for ever. Mass upon mass flew through space with an inconceivable fleetness, essence contending with essence, attraction with repulsion, water with fire; the 'crash of matter'

was an uproar of sounds to mortals inconceivable. In the midst of this boundless war of elements, mass flew to mass until suns were formed and fixed in centres, and globe after globe rolled in endless circles; and silence ushered the universe into peace. The smaller portions of matter followed into order,—atmospheres formed,—a new spirit of beauty and glory sprung into existence; and harmony reigned. For a brief duration, I lay prostrate and abashed; in grief I hid myself, absorbed in my own lonely thoughts; despair covered me as a mantle, nor was there one beam of hope to cheer my solitary grief. The spirit of intellectual goodness, like an infinite flame of refulgent glory, filled the boundlessness of space, whilst I lay in a gloomy concealment which threatened to be eternal.

How long a duration in eternity,—how many revolutions of celestial systems, I thus lay inert, in a spiritual trance, is, and will for ever remain unknown. When I awoke, it was to behold a new creation of order, loveliness and harmony. The process had been long and slow, element had united with element, essence with essence; new beings had sprung into existence; my soul grasped the whole at once; new sympathies, new hatreds, gave to me an unbounded animating impulse to evil; I must work, I must deform, I must sully the glory which I now beheld! I was startled at the complexion of my own thoughts; the personification of evil, as I knew myself to be, I was troubled in my soul when I beheld goodness flowing as from an infinite fountain of pure light. How to contaminate,—how to mingle light with darkness, good with evil, so that neither could be distinguished from the other, were my first thoughts. “It must, it shall be done!” I exclaimed. Meanwhile, I had approached the earth; myriads of beings presented themselves to view, such as I had never known or conceived of before. Here, then, I felt that I must commence the work of ruin and spoliation, for whilst I gazed upon them, all appeared to be goodness and perfection.

As I approached nearer and nearer towards the earth, the shades of darkness were falling over her, like a curtain: this I regarded as prophetic of future power—of future evil. Darkness thus gradually gathered and thickened around me; clouds over clouds rolled in masses over the face of heaven. I had never known fear, yet I felt an indefinable something within; it was a strange emotion, a spiritual coldness, almost approaching to trembling. The feeble sons of earth hid themselves; they fell to the ground some on their faces, some on their knees, and lifted their arms or eyes towards heaven; they muttered sounds which reached me: they were the words of terror. As the darkness thickened around, a light suddenly illuminated the horizon, but it passed away as quick as thought, followed by terrific sounds that vibrated through my very being. What—how—could this be? Whence could this come? It was as if the arched vaults of heaven were tumbling to the earth in the midst of a tremendous hurricane! “Chaos,” I shouted in extasies, “has returned again; the spirit of darkness shall again reign in triumph!” I laughed as I listened to peal after peal; and my laughter was as the echoes from the mountains, and my soul was filled with an infernal delight. But the sounds died away, the dark clouds dispersed, the moon arose and sailed silently and peacefully in the heavens, and the fair face of the blue, ætherial sky reflected once more the peaceful regions of the earth.

S O N G .

Sweet smile, on the cheek of thy home, where
 Joy burst on thy young spirit's waking—
 Canst give its endearments, to come where
 Life hath many a hot heart-aching ?
 Hast thou counted the cost to stand by me
 In the battle I fight for man ?
 And shall thy angel-love deify me
 Who stand in the world's dark ban ?
 Oh, a daring high soul thou wilt need, Love,
 To brave the life-battle with me—
 For thy dear heart may oftentimes bleed, Love,
 And thy sweet eyes dim tearfully !
 Dost thou know of the fine hearts perishing—
 Gallant spirits that dumbly bow ?
 For a little of fortune's cherishing
 They are breaking in agony now !
 And without the sunshine that life needeth
 Alas, sweet, for me and for you,
 How little the callous world heedeth—
 For love like ours tender and true !
 Oh, a daring high soul thou wilt need, Love,
 To brave the life-battle with me—
 For thy dear heart may oftentimes bleed, Love,
 And thy sweet eyes dim tearfully !
 Well, you've sworn—I have sworn—God hath bound us !
 And that covenant the world shall not part :
 I have flung my love's mantle around us,
 And you live in each beat of my heart.
 It may be that our names in earth's story
 Shall endure when we are no more,—
 For truth lives like the stars in their glory,
 And the flowers on the earth's verdant floor !
 But a daring high soul thou wilt need, Love,
 To brave the life-battle with me,—
 For thy dear heart may oftentimes bleed, Love,
 And thy sweet eyes dim tearfully !

GERALD MASSEY.

 To Correspondents.

* * Correspondents will please address "Thomas Cooper, Mr. Barlow's, bookseller, 2, Nelson-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne"—in order that they may reach me direct. But all letters sent to my own home, it is as well to repeat, will be forwarded to me. Many correspondents must be kind enough to excuse my not answering their communications this week. I have been very busy journeying and talking ; and write this, at Hull, just before starting by the train for Newcastle. When I arrive there, I hope to have time to attend to correspondents, as usual.

 Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

- SUNDAY**, June 9, at half-past 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square) City-Road. "Reform of Freethinking"—Geo. J. Holyoake. At half-past 7, Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square. "The World of the Future, or the Destiny of the Millions"—Robert Cooper.
- MONDAY**, June 10, at half-past 8, Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars. "Music : with illustrations"—J. Dobson Collet. At half-past 8, Finsbury Hall, 66, Bunhill Row. "Life and Times of the late John Savage, of Marylebone"—John Savage. At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenæum, 23, Henry Street. Anniversary and Elocutionary Entertainment. At half-past 8, Soho Mutual Instruction Society, 2, Little Dean Street. "Competition and Co-operation"—J. Milne.
- TUESDAY**, June 11, at 8, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—Weekly Meeting of the Free Enquirers' Society.

THINKINGS FROM EDMUND BURKE.

LAWS.—Ask of politicians the end for which laws were originally designed, and they will answer, that the laws were designed as a protection for the poor and weak, against the oppression of the rich and powerful. But surely no pretence can be so ridiculous; a man might as well tell me he has taken off my load, because he has changed the burthen. If the poor man is not able to support his suit according to the vexatious and expensive manner established in civilized countries, has not the rich as great an advantage over him as the strong has over the weak in a state of nature?

RICH AND POOR.—The most obvious division of society is into rich and poor; and it is no less obvious that the numbers of the former bear a great disproportion to those of the latter. The whole business of the poor is to administer to the idleness, folly, and luxury of the rich; and that of the rich, in return, is to find the best methods of confirming the slavery and increasing the burthens of the poor. In a state of nature it is an invariable law, that a man's acquisitions are in proportion to his labours. In a state of artificial society, it is a law as constant and as invariable, that those who labour most, enjoy the fewest things; and that those who labour not at all, have the greatest number of enjoyments. A constitution of things this, strange beyond expression. We scarce believe a thing when we are told it, which we actually see before our eyes every day without being the least surprised. I suppose that there are in Great Britain upwards of a hundred thousand people employed in lead, tin, iron, copper, and coal mines; these unhappy wretches scarce ever see the light of the sun; they are buried in the bowels of the earth; there they work at a severe and dismal task, without the least prospect of being delivered from it; they subsist upon the coarsest and worst sort of fare; they have their health miserably impaired, and their lives cut short, by being perpetually confined in the close vapour of these malignant minerals. A hundred thousand more at least are tortured without remission by the suffocating smoke, intense fires, and constant drudgery necessary in refining and managing the products of these mines. If any man informed us that two hundred thousand innocent persons were condemned to so intolerable a slavery, how should we pity the unhappy sufferers, and how great would be our just indignation against those who inflicted so cruel and ignominious a punishment? This is an instance, I could not wish a stronger, of the numberless things which we pass by in their common dress, yet which shock us when they are nakedly represented. But this number, considerable as it is, and the slavery, with all its baseness, and horror, which we have at home, is nothing to what the rest of the world affords of the same nature. Millions daily bathed in the poisonous damps and destructive effluvia of lead, silver, copper, and arsenic; to say nothing of those other employments, those stations of wretchedness and contempt in which civil society has placed the numerous *enfants perdus* of her army. Would any rational man submit to one of the most tolerable of these drudgeries, for all the artificial enjoyments which policy has made to result from them? By no means. And yet I need suggest, that those who find the means, and those who arrive at the end, are not at all the same persons. On considering the strange and unaccountable fancies and contrivances of artificial reason, I have somewhere called this earth the Bedlam of our system. Looking now upon the effects of some of those fancies, may we not with equal reason call it likewise the Newgate and the Bridewell of the universe! Indeed the blindness of one part of mankind co-operating with the frenzy and villainy of the other, has been the real builder of this respectable fabric of political society. And as the blindness of mankind has caused their slavery, in return, their state of slavery is made a pretence for continuing them in a state of blindness; for the politician will tell you gravely, that their life of servitude disqualifies the greater part of the race of man for the search of truth, and supplies them with no other than mean and insufficient ideas. This is but too true; and this is one of the reasons for which I blame such institutions. In a misery of this sort, admitting some few lenities, and those too but a few, nine parts in ten of the whole race of mankind drudge through life.

THE HAWTHORN BUSH IN BLOOM.

"How rich the hawthorn blossom!"

Burns.

Away to the woodlands, enriched with perfumes;
 Away to the groves where the Hawthorn-bush blooms;
 Away to the hills—it is bliss to behold
 The landscape all smiling, o'er-sheeted with gold!
 In greenwood and brake, o'er lowland and lake,
 The cuckoo-keeps echo, incessant; awake;
 And the quiver of leaves and the buzz of bright plumes
 Fill the air everywhere when the Hawthorn-bush blooms.

The bird to the breeze-harp of tenderest sound
 Respondeth—the glades and green vistas resound;
 Anon, one by one, the whole emulous choir
 A full-throated anthem to heaven respire,—
 From the depth of the wood, where they nestle their brood,
 And the step of the ranger doth seldom intrude;
 Where none but rash truant to rob them presumes,
 Of their young reared among the sweet Hawthorn-bush blooms.

The whispering zephyrs unfold their fans wide,
 Attending on Nature at sultry noontide,—
 On the glimmering heath where she languishing lies,
 O'ercome by the glances of fond-gazing skies!
 When the sun sinks to rest, and the beautified West
 Resembles some blissful abode of the blest,
 Winged myriads awake, as it were from their tombs,
 To play with sweet May, 'mong the Hawthorn-bush blooms.

The owlet abroad is at eve early seen;
 The bat flitteth round the oak gloomy and green;
 The tiny silk moth is as full of delight
 As an angel of love 'neath a sky ever bright!
 The dew on the blade, by fairy-hands laid,
 Into millions of millions of globules is made;
 Which the lingering twilight all night long illumines,
 At that hour in each bower when the Hawthorn-bush blooms.

The minnows, up-leaping, disturb the starred rill;
 The nightingale's ditty rings sweet round the hill;
 Dim shapes, such as none but the gifted can ken,
 Converse, indistinct, down the elm-shaded glen!
 That part of the skies 'neath the pole-star which lies
 Is sparred with light's purest ethereal dyes—
 'Tis the fan-light of day o'er night's portal of glooms!
 Light and mirth bless the earth when the Hawthorn-bush blooms.

And the coy village maiden, in silence and fear,
 To get "holy hawthorn" now hies to the mere;
 That, laid on her pillow, in dreams she may see
 The lad that ere long is her bridegroom to be.
 Lo! she starts with affright, as some spectre of night
 Had howled in her ear—drops the blossoms so white,
 Unnerved by the chaffer, whose grave-buzzing plumes
 Outstretched when she reached the sweet Hawthorn-bush blooms!

Thou childhood-loved insect, what thoughts come with thee!
 And what tales, long since told, 'neath yon old village tree!
 Then, life seemed a vista of endless sweet Mays—
 Ah! those were our innocent cockchaffer days!
 Pure hope-illumed years, like the clime of the spheres,
 Your sounds and your songs burst afresh on my ears!
 And what feelings are stirred by those deep Whitsun-drums,
 That resound from towns round when the Hawthorn-bush blooms!

'Tis charming to listen morn's earliest bird;
 Or to linger alone where the ring-dove is heard;
 Or at noon to recline on the brink of clear wave,
 Where the lily-decked Naiads their naked charms lave;
 'Tis sweet aye to meet old friends and them greet—
 Yet nothing to me is so charming, so sweet,
 As to walk at cool eve amidst wafted perfumes,
 Through the grove with my love, when the Hawthorn bush blooms!

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.

PERHAPS, of all the universe contains, to the contemplative mind, there is nothing so interesting as a newly-born child. It is interesting, from the circumstances by which it is surrounded, as a medium through which Nature displays her fairest workings,—in which she appears sublime in her tenderness and in her vigilant regard for the preservation of our species. But it is still more an object of interest and wonder for the faculties it possesses, and the capabilities with which it is endowed.

From the first thought that entered the mind of the first man, to the last act that was performed prior to the child's entrance into life, all have contributed to make these circumstances such as they are, and no others. And not a word shall this child utter, nor an action shall it perform, but shall leave their traces upon the remotest generations. This frame, but a few hours visible to us, has a history compared with which, that of the Pyramids is but of yesterday. The atoms which compose that body, and which are blended with an art so truly divine, have constituted other forms, and performed other functions; nor shall they perish in his using—

“Dissolv'd by death, they shall not pass away,
But live till Nature's frame itself decay.”

That frame, how feeble---how slender the thread that binds it to existence! And yet, what an assemblage of wonders is here! How strong in its weakness! How eloquent in its want of words! It can change the most sluggish, indolent, and profligate, into a perfect pattern of manly energy, prudence, and forethought.

Behold that timid, shrinking, and delicate young mother! Breathe softly ye winds! Ye elements deal gently, that ye crush not a thing so fair, and yet so frail! One cry of her child,---one feeble wail, indicative of danger or distress,---and, in a moment, how is her whole nature changed! The shouting of the battle,---the clashing of arms---the raging of the sea, has no terror for her. She will bare her brow to the pelting storm---her bosom to the lightning---she will “beard the lion in his den,” and for her child, meet death in its most appalling form. Let her once feel it safe within her arms---in a moment she is again all softness---all gentleness---all tenderness and love. With what rapture does she press it to her throbbing heart,---as if she felt the heaven of her existence was treasured there. O Nature, how beautiful are thy workings in woman's faithful love! How sublime in thy tenderness, and in thy vigilant regard for humanity! But for the provision thou hast made,---but for this maternal love, dormant until now, but which flames up at the moment it is needed, what were Man in his first and helpless condition?

But the child we contemplate is mainly interesting for the faculties it possesses, and the capabilities with which it is indued,—faculties, to whose development imagination can assign no limits.

Minds are, in essence, the same. The spark which animates that feeble frame is the same as that which burns so brightly in the loftiest of God's intelligent creation. Heroes, conquerors, and greater men than these,—philosophers, poets, philanthropists,—men, who have loved mankind and died to do them good, have all worn this common form. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Homer, Virgil, Newton, Latimer, Ridley, Howard, and One greater than all, whose name we will not breathe;—men who have illustrated the age in which they were born,—who have added new dignity to humanity,—who, by their virtuous struggles and high achievements, have exalted our conceptions of man's capabilities;—men whose spirits are

still among us, shining like stars in our intellectual firmament, enlightening, inspiring, cheering and guiding humanity towards that higher and happier state for which it is destined;—all these, like the child we contemplate, were once helpless, surrounded by dangers of which they were unconscious, and from which they were unable to defend themselves. A little neglect, a trifling accident, a slight degree of violence, and they must inevitably have perished.

From the mind of this infant, in fancy before us, may emanate some great thought, which, like an undying light, shall attract and kindle other minds, until it shall create a body of flame sufficient to dissolve the mists and clouds which at present envelope us;—to show in detail what we now see but in outline;—which, substituting knowledge for doubt on the one hand, and credulity on the other, shall command universal assent, and destroy that scepticism and hesitation, which render impracticable what, with concentrated energies and faith, were easy of attainment;—which, by meeting the exigencies of the times shall facilitate that better and happier state to which all are looking hopefully forward. The genius with which this child is endowed may prove a spring, whence streams of knowledge may flow that shall irrigate the soil, and feed the blossoms, of a nation's hope. From these lips may issue sounds which shall startle slumbering millions, and whose echoes shall be repeated while time shall be no more.

On looking through the whole of animated nature, we see the faculties and capabilities of each object attaining their full developement;—we see each enjoying all the happiness of which it is susceptible, and answering the end for which it seems to have been created, except where Man interferes. This end attained, it drops, withers, dies, and gives place to its successor. But man, and man alone, is formed for endless progression. He, and he alone, is endowed with faculties necessary for its attainment. He, and he alone, has capabilities to which no limits can be assigned. Man, and man alone, has distinct perceptions of superior excellence, and a desire for its attainment. He alone has conceptions of the Supreme Intelligence Who made him, and who forms and governs all things. He alone is capable of recognizing the manifestations of His existence, His power and goodness. Man alone understands justice and duty, and feels the force of moral obligation. He alone is endowed with reason and sentiment, and is susceptible of the sublime emotions of esteem, gratitude, friendship, and love. For these, and a thousand other reasons which nature furnishes, the faith of the wisest, greatest, and best of men, in all ages and countries, has been strong in man's immortality. In this frail casket, then, is a gem, compared with whose worth, diadems, with all their gold and diamonds, are but baubles; and compared with whose duration, the annals of an empire dwindle into an insignificant point. No matter for the poverty or obscurity under which a being so august is ushered into existence: these circumstances can no more detract from its inherent dignity than the mists and clouds which dim the brightness of a summer's morning can detract from the inherent splendour of the god of day.

Nor must it ever be forgotten, that the germs of all Man *shall be*, are included in his present state, when lying like the infant we contemplate, helpless in his cradle; even as the germ of the mightiest oak is infolded in the acorn from which it springs. Over the destiny of this child, Nature has thrown a veil which no mortal may raise. But what an assemblage of godlike faculties are here! What a mine of wealth, for those who will explore it! How important the parental relation!—Who trembles not at the responsibility it involves?

J. YEATS.

CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848-9, AND 1849-50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'

VI.—THE PASSION, CRUCIFIXION, &c.

NOT a little difficulty is added to our inquiry as to the veritableness of this narrative of the Agony, when we look at John's portrait of Jesus in the hours immediately preceding the arrest. In the very long discourses of the Last Supper, as given by John, (from the beginning of chap. 13, to the end of chap. 17,) Jesus is depicted as all calmness and dignity: he has already triumphed over approaching suffering: he is tranquil, serene, and confident. But if we are to interpose the Agony before the arrest, then we are to regard the change in Christ's mind as very strange: from the pedestal of grandeur, where he had before stood in our conceptions, he is plunged into the most pitiable weakness. Was he then, indeed, a moral warrior who uttered words of triumph—only to be obliged with shame to cry for help when the battle began? Did so much presumption pertain to his character?

Yet, our difficulties increase—for how are we to conceive the possibility of remembering these long discourses of Jesus, by any of his disciples—seeing they were immediately after plunged into the distraction of sorrow by his capture and death? Under any—even the most favourable—circumstances, could any human creature remember them? Did 'inspiration' bring them to John's remembrance? Why not, then, to the minds of Matthew, Mark, and Luke? Which is the true and 'inspired' portrait?—the calm, dignified, triumphant one of John, or the dejected and terrified one of the first three Evangelists? If each be the portrait of 'inspiration'—how is it that the features are so drawn and coloured, as to make them look different to our gaze when our salvation is declared to depend on our believing that they are the same?

Leaving the orthodox to answer these questions, we can only conclude, for ourselves, that the Agony of the first three evangelists, very largely, if not entirely, is mythical, and founded on Messianic interpretations of Old Testament passages (such as Psalm 42, v. 6—12; Ps. 43, v. 5); while the author of the Platonic gospel, in limning his dignified picture, had that of the imprisoned and dying Socrates in view, as drawn in Plato's own 'Discourses':—I say the *limning*—for the colouring is peculiarly the Fourth Evangelist's own: *his* long, last discourses are *not* Christ's, but his own words and doctrines—of that unique character discernable in this Gospel and the 'Epistles of John,' and utterly distinct from the language attributed to Christ in the three earlier gospels.

The narrative of the arrest again presents John at variance with the three. Judas, according to him, simply is 'guide to them that took Jesus.' He does not 'betray with a kiss' his master. Jesus himself advances to the multitude, as the person whom they seek. 'I am he,' he declares; and 'they went backward and fell to the ground'! These accounts are irreconcilable. If Judas had already given the sign by kiss-

ing his master—Jesus need not have asked ‘Whom seek ye?’ and have said ‘I am he.’ And if Jesus had already made the declaration, Judas’s kiss was not needed as a sign. We cannot pronounce which is the true account: we can only observe that John’s is in keeping with his high doctrines of the nature of Christ,—and is plainly what metaphysicians term dogmatical. But how strangely vacillating in feeling---from confidence to terror---from terror to confidence---these narratives, blended together, would represent Jesus to have been; and how unlike, if separated!

We will not delay to gaze at Peter cutting off the high priest’s servant’s ear; but only remark that Luke alone relates that Christ healed the ear. In the first three gospels Jesus remonstrates with those that took him: not so in John; but he says something similar to Annas. Luke, as if he had gathered from Matthew and Mark on the one side, and John on the other,—by a strange blunder,—brings the chief priests into the garden of Gethsemane with the band of officers, and makes Jesus address the remonstrance to them there! In John, Jesus obtains leave for his disciples to retire when he is taken: in Matthew and Mark, the disciples, forsake him and flee; and graphic Mark says that a young man with a linen cloth cast about his body, when he was in danger of being seized, left the linen cloth, and fled naked!

From the place of arrest, the first three evangelists state that Jesus was led to the high-priest,---whose name, Caiaphas, is only mentioned by Matthew; while the Fourth Evangelist states that Christ was led, first to Annas, the father-in-law of the high-priest, and afterwards to Caiaphas---but of the trial before Caiaphas, John gives no particulars. That there is a mistake somewhere, is evident, from the fact that the first three evangelists make Peter deny Jesus during the trial before Caiaphas; while John makes the *first* denial take place during the trial before Annas. But, between Luke and the first *two* evangelists there are also divergencies. According to Luke, Jesus is merely kept under guard throughout the night, in the high-priest’s palace, and maltreated by the underlings; and when, *at the break of day*, the Sanhedrim assembles, *no witnesses appear*, but the high-priest precipitates the sentence by a decisive question and Christ’s answer. According to Matthew and Mark, when Jesus was brought into the high-priest’s palace, the scribes and elders were already assembled, and *while it was night*, proceeded to hold a trial, in which *witnesses* appeared; and then, the high-priest addressed to him the decisive question, on the answer to which the assembly declared him worthy of death. It is remarkable that in John, also, the trial goes forward *in the night*; only, he does not say that the Sanhedrim, or great council, was present. Now we might be inclined to reject the authority of Matthew and Mark, (strengthened by that of John,) and declare for Luke at once, seeing that it looks improbable for the council to have assembled in the night, while Judas was gone out with the guard to apprehend Christ—only, Luke himself baffles us by making the high-priests and elders present at the arrest in the garden!

In the relation of the maltreatment of Jesus, there is some little divergency. It is not so great, however, as to lead us to suppose that there is not a fact at the bottom of the narrative. Doubtless the great and holy sufferer was vilely misused; but, in their descriptions, the evangelists were evidently led by the wish to shew that Messianic prophecies were fulfilled in this revolting occurrence—such as those in Isaiah (50 ch. 6 v., and 53 ch. 7 v.)

Again, in the relation respecting Peter, divergencies occur. He, only, according to the first three evangelists, gives the proof of his courage and attachment to Jesus, by following him into the court of the high-priest's palace. But in the Fourth Gospel, John is stated to have been his companion; and, indeed, to have been the means of procuring Peter's admission. The very striking tendency of the Fourth Gospel to exalt John above Peter, we shall have to notice more particularly, in considering the narratives of the Resurrection, &c.---and we, therefore, pass on without further remark on this statement of the Fourth Gospel. We have already mentioned the difference between the first three evangelists and John, respecting Peter's denial; but in the description of the three several instances of his denial, there is considerable variance. The *first* denial, according to John, is uttered on the very entrance of Peter into the court of the palace, to a damsel *that kept the door*; according to Matthew, to a damsel, while Peter 'sat without in the palace'; according to Mark, to a damsel, while he was 'beneath in the palace,' and 'warming himself'; according to Luke, also to a damsel, as he '*sat by the fire.*' The *second* denial takes place, according to John and Luke, also by the fire: in Matthew and Mark, after Peter had gone out into the porch. Further, in John, the second denial is made to several persons; in Luke, to one person; in Matthew, to *another* damsel than the one to whom Peter made the first denial; in Mark, to the *same* damsel. The *third* denial happened, according to Matthew and Mark, in the porch; according to Luke and John, undoubtedly in the inner court, at the fire---for none of the evangelists mention a change of place after the second denial. Further, in Matthew and Mark, the third denial is made to many bystanders; in Luke, to one; in John, to one who is a relative of the servant who had been wounded in the garden.

We will not pursue the criticism more minutely by noticing the different motives attributed to the parties who suspect Peter, nor the difference in the accounts of his swearing. Indeed, this criticism may already be deemed too minute. It may be said that variations in a narrative of what took place amidst distraction of mind are only to be expected. Just so: we fully agree there. But then the orthodox do not allow us to judge these accounts as we judge other books: we are told they are 'inspired.' That term *must* be repeated, because the orthodox repeat it; and yet this 'inspired' account is so perplexing that some critics argue that no less than *eight* denials of Peter are evidently related, and the term '*thrice*,' in Christ's declaration is only to be taken as a round number! One other remark, and we will leave the case of Peter. Luke alone says that, on the crowing of the cock, Jesus turned and looked at Peter. But, according to Matthew and Mark, this could not be, since Peter was not in the same locality with Jesus---being 'without' (Matthew) or 'beneath' (Mark), 'in the court:' it thus being implied that Jesus was in an inner, or upper apartment of the palace.

To proceed: When Jesus is led before Pilate, the trial, according to John, takes place in the interior of the Prætorium,---and the Jews, from fear of levitical defilement, remain without. Pilate, of course, has to come out when he would speak to the Jews. The representation is different in the other Gospels; but if John's account be the true one, who then heard the conversation of Jesus with Pilate, and especially the famous question of the latter, 'What is Truth?' Who is the witness?---for we cannot admit the solution of the older commentators, that Jesus himself narrated these conversations to his disciples after the resurrection. The greater probability is, that the

writer of the Fourth Gospel has himself put the question into the mouth of Pilate—for the conception is quite in his style.

Before the introduction of Barabbas, which in all the other evangelists comes next in order, Luke has an episode, the omission of which by the three we must term surprising: he makes Jesus be led before Herod; tells us that Herod questioned him, but that Jesus was silent; and that after Herod's soldiers had derided him, and arrayed him in a mock robe, he was led back to Pilate. If this statement be not wholly legendary—why is it not found in the other Gospels. How often we have to repeat this question—only to receive some apologetical theory for an answer, but which really leaves us answerless!

After Pilate has presented Barabbas and Jesus to the Jews, that they might make choice of one to be released to them, we have, *in Matthew only*, the relation of the message of Pilate's wife about her dream; and when the choice is made, the incident of Pilate washing his hands. Dreams are favourites with Matthew, and we cannot be surprised that that feature is peculiar to him. That the latter incident is altogether a legend, becomes evident, not only from its total omission by the other evangelists,—but from the improbability that Pilate should use the words, "I am innocent of the blood of this *just man*," while he was delivering Christ to death;—and that the Jews should cry out "His blood be on us and on our children"—a sentence obviously spoken from the Christian point of view, when they had seen the miseries which fell on the Jewish nation shortly after the death of Jesus.

The Scourging, Luke makes Pilate propose as a substitute for crucifixion, with the hope the Jews will be satisfied with it, and it does *not* actually take place; John makes it take place, but in vain; while Matthew and Mark describe it as performed preparatory to crucifixion—which was in reality a Roman usage towards condemned slaves. With the scourging is connected the maltreatment and mockery of Jesus, by all the evangelists except Luke—who had transferred these incidents to the interview with Herod: thus Luke is here doubly at variance with the other evangelists. While in Matthew and Mark the trial concludes *before* the scourging, and after the rejection of the proposal to scourge, in Luke,—in John, the trial goes on *after* the scourging, Pilate is indignant with the Jews, leads Jesus once more into the Prætorium, questions him again, again tries to release him, is intimidated by the saying of the Jews that he cannot be 'Cæsar's friend,' mounts the tribunal, derides the Jews by asking them if they wish that he should crucify their 'king'—and, receiving their answer, delivers him to be crucified. We repeat, that if we are allowed to judge of these narratives as we do of other books—that irregularities in the relation of events so distracting to the observers do not seem strange; but they are absolute difficulties if we are to regard the writings as produced under supernatural direction.

The Cross, according to John, was borne by Jesus himself: according to the other three writers, by Simon the Cyrenian. It is easy, again, if we are to eschew the 'inspiration' doctrine, to account for John's omission: the fact was not known in the Greek circle where the Fourth Gospel was written. In describing the circumstances of the Crucifixion, Matthew and Mark have a different order to Luke and John: not to mention minor circumstances, the two former describe the sharing of Christ's clothes among the soldiers, &c., and relate the crucifixion of the two malefactors as a succeeding event: the two latter reverse this order. Mark says 'wine mingled with myrrh' was first offered to Jesus on the cross; Matthew mentions 'vinegar mingled with gall'—doubtless, having the 69th Psalm (v. 21.) in his mind; John and Luke

mention 'vinegar,' and so does Mark, after his first statement. Luke alone has the incident of the 'Penitent Thief'—which, with all our unwillingness to destroy a beautiful and touching legend—we are compelled to reject as one. That a 'thief' (so in Matthew and Mark) should entreat Jesus to remember him when he should come into his 'kingdom,' should manifest a conception of the whole system of the dying Messiah, while the very disciples themselves could not yet comprehend it—is too extravagant a statement. But, if any orthodox believer should say 'How dare you impiously question Luke's statement?'—I can only ask in return if Matthew and Mark be also 'impious' when they directly contradict Luke by saying that *both* the thieves reviled Jesus? *They* know nothing of the 'Penitent Thief:' no more does John.

The Fourth Gospel has a striking difference in describing the spectators of the Crucifixion. It brings John and the mother of Christ close to the cross—for it represents Jesus as addressing them from thence; while all the other gospels describe Christ's acquaintances as standing 'afar off.' Neither do the other gospels make any mention of Christ's mother as being present at the Crucifixion.

The words uttered by Christ on the cross,—in addition to his address to his mother and John, just alluded to,—are, in Matthew and Mark, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" According to Luke, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," and, finally, "Father, into hands I commend my spirit"; according to John, 'I thirst,' and, finally, "It is finished." Now, neither these varied relations,—nor the difference in the *four* statements of what was the inscription over the cross,—nor the difference in the account of the sharing of Christ's garments,—nor the difference in the narratives as it regards the persons who derided Jesus while he hung on the cross,—appear very startling to us, if we—I am compelled again to repeat—are allowed to dismiss the idea of 'inspiration,' and to consider these as, simply, human accounts of a dread transaction, witnessed by some who were terrified, distracted, and, as we say, broken-hearted,—and who therefore handed down their accounts with the diversity of terror, distraction, and poignant sorrow. Such differences are human, are natural: reason makes no demand for *perfect* congruence in such relations—though it does when a *violation* of the natural laws is affirmed, and credence is expected.

(To be continued in next number.)

CONVERSATION.—The laws of conversation are, in general, not to labour over any subject, but to pass over it easily, without effort or affectation, from one to another; to speak occasionally on frivolous as well as on serious subjects: to remember that conversation is a relaxation, and not a fencing school, nor a game of chess; in a word, to allow the fancy to range at freedom. You are not to engross the discourse to yourself, nor to deliver your opinions in a magisterial tone; as this must be very disgusting to the hearers, and prepossesses them against you. There can be no situation in which we are less able to conceal our self-love than in conversation; and we are always sure to lose by mortifying the pride of others, who will naturally be desirous of revenging themselves; and their ingenuity seldom fails instantly to discover an opportunity. Another defect to be shunned is, speaking like one reading, and having what is called a well-written conversation. A conversation ought no more to be like a written discourse, than the latter like a conversation. What is pretty singular is, those who fall into the former blemish, seldom escape the other; because being in the habit of speaking as they would write, they imagine they ought to write as they speak. It should be a rule, that a man cannot be too much on his guard when he writes to the public, and never too easy towards those with whom he converses.—*D'Alembert.*

IMAGINARY WANTS.—If we create imaginary wants, why do we not create imaginary satisfactions? It was the happier phrenzy of the two to be like the mad Athenian, who thought all the ships that came into the harbour to be his own; than to be still tormenting ourselves with insatiable desires.—*Bulstrode's Essays.*

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No. 24.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1850. [Price One Penny.

THE LORDS AND THEIR NEW HOUSE.

Much of its wisdom boasts the world ; and yet,
Though older than the age of hundred sires,
'Tis but a foolish babe. What toys it hath,
What costly gew-gaws ! By my father's beard,
I sicken at your prate of this world's wisdom !

Old Play.

A SHORT time before the opening of the present session of parliament, the *Times*, in its wisdom, thought fit to offer sundry suggestions to the 'brave peers of England' with respect to the manner of conducting their business in the House,—alluding at the same time to the very little business they had to transact, and inferentially hinting that, unless they bustled about a bit more, made a show of doing something beyond ratifying the decrees of the Commons, by originating Bills, and displaying increased energy in legislative affairs, they would become a dead letter in the State. Now it does not appear that the 'Hereditaries' have benefited by this advice. Nothing of the least public interest has passed in that gilded chamber of aristocracy for many a day. The Peers meet two or three times a week, keep up a silly chatter about Protection and Corn Laws, and the welfare of the Church and Crown for half an hour or so, and then 'adjourn.' All the real *work* is done in the House of Commons. As for the Peers, their days of importance are over ; they may talk big, and plume their fine feathers and shake their golden crests within those painted walls at Westminster, but for all the good they effect for the people, they might as well be sipping their claret at home. Speaking of the money which has been lavished upon the decorations of the building, wherein these titled Fifth-wheels occasionally assemble, the *Daily News* gave the following significant piece of information concerning the refectory part of the establishment :—

"Any one who may chance to know anything of the 'peers' dining-room,' will know that nothing can be more absurd than the idea of spending a large sum of money in decorating that apartment. The room itself is little better than a narrow corridor. It looks out upon a small court-yard, and is one of the darkest apartments in the new building. But more than this—the room is scarcely ever used. *As the peers rarely sit after 7 or 8 o'clock, it is not six times in a session that one of them ever require to dine at Westminster.* For the past two months, it is said, that not a chop has been served in the peers' dining room. So little is it frequented, that whilst every other apartment connected with the house rejoices in a mass of gilded mediæval furniture, this apartment has been scantily supplied with common club tables, which have been found to answer its purposes."

So that were M. Soyer to be appointed cook to the House of Peers, he could evidently enjoy a sinecure ; and this is a kind of comment on that scripture which saith 'if ye work not, neither shall ye eat.' "For the past two months not a chop has been served in the peers' dining-room !"

ergo, for the past two months the peers have not worked hard enough to give themselves an appetite. Poor chop-fallen aristocrats, their official hours have 'dwindled to the shortest span;' the encroachments of Democracy have almost driven them out of employ, and the best thing they can do is to elect the Duke of Buckingham as leader and start off to the back-woods of America and set up on their own account. The People of England could contrive to get through life very comfortably without them, and might feel better pleased to have their room than their company. Let them pack up their rattle-traps and take wing, for they *must* leave the *land* behind them, which would not fall a prey to thorns and thistles for want of their tender care. We can cultivate corn without the superintendence of coroneted heads, and our laws would be as well framed and as well administered if the new House of Peers were converted into a Lecture Hall, or any other institution more adapted to the genius of the age. Give us a thorough representation of the people, and peerages and privileged legislators are only blocks in the path of progress. The time is coming when we shall hear as little of peers' debates as we do now of their dinners. F. G.

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE 79th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH-DAY OF ROBERT OWEN, MAY 14th, 1850.

THERE is perhaps no man living who has exercised a more potent and beneficent influence over public opinion,—laying wide and deep the foundations of the great social edifice of the future,—preparing the minds of men for that entire and organic change in the character and constitution of society, which all who think now recognize as certain and inevitable, whose history is more deeply interesting and profoundly instructive, or who has led a better, a worthier and a more useful life,—than the venerable philanthropist who has just entered his 79th year.

We have suggested the name of Robert Owen, not for the purpose of entering, at the present time, upon any enquiry concerning those principles and plans to which his life has been devoted, or the correctness of his metaphysical speculations; but that we may direct attention to those qualities of character for which he is distinguished, and which are deserving of universal study and imitation. To that active and intelligent philanthropy which has led him to sacrifice ease and quiet, a respectable position in society, (according to the world's notion of respectability,) a large fortune, and the common objects of ambition which these presented to him, and to devote the whole of his time, talent, and whatever else he possessed, not merely with the object of removing existing distress and suffering, but in diffusing a knowledge of the causes which have led to their production, and the measures by which they could be most effectually removed;—to that genuine heroism and moral courage which enabled him to brave obloquy and prejudice, and the loss of popularity, at a time when his popularity was at the highest,—by boldly and fearlessly proclaiming what he regarded as fundamental and vital truths, but which were in antagonism with established systems and institutions;—to that consistency of character, that indomitable energy, perseverance, and continuity of purpose, which have contributed so largely to the success of his exertions, and without which, success in any great object cannot reasonably be expected;—and, above all, to that universal and all-embracing charity, which he has not only on all occasions preached, but uniformly practised.

He has been slandered, calumniated, and caricatured. His principles

ve been misrepresented; his character has been maligned. Bigots have
 alt out their "Anathema Maranatha" against him: preachers from the
 pit have denounced him as "an apostle of Satan, and a hoary headed
 idel;" but, calm and dignified, he has pursued "the even tenor of his
 y,"—mildly, but earnestly, reiterating his principles,—trusting to win
 conviction by the power of evidence and the force of truth,—and freely
 giving those who had sought to injure him,—feeling assured that they
 d acted thus because "they knew not what they did."

Let those who may have been accustomed to sneer at Robert Owen, or
 o have heard him spoken of as 'visionary and impracticable,' make them-
 ves acquainted with the facts of his life, what measures he has advocated,
 d the amount of practical good already effected by his exertions. He
 s the founder of the first and most efficient institution ever established
 this country for the purpose of infant training. He was the first who
 blicly advocated and prepared a Bill for limiting the hours of labour for
 ldren in mills and factories. He was the author of the plan of self-sup-
 -ting Home Colonies, submitted by him to Mr. Falk, the Dutch Amba-
 -sor, who introduced it into Holland, where it has now been in success-
 -operation for many years; and which, if established in this country,
 uld speedily lead to the extinction of pauperism and poor-rates. Educa-
 -n and employment,—equal rights and liberty of conscience,—the de-
 -opment of all man's faculties and the supply of all man's rational wants:
 se have been the great objects of his unceasing exertions, and to which
 life has been consecrated. His theory of the power of education and
 ounding circumstances in the formation of character were submitted
 him to the test of practical experiment, during a quarter of a century,
 ng a population of nearly 3,000 people; and the wonderful success of
 experiment has been attested by evidence of the most incontrovertible
 racter.

lately had the pleasure of attending a large public meeting, at which
 ert Owen was present, to congratulate him on the approaching anni-
 -ary of his natal day; and, to me, more deeply impressive, more truly
 uent, than all the orating and the perorating, was it to see the glorious
 anthropist—his face brightening, and his eyes glistening, while des-
 ing upon his favourite theme, with all the zeal and ardour of youthful
 usiasm—his faith as firm, his hopes as high, his charity as unbounded
 ver. As I gazed and listened, how small and insignificant, compared
 him, appeared the titled great ones of the world; and I thought how
 h true and earnest men might yet do for their ignorant and suffering
 hren, and how much wealth, and time, and talent—God's noblest gifts
 ere trifled with and frittered away upon frivolous and unworthy objects.
 ly, this is a serious matter. Happy are they who can answer it to
 satisfaction of their own consciences. I felt it was a proud thing for
 ert Owen to say (albeit it was said with all meekness and modesty,—
 istently with his principles, and disclaiming all individual merit); but
 o felt conscious of this truthfulness, when he asserted that there was
 a man living, whatever might be his wealth or station, with whom he
 d willingly exchange places. And as the good old man descended
 the platform, I recalled the language of the poet:

"His life

Was pure and gentle; and the elements

So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world—This was a Man!"

THOMAS SHORTER.

THE VALUE OF LEISURE.

TRITE but true is the saying *noscitur a sociis*—a man is known by the company he keeps ; or, in other words, ‘show me a man’s associates, and I’ll tell you what sort of character he is.’ Equally true would it be to say, ‘show me how a man usually occupies his leisure hours, the hours not devoted to his daily-bread work, his profession or handicraft, and I’ll give you a pretty correct estimate of the value and quality of that person’s mind.’ A feather will point out which way the wind blows, so will these hours of idleness in a man’s life serve as an index for us to judge whether his nature has more of an intellectual, or more of an animal tendency. They will show us whether he is a man of thought, conscious that there is within him a principle of spiritual growth which needs cultivation, and is capable of elevating him above the inert mass of humanity ; or whether his soul is “of the earth earthy,” loving only sensual pleasures, and never happy but in pursuit of them ; and they will mark the lazy, apathetic, lounge-about, kill-time character, who seems to take no manner of interest in anything beyond his own selfish existence, and to whom the affairs of the world are all rattle and jargon, ‘signifying nothing.’

Of those three classes of people for which each of the above stands as a type, viz :—the thinker, the sensualist, and the dummy, the two last are by far the largest in all ranks of society. The thinkers are a select few. They are, as it were, a vein of rich gold running throughout the moral world. Others are but of the common clay upon which we tread every day. The thinker passes his moments of leisure—his moments when the labours of necessity are over—in such occupations as combine instruction with amusement ; in some study which by improving his own mind will enable him to improve the minds of his neighbours ; he reads not merely printed books, but the great volume of nature ; he reflects on the history of mankind, and strives to trace the future in the present ; he sympathises with the sorrowful, mourns over the wrongs and follies that triumph in the dress of religion and charity, and racks his brain for a plan to crush oppression and alleviate misery. The thinker never finds time hang heavy on his hands. He regrets its flight, not its duration ; and he seeks to make the most of each short minute,—knowing that if ‘idleness be the Devil’s opportunity,’ the spare moments of life may be turned to the best account for the purposes of goodness and truth. With the poet Cowper he exclaims :—

Me therefore, studious of laborious ease,
Not slothful ; happy to improve the time,
Not waste it ; and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
When He shall call his debtors to account
From whom are all our blessings—business finds,
Ev’n here—while sedulous I seek to improve,
At least neglect not, or leave unemploy’d
The mind he gave me ; driving it, though slack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work
By causes not to be divulg’d in vain,
To its just point—the service of mankind.
He that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart, and keeps it ; has a mind
That hungers and supplies it ; and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life—
Has business ; feels himself enjoined to achieve
No unimportant, though a silent task.

Thus will the intellectual man despise the frivolities and degrading gratifications to which the vulgar sensualist and gaping dummy resort when

loose from the harness of labour. The day's work finished, where shall we look for these worse than useless creatures? Not where intelligence and refinement meet to enjoy 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul'; but in tavern tap-rooms, gloating over ribald jests, and obscene songs, in 'coal-holes,' 'cider-cellars,' billiard-rooms, dancing-booths, among dog-fighters, cock-fighters, prize-fighters, jockies, and such like brainless boobies whose highest conversation is of wagers lost and won, steeple-chases, and broken heads—or mayhap if the dummy-headed idler have a turn for quiet gambling, we shall find him seated at a table engaged with other kindred spirits in the mysteries of cribbage or whist, or some kind of entertainment furnished by those symbols of groveling idiocy—cards. Groveling idiocy? Yes, nor is the term too harsh or inappropriate, for of all the devices for murdering a leisure hour ever contrived by human cunning, cards are truly the most abominable. They require neither wit nor wisdom to learn. Any donkey with but half an idea, and that a silly half, may become a profound card-player if he pleases—why, they were invented to while away the tedious hours of an idiotic French King, who, though he could not attend to affairs of state, could shuffle and deal a few pieces of spotted and pictured paste-board with right royal skill. We hope no Democrat ever condescends to soil his fingers with touching such iniquities. There are only three descriptions of people to whom we would allow the luxury of card-playing, and these are monarchs, imbecile old men and women, and fools. The first have a prescriptive right to the fun, the second *can* do nothing better, and the third *will* not. No man with any enlarged sense of his own self-respect will often be found at a card-table.

To contemplate the vast portion of time that some persons take from their life to bestow it on pursuits calculated to demoralise themselves, and consequently to demoralise society, must make every heart that yearns for the elevation and progress of man very, very melancholy and downcast. When we know what might be done by application to intellectual employments, by careful culture of our nobler faculties; when we know how many evils of life might be mitigated, if not altogether abolished, by attention to mental and moral advancement, it is lamentable to reflect on the recklessness with which thousands, day after day, throw away valuable moments in the gratification of silly and sordid fancies—moments never to be recalled. We can perceive signs of awakening serious thought among the people; but there are many obstinate follies to fight against yet. Intemperance and gambling are two of the worst vices of this country,—though compared with the past century we are considerably improved in these particulars. For ignorance there is small cause, now our press is tolerably free, and books are abundant and cheap. May the coming age be an improvement on the present! May the rising generation outstrip their progenitors in virtue, in wisdom, and in happiness!

FRANK GRANT.

Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

- NDAY, June 16, at half-past 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square,) City Road. "Carlyle's Chartism and Latter-Day Pamphlets"—Samuel M. Kydd.
- NDAY, June 17, at half-past 8, Mechanics' Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars. "Industrial Exhibition of 1851"—S. Sidney. At half-past 8, Finsbury Hall, 66, Bunhill Row. "Life and Poetry of Burns"—J. M. Wade. At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenæum, 23, Henry Street. "Political Retrospect of the last Thirty Years"—John Savage. At half-past 8, Soho Mutual Instruction Society. "Pleasures of Scientific Research and sensual Gratification, Contrasted"—J. Benny.
- SDAY, June 18, at 8, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—Weekly Meeting of the Free Enquirers' Society.

Correspondence.

Coventry, June 1st, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—While reading the "Passion and Crucifixion, &c.," in your "Critical Exegesis of Gospel History" in your Journal, I found a difference between the texts of the Protestant and Catholic Bibles respecting Judas's death and the Potter's Field. They are as follows:—
(Acts, 1ch. 18v.)

PROTESTANT.

"Now this man" (Judas) "purchased a field with the reward of iniquity; and falling headlong he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out."

CATHOLIC.

"And he" (Judas) "hath possessed a field of the reward of iniquity, *and being hanged burst asunder in the midst*; and all his bowels gushed out."

I cannot understand the Catholic version where it says, "*and being hanged*." If you can explain it to me you will much oblige.

Yours respectfully, EDWARD J. TURNER.

[Answering from Newcastle, I cannot turn to a copy of the Roman Catholic version. I can only say that the Greek does not say 'being hanged.' The words have been inserted, most likely to make Acts accord with Matthew. I wish the correspondent had intimated whether the words 'being hanged,' in the Catholic version, are not in italics.—T. C.]

72, Broadwall, Blackfriars' Road, May 29th.

SIR,—You appear to me, one, anxious to controvert error, and to establish truth, and therefore, I beg to ask of you to furnish me with an answer to the following enquiry.

Why the Jews, *dispersed* as they are throughout most known countries, and tenacious of their old religion, still remain a *distinct* people, notwithstanding the various difficulties, and persecutions through which they have passed? They have always appeared to my mind as living witnesses of the divine origin of Christianity. If you can satisfactorily confute this idea, I shall then perhaps, be disposed to view the Christian religion as a "*cunningly devised fable*," and a "*pernicious and debasing superstition*."

Yours with respect, JOHN CLARK.

[Mr. Clark must not expect me to attempt to 'satisfactorily confute' any idea,—in order to *dispose* him 'to view the Christian religion' in the light he describes. I neither believe the religion *itself* to be 'cunningly devised,' or a 'pernicious and debasing superstition,'—nor do I regard the fables which have been attached to the religion as '*cunningly devised*:' they are too artless to come under that character.

The question he asks is often represented as a formidable one; but a little reflection will reduce the apparent difficulty. 1. The Jews are not the only tribe which are '*dispersed*' and '*still remain a distinct people*.' Among others, the Gypsies may be mentioned, who, though now few in this country, are numerous in Spain, Hungary, Russia, &c., and have a common language. George Borrow's book will inform Mr. Clark of this. 2. The Jews are *not* so 'tenacious of their old religion,' as some divines in sweeping terms represent them to be. Where are their sacrifices? The civilised world has shamed the Jews out of them. And the same may be affirmed of many other ceremonies which they have laid aside. 3. The Jews are *not* so 'distinct' a people where they have been allowed to possess land, as in Poland. The Polish Jew is as passionately patriotic and attached to Poland, as the Slavonic Pole. 4. 'Persecution' itself, solves the main difficulty raised. It is persecution which keeps the Jew '*distinct*,'—just as persecution causes the poor Irish to cling the closer to Catholicism,—just as the burning of the Martyrs in the reign of Mary caused the English people, who were *then* chiefly Catholic, to embrace Protestantism, or assisted them so to do. Examples might be multiplied.—T. C.]

To Correspondents.

* * * Correspondents will please address "Thomas Cooper, at Mr. Barlow's, bookseller, 2, Nelson Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne"—until June 23rd.

H. R. N. and J. A. L. Their communications are thankfully received, and shall appear very soon.

"Young Labourer." The Sonnets of Petrarch have been translated several times; but I really cannot inform him where they are to be had, until I reach home again.

R. H. H. Uxbridge. His communication shall be inserted so soon as there is room for it.

"A Radical." I admire his plainness; but I am too dull to see the full force of his objections to the passages he alludes to.

W. J. O. He must excuse my answers, at present. We will talk about these things, when I return to Town.

George Mart, junior. I am not troubled, but pleased, to receive his questions,—and will answer all of them, if he will introduce himself to me when I reach the Potteries, in my way home. I cannot, at present, state the time I expect to be there; but will do so, very soon.

THINKINGS FROM JEREMY BENTHAM.

THE PRINCIPLE OF UTILITY.—By the principle of utility is meant that principle which approves or disapproves of every action whatsoever, according to the tendency which it appears to have to augment or diminish the happiness of the party whose interest is in question ; or, what is the same thing in other words, to promote or to oppose that happiness. I say of every action whatsoever ; and, therefore, not only of every action of a private individual, but of every measure of government.

LOVE OF HAVING THE LAST WORD.—Some men have a failing which is a source of great annoyance to others, and for which they pay the penalty by making the conversation less agreeable, and even at times making their conversation intolerable ; it is the habit of sticking for the final word. Right or wrong in the controversy, subdued or victorious, there are persons who insist on exercising the petty and vexatious despotism of uttering the last sentence that is uttered. This disposition is the out-break of pride in a very offensive shape. It is the usurpation of dominion over the self-love of other men, on a ground where men are ordinarily most sensitive. It is, in fact, a determination to humiliate him with whom you have been holding intercourse—to humiliate him, not by the success of an irresistible argument, but by an intrusion of a tyrannic power. Avoid then the act, lest the act should create the habit ; and if the habit exist, extra-regarding prudence requires that it should be got rid of. Watch yourself, and inquire of any friend on whose sincerity you can rely—inquire, *if you are quite sure you will not be hurt by his reply*, whether the infirmity is exhibited by, or has been observed in you ; and if it be, correct the infirmity.

A. SAGE'S OPINION OF OATHS.—The oaths and other engagements with which the statute book swarms, are with few, if any exceptions, a great deal worse than useless. Either they have an exclusionary effect ; or by their *emptiness*, and *looseness*, they afford to those who have taken them, the pretence of acting under a sense of obligation, while no such sense is in their hearts. *Hear a judge talk of his oath ?* What is that oath ? A piece of *old woman's tattle* that is never seen by any body, means nothing, and has nothing in it which has any tendency to bind any body. Oh, yes ! *one thing* it has ; and that is a promise never to take *money fee* of any body. But this he breaks in the face of the day, and *most days of his life*. And thus it is, that, in the teeth of Magna Charta, he denies justice to all but the *rich*, and *makes them pay for it !*

EDUCATION.—On this subject, as most others, strange notions have been entertained in the world—that nothing in a mind is better than anything ; or, that if something must be there, that something is better supplied by chance than by design, as if fortune were wisdom's surest guide. But, "nothing" will not keep its hold in any mind. Be it as it may with space, nature endures no vacuum in minds. The mind is a field, in which, so sure as man sows not wheat, so sure will the devil be to sow tares. Another strange notion, if another it may be termed, which has been entertained—as if there were a repugnancy between morality and letters, as if the health of the affections and moral faculties depended, in this rank of life more than any other, upon a morbid state of the intellectual—letters, it has been said, may be an instrument of fraud ; so may bread, if discharged from the mouth of a cannon, be an instrument of death.

NO INNOVATION.—To say all *new* things are bad, or at any event, at their commencement ; for of all the old things ever seen or heard of there is not one that was not once new. Whatever is now *establishment* was once *innovation*. He who on this ground condemns a proposed measure, condemns in the same breath whatsoever he would be most adverse to be thought to disapprove.—He condemns the Revolution, the Reformation, the assumption made by the House of Commons of a part in the penning of the laws in the reign of Henry VI., the institution of the House of Commons itself in the reign of Henry III. ; all these he bids us regard as the sure forerunners of the monster Anarchy, but particularly the birth and first efficient agency of the House of Commons ; an innovation, in comparison of which all others, past or future, are for efficiency, and consequently mischievousness, but as grains of dust in the balance.

SONG OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

Ay, tyrants, build your bulwarks! forge your fetters! link your chains!
 As brims your guilt-cup fuller, our's of grief runs to the drains:
 Still, as on Christ's brow, crowns of thorn for Freedom's martyrs twine,—
 Still batten on live hearts, and madden o'er the hot blood-wine!
 Murder men sleeping; or awake—torture them dumb with pain,
 And tear with hands all bloody-red Mind's jewels from the brain!
 Your feet are on us, tyrants: strike, and hush Earth's wail of sorrow!
 Your sword of power, so red to-day, shall kiss the dust to-morrow!
 Oh, but 'twill be a merry day, the world shall set apart,
 When Strife's last sword is broken in the last crown'd pauper's heart!
 And it shall come—despite of rifle, rope, and rack, and scaffold:
 Once more we lift the earnest brow, and battle on unbaffled!

Alas! the hopes that have gone down, the young life vainly spilt,
 Th' Eternal Murder still sits crown'd and thron'd in damning guilt!
 Still in God's golden sun the tyrants' bloody banner burns;
 And priests—Hell's midnight bravoës—desecrate Rome's patriot urns!
 See how th' oppressors of the poor with serpents hunt our blood!
 Hear from the dark the groan and curse go madd'ning up to God!
 They kill and trample us poor worms till Earth is dead men's dust;
 Death's red tooth daily drains our hearts; but end—ay, end it must!
 The herald of our coming Christ leaps in the womb of Time;
 The poor's grand army treads the Age's march with step sublime!
 Our's is the mighty Future, and what marvel, brother men,
 If the devoured of ages should turn devourers, then?

Our hopes ran mountains high,—we sung at heart,—wept tears of gladness,—
 When France, the bravely beautiful, dash'd down her sceptred madness;
 And Hungary her one-hearted race of mighty heroes hurled
 In the death-gap of the nations, as a bulwark for the world!
 Oh, Hungary—gallant Hungary—proud and glorious thou wert,
 Feeding the world's soul like a river gushing from God's heart!
 And Rome—where Freedom's heroes bled, to make her breast beat higher,
 How her eyes redden'd with the flash of her ancestral fire!
 Mothers of children, who shall live the gods of future story—
 Your blood shall blossom from the dust, and crown the world with glory!
 We'll tread them down yet—curse and crown, Czar, Kaizer, King, and Slave;
 And Mind shall lord it in the court of high-throned fool and knave!

Oh, brothers of the bounding heart! I look thro' tears and smile;
 Our land is rife with sound of fetters snapping 'neath the file;
 I lay my hand on England's heart, and in each life-throb mark
 The pealing thought of freedom ring its tocsin in the dark!
 I see the toiler hath become a glorious, Christ-like preacher,
 And as he wins a crust shines proudly forth the great world-teacher;
 Still he toils on; but, tyrant, 'tis a mighty thing when slaves,
 Who delve their lives into their work, know that they dig your graves!
 Anarchs, your doom comes swiftly, brave and eagle spirits climb
 To ring Oppression's thunder knell from the watch-towers of time!
 A spirit of Cromwellian might is stirring at this hour;
 And thought burns eloquent in men's eyes with more than speechful power!

Old England, cease the mummer's part! wake starveling, serf and slave!
 Rouse, in the majesty of wrong, great kindred of the brave!
 Speak, and the world shall answer with her voices myriad-fold;
 And men, like gods, shall grapple with the giant wrongs of old!
 Now, mothers of the people, give your babes heroic milk!
 Sires, soul your sons to daring deeds: no more soft words of silk!
 Great spirits of the heaven-horned Dead—take shape, and walk our mind!
 Their glory smites our upward look: we seem no longer blind!
 They tell us how they broke their bonds, and whisper "so may ye!"
 One sharp, stern struggle, and the slaves of centuries are free!
 The people's heart, with pulse like cannon, panteth for the fray!
 And brothers, gallant brothers! we'll be with you in that day!

GERALD MASSEY.

BELIEF.—I am not afraid of those tender and scrupulous consciences, who are ever cautious of professing and believing too much; if they are sincerely in the wrong, I forgive their errors, and respect their integrity. The men I am afraid of, are the men who believe every thing, subscribe to every thing, and vote for every thing.—*Bishop Shipley.*

THE DEMON OF DESPOTISM.

AN ALLEGORIC HISTORY.

BY RICHARD OTLEY.

(Continued from last number.)

At length, the moon sunk below the western horizon, and that glorious luminary the sun was absent; when indulging in a reverie on the future, I seated myself in one of the deepest and gloomiest shadows of one of earth's highest mountains. "What," I soliloquised, "will be the destiny of this newly discovered race? What are their capabilities, what their motives of action? Will their governing principles be love or hatred; harmony and peace, or strife and war?" Doubt, anxious doubt, moved my soul; hope, not bright and cheering, but like the solitary rays of the sun, darting through the murky clouds of one of winter's gloomiest, wildest days, alternately illuminated or threw darker shades over the boundless vista of the future. Whilst I thus sat brooding over the future destinies of man, light—dim and feeble—skirted the eastern heavens; gradually but slowly it increased, until first the verge, then the broad disk of the sun showed itself, and he moved in his god-like march towards the zenith. The new race bowed towards the east, and paid adoration to the ascending divinity; incense ascended from the tops of the mountains; altars were erected on the hills, and in the forests; the blood of victims was shed; the moans of these victims, the shouts of the approving multitude, the veneration paid to man by man,—these are, must be, and will be, the triumphant powers, mutually acting in the minds of men, for the creation and perpetuation of tyranny and despotism. "Thus," I exclaimed, "shall I reign!"

"Fear! What is that? The elements only warred; and yet men bow and beseech;—they pray, they sacrifice! This feeling in this weak race, is omnipotent for evil. The lamb, the ox, fall first; other sacrifices must and will follow, and I must have supremacy on earth. In whom? Where? How?" Thus thoughts crowded upon thoughts in quick succession; and all nature responded, "Over man himself. The priest first, the tyrant afterwards!" Day and night rolled on, season succeeded season; men multiplied upon the earth; the priests assembled, assumed a sanctity and authority, seized upon the fears of the people, contemplated the motions and influences of the heavenly bodies, believed, or pretended to believe, that these ruled the destinies of the human family; called them gods; instituted rites and forms of worship; adored, towards the east in the morning and west in the evening, the rising and setting Lord of the heavenly hosts; and thus man universally fell into my power, and I arose supreme over his destinies, and became absolute; and his happiness or misery now hangs upon my fiat!

In the deep caverns of the earth, in the gloom and solitude of the woods and forests, the priests assembled, and devoted themselves to meditation and worship. The lust of power, the ambition to govern, became their ruling passion. I fanned the spark until it grew into a volcano. I nurtured the germ until it increased and spread out its branches over the surface of the earth, until kings, princes, and priests reposed under its shade. Soon the work of mystery commenced. Ignorant of the influences of the elements, every good, every disaster, was traced to the gods. The swamps and marshes on the great plains of the earth sent forth fatal effluvia; the sun shone through a false and illusive medium; the air was filled with pestilence; men looked pale in their countenances—the impress of the fear of death; they drooped and sunk into

the earth ! Death was in every home. Except the moanings and lamentations of the dying, there was stillness and silence abroad, not even a breath of air moved over the surface of the earth : men disappeared, sunk in the ocean of time, and were known no more, for ever. The priests proclaim that the supreme divinity is offended, sacrifices are demanded, that which is most valued and loved of men, must be a voluntary offering to the gods. These priests looked gloomy, walked with an air of sacred mystery ; clothed themselves in symbolical attire ; called a conclave for grave consultation, and then proclaimed *that the daughter of a king must be the salvation of the people.*

In this I congratulated myself, in having partially consummated a masterly stroke of policy. The manacles of bondage were now firmly rivetted on the deluded human race. " This," I exclaimed, " is the triumph of the Demon of Despotism !" The morning was gloomy, but not clouded ; the sun shone, but his light was lurid and the air hazy. The multitude was assembled. The place selected was a grove of oaks ; a rude procession was formed ; a number of priests clothed in yellow preceded ; after these followed unskilled musicians beating drums and timbrels ; behind these was seen a tall majestic female, clothed in long flowing robes of white ; her countenance deathly pale,—her young soul quivered on her lips ; the multitude gave a shout of joy, but a tear stole silently down the cheeks of the innocent victim. Near the devoted maiden, when the procession had reached the grove of oaks, stood the aged parent. He was tall and stately in his person ; his painful duty was to hand the human victim to the priest. When he took the hand of his devoted daughter, it slightly trembled, his eyes were suffused with tears, a deep but suppressed sigh heaved from his heart. He then folded his arms, and watched the holy rite, with a stern fixedness of purpose depicted in his wild look and unmoved countenance. The high-priest uncovered the bosom of the young woman ; she stood before him the emblem of beauty and innocence ; he muttered a prayer to the Lord of heaven, the Sun ; a gloomy sternness spread itself over his features ; he raised the knife ; it descended directly to the heart of the victim ; she fell struggling on the altar, breathing out her pure soul a sacrifice for the people. This religious sacrifice effectually established the spiritual and political despotism of the priesthood. When I beheld this I laughed, in mockery and scorn, over the future destinies of man.

A few days after this event, the winds blew in all the fury of the tempest,—action gave purity to the air,—the purity of the air health to the human being. This was attributed to the mysterious interference of some deity. The priesthood seized upon the auspicious event, proclaimed the love and mercy of this benevolent divinity, though they omitted to instruct the people that if this Being had the power to remove, he had also the power to prevent, this calamity, which would have been a much more godlike display of love and mercy.

Having succeeded in my design, with a joyous exultation, I prepared for, and entered upon, new adventures. " This proud race imagine," I said, " that they are created in the image of Good or God. I will transform them into evil beings. One portion shall be filled with pride, they shall glory in false and worthless dignities and grandeur ; the other and the greater portion shall be poor mental imbeciles, shall bow down to shadows and pray to nonentities. But whither shall I wing my way ? It is morning ; how pure and pellucid is the light ! how rapid its motion ! Yet with greater speed I must traverse these waters ; they appear to be boundless, and lie

under the placid face of heaven, reflecting the golden rays of the sun, as if they were one solid piece of polished silver. How peaceful and harmonious are the elements, fit emblems of yonder race; yet war and discord shall be the portion of man. Yonder appears some small dark speck in the distant verge of the ocean, like dark spots on the sun's disk; as I near them, they look like miniature worlds, in the midst of the trackless waters. On them are moving multitudes of human beings; perhaps they are governed by the influence of peace and love; if so, I must diffuse amongst them the elements of discord, strife, and war. Supremacy, civil and spiritual superiority: what enchanting names! How these visionary sons of God will slaughter each other for the phantoms! Here, on the summit of these cloud-capped hills, I take my seat, and observe the motions and pursuits of this proud but weak race. How is this? They live in peace, are free, and each independent of the other. They fish, hunt, and enjoy the spontaneous productions of the earth, in equality and independence. But unrestrained ambition and insatiable avarice shall break through all. What is now being accomplished? Ah! one more powerful than his brethren, possessing more shrewdness and cunning, is measuring and marking out the land on the bank of some river. He is proclaiming that it belongs to him and his followers, exclusively; that all the fish caught in that river, and all the fruits of the valley, though they cost no labour in their production, are not to be touched or tasted but by his permission. At this violation of their natural rights, the outcast people assemble. Indignation and wrath glow in their countenances; they arm with clubs; each engage priests to offer up sacrifices and prayers to the divinity for the victory. The work is done, completed. How they destroy each other! The virgin earth is stained with human blood! The priests of each party ascend the hills and offer up burnt offerings and prayers that their especial followers may triumph through the divine aid. What a divinity have they imagined! How the true Divinity must abhor equally the deluders and the delusion! Again I proclaim myself supreme over the dark and darkening destinies of man."

Whilst I thus sat brooding over the incipient evil of my own creating, I cast a prophetic glance into the future; mighty thoughts elevated and expanded my soul; generation pushed generation into the infinite ocean of eternity: each advanced and receded with the rapidity of the waves of the boundless waters that surrounded me. "Science," I exclaimed, "and what shall be called Civilization, shall advance; man's mind shall be vast and comprehensive; the world shall be his laboratory; the universe, with the starry heavens, his magnificent temple of devotion. Yet this Science shall destroy Man himself; the element of war shall spring out of the earth; and what should lead to peace, I will convert into instruments and inventions for his ruin.—But what is that which I now behold? The work of evil proceeds more rapidly than I could have hoped. How busy are these sons of folly and madness; clubs, spikes, and other instruments of destruction are called into existence: they form into companies, they distinguish themselves into clans and hordes,—they join battle, the earth is again saturated with blood! How eagerly each seeks the other's life—how the contest rages—how the one party rushes on the other which recedes; the other again prevail,—like the winds and the waves in the storm,—force contends with force,—until one master-movement bears all down before it. Hark, the triumphant shout! they rush upon the vanquished,

tear open the still warm bodies of the slain, seek their hearts, drink the yet warm and vital blood, that they may add the bravery or ferocity of the dead to that of the living : and for what ? That One, or a Few, may play the tyrant,—may fill with awe and hold in subjection the infatuated and the abject amongst mankind !”

When the tumult of battle had subsided, according to their rude notions and manners, they ornamented the heads of their chiefs with the feathers of birds, hoisted them upon their shoulders, carried them in triumph, and sung songs of victory. They afterwards kindled fires, roasted the limbs of the slain, devoured them, and then their priests sung a hymn of praise, and returned thanks to the Great Spirit for what He had done for them !—Thus savage or civilized they shall bow to my behest.

The floods of ages again passed away, and bore along thousands of generations into an eternal oblivion : they are as the fragile bark, sunk below the surface of the ocean, not even a vestige or shadow remains. The storm and the whirlwind became my native elements ; they filled my soul with an ineffable melancholy, mingled with a malignant pleasure. These were, to me, the emblems of despotic power, of superstitious terror or, uncontrolled passions, of wars and human conflicts. Raised into the mid-heavens, by the spirit of the warring elements, I was borne in triumph to the vast continent of India. Over that great country my spirit passed with inconceivable fleetness. Everything here was on a scale of the utmost grandeur ; nature appeared to excel herself ; forests, rivers, vallies, dales, and mountains, were magnificence herself, dressed in perennial verdure and inexpressible beauty. The dark visages of the human race, appeared to me to forebode a dark and mysterious destiny. “They are mine,” I exclaimed, with a voice that passed through the heavens like distant thunder, and the mountains echoed back, “They are mine ?”

By what means or machinations shall I subdue, shall I subjugate this sable race ? There they are, well clothed, well fed, intelligent, prosperous, and living in peace. How cheering a prospect to the wise and virtuous ; but—

“ Evil be thou my good !”

They have no priests, no altars, no fears, no gods. The seeds of creeds and discords must be sown ; the heavens and the earth must be peopled with imaginary beings ; the mountains must be temples,—the vallies and plains smoke with burnt-offerings. When man thus falls feebly to the earth, and looks tremblingly to the heavens, despotic power, invested in the Few, will bind down his soul with manacles indissoluble ; his body will be the pitiable, the machine-like slave,—the weak, yet almost omnipotent instrument of others. Excited by religious zeal, and devotional patriotism, they will assemble in thousands and hundreds of thousands, in hostile array. Then will be my hour of victory ; then like the tornado, they will deal deadly conflict, and cover the earth with devastations and desolation. Individually and in the mass they will fall before me the scourged and the scourge of their own race.

These thoughts elevated my spirit to heaven, even to the throne of the supreme Good ; whilst my plans were conceived and matured in the dark, in the infernal regions. My soul was however troubled within me, at the calm and sweet repose of the magnificent scenery, which lay stretched out to an almost interminable distance before me. The sun had passed the meridian, the air had become oppressively hot ; a white cloud spread itself

over the heavens like a curtain of snow; the lightning played in a thousand fantastic forms; now running along the horizon in silent grandeur, then darting down obliquely in varied colours, as if impatient of the conflict of elements. At length a dark cloud appeared in the West, diffusing itself over the face of the sky, as if fearing that Heaven would blush at what was to follow. Peal after peal of thunder echoed over the plains, and through the mountains; the rain descended in such torrents, that the earth appeared to be swallowed up in the waters, let loose from the fountains of the great deep; the earth trembled first slightly, then with terrific force, heaving like the troubled waves of the ocean. Men's hearts failed them; fear, that tormentor and plague of the human race, was predominant; the atmosphere appeared as one lurid flame; men ran as if they would escape, but the danger and ruin were everywhere. They looked up to the heavens, but the heavens were awful to behold; the earth failed to support them; and many thousands were ingulphed in destruction and death. Wives clung to their husbands, infants and children to their mothers, wild shrieks and deathly groans filled the air. Every passion of the human soul was called into the wildest action; some displayed the hero, rushing to the rescue of those most dear to them; others played the coward, sought to hide themselves, calling upon the mountains to fall upon and conceal them from the general ruin. The darkness of night, at one moment appeared to cover the earth as a solid mass, at another the lightning illuminated the whole scene. And whilst the carcasses of the dead were spread over the plain, I stood in the midst of them, proud and wild with triumph, like a fell giant 'drunk with new wine,' my soul overflowing with pleasure and the highest extasies of malignity.

(To be continued in next number.)

CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848-9, AND 1849-50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'

VI.—THE PASSION, CRUCIFIXION, &c.

THE computation of the hours of the Crucifixion is reckoned a special difficulty, by many: by some it is believed to be perfectly explicable. According to the first three Gospels, darkness prevailed 'from the sixth to the ninth hour' (*i.e.* from twelve at noon to three in the afternoon)—when, or shortly after, according to Matthew and Mark, Jesus yielded up the ghost—having, according to Mark's explicit statement, hung on the cross "from the third hour" (*i.e.* nine in the morning). On the other hand, John says that it was about the "sixth hour" that Pilate first sat in judgment over Jesus. This would present an impassable difficulty—if we were not uncertain whether the Fourth Gospel does not proceed on a mode of reckoning time different to that of the other Gospels. This is not improbable.

The Prodigies at the death of Jesus have no place whatever in the Fourth

Gospel. In Luke and Mark they appear—but in Matthew they abound. The Darkness cannot have been an eclipse of the sun, since it happened at Passover-time; consequently, about the time of the full moon. Yet it is stated to have extended ‘over all the earth’ (the *literal* Greek). This, to use the expression of Strauss, is “nothing more than the mythical offspring of universally prevalent ideas:” the deaths of Romulus, Cæsar, and a host of remarkable names, are connected with prodigies; and this, continues Strauss, is but a “Christian legend, which would make all nature put on the weeds of mourning to solemnize the tragic death of the Messiah.” The Rending of the Veil of the Temple—doubtless the inner veil before the Holy of Holies—is another prodigy attendant on Christ’s death; but the figurative—and *merely figurative*—origin of such a story, is evident. The “Epistle to the Hebrews” may be read for the solution. If we had been told that an earthquake threw down the walls of a building, we might not have started; but that a veil or hanging should only be rent, is too evidently mythical for belief. But that any earthquake occurred at all is only an embellishment of Matthew, who speedily outdoes even this stroke, by saying that “the graves were opened; and many *bodies* of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves *after his resurrection*, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many!” What, in the name of heaven and earth, were these reanimated saints doing, in their *opened* graves, during the time Christ was in the tomb—since they came out of them *after his resurrection*? It is almost impossible to avoid an outburst of mirth at so very simple a relation. A more childish legend was never told by a peasant’s fire-side of a winter’s evening in the Dark Ages.

Let us glance, lastly, at a remarkable relation which is peculiar to John: the omission of the soldiers to break the legs of Jesus, as they had done to the thieves, and the piercing of Christ’s side with a spear. This was done, we are told, because they saw that Jesus was already dead: and the circumstance is regarded as the chief voucher for the reality of his death, inasmuch as blood and water came from the wound. The wound is thus held to have consummated his death,—since the blood does not flow after death has actually taken place. The instrument, however, with which the wound was inflicted, and the manner of inflicting it, are, in the Greek, too loosely described to enable us to judge with any certainty as to the extent of the wound. John uses the word *pleura*, or side; and certainly if the spear entered the left side between the ribs, and penetrated into the heart, death must inevitably have ensued. But John does not speak definitely, on this point. Some have maintained that this must have been the fact, and that the water mixed with the blood came out of the *pericardium* (or vessel in which the heart is enclosed) which had been pierced by the spear, and in which, especially in such as die under severe anguish, a quantity of fluid is said to be accumulated. But scientific men also assert that if the *pericardium* had been pierced under such circumstances, the water would not have flowed outwards, but have been poured into the cavity of the chest. The real solution of this story is undoubtedly this: that the writer had seen the *serum* and *placenta*, or ‘water and blood’ in his phrase, separated after blood-letting—when the blood may be regarded as *dead*; and therefore gave this description: at least, this added to his, “these things were done that the scripture might be fulfilled”—sufficiently accounts for his making such a statement.

The accounts of the Burial, and the preparations for it, will, more appropriately, come under consideration in the next discourse ; and we will, therefore, defer our consideration of them. I leave the difficulties which I have pointed out, for the meditation of our orthodox friends, more especially. Without attempting to cast any suspicion on the reality of the fact, that the Crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth occurred—let me entreat them to weigh the important question—whether the divergencies of these narratives ought not to lead them to disavow the strange doctrine of ‘the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures.’ In the narratives of *this* fact, above all the other narratives yet considered, surely there ought to have been unanimity among the Evangelists. That there is not, has been shewn by many instances ; and if some of these be considered trifling, others must be regarded as of the highest moment ;—such as the difference of one entire day, in John’s account of the Last Supper compared to the other accounts,—and leading, of course, to the difference of one entire day in their statements as to when the Crucifixion itself took place ;—such as the entire omission of the Agony and all its attendant circumstances, by John,—and the fact of his leaving no room for it. These are not—cannot be called—‘trifling differences.’ The doctrines founded on the Agony and Crucifixion are not held to be trifling ; but on the belief of them hangs man’s salvation, according to the orthodox creed. Surely, the facts on which the doctrines are built ought to be so fully established, that no hesitating believer can be shaken by looking at them, and finding them uncertain. Concerning those doctrines, I shall crave leave to say more at a future time.

To us who are not fettered by orthodoxy, I may say, in conclusion, that the martyrdom of Jesus presents a sublime and cheering, though solemn spectacle. It proves what Man can attain to : the so complete interpenetration of his nature with goodness, as to breathe out mercy for his foes even while they are murdering him. To us, Jesus is an object of love—though the orthodox call us his revilers. We would not lose this grandest of all portraits of excellence. Our daily strife—if we be what we ought to be—is to be like him. The death he suffered, only equals him with the greatest and best—for the world, which was not worthy of them, usually put them to the death. But his behaviour in these last hours was so grand a consummation of his life of dignity and goodness, that Rousseau might well use the words which have become world-wide in their report : “Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a god !”

THE FATE OF MEN OF GENIUS.—Plautus turned a mill. Terence was a slave. Boethius died in a jail. Paulo Borghese had fifteen different trades, and starved with them all. Tasso was often distressed for five shillings. Servin, one of the most learned and accomplished men of his age, died drunk in a brothel. Bentivoglio was refused admittance into the very hospital he founded ; and Edmund Alleyn, cotemporary with Shakespeare, died in his own alms-house. Corneille was poor to a proverb. Racine left his family to be supported by his friends. Crichton lost his life in a midnight brawl. Butler was never master of fifty pounds. Otway is said to have died with hunger. Camoens died in an hospital. Vaughan left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts. Cervantes died for want. Churchill died a beggar. Lloyd died in the Fleet. Bickerstaff ran away for debt. Goldsmith, when he died, owed two thousand pounds more than he possessed. Hugh Kelly was in similar circumstances. Paul Hifferton was supported by a friendly subscription. Purden Jones, author of the *Earl of Essex*, and Boyce the poet, died in great distress : the former in an hospital, the latter in a garret. Sterne left his family in penury ; and Mrs. Manly, author of *The New Atlantis*, subsisted on charity ; as did the widow of Smollet ; and Foote died penniless.—*Cooke’s Memoirs of Foote.*

UTILITY.—That useful knowledge should receive our first and chief care we mean not to dispute. But in our views of utility, we may differ from some who take this position. There are those who confine this term to the necessities and comforts of life, and to the means of producing them. And is it true that we need no knowledge, but that which clothes and feeds us? Is it true, that all studies may be dispensed with, but such as teach us to act on matter, and to turn it to our use? Happily human nature is too stubborn to yield to this narrow utility. It is interesting to observe how the very mechanical arts, which are especially designed to minister to the necessities and comforts of life are perpetually passing these limits; how they disdain to stop at mere convenience. A large and increasing proportion of mechanical labour is given to the gratification of an elegant taste. How simple would be the art of building, if it limited itself to the construction of a comfortable shelter. How many ships should we dismantle, and how many busy trades put to rest, were dress and furniture reduced to the standard of convenience. This "utility" would work great changes in town and country, would level to the dust the wonders of architecture, would annihilate the fine arts and blot out innumerable beauties, which the hand of taste has spread over the face of the earth. Happily human nature is too strong for the utilitarian, It cannot satisfy itself with the convenient. No passion unfolds itself sooner than the love of the ornamental. The savage decorates his person, and the child is more struck with the beauty than uses of its raiment. So far from limiting ourselves to convenient food and raiment, we enjoy but little a repast which is not arranged with some degree of order and taste; and a man who should consult comfort alone in his wardrobe, would find himself an unwelcome guest in circles which he would very reluctantly forego. We are aware that the propensity to which we have referred, often breaks out in extravagant and ruinous luxury. We know that the love of ornament is often vitiated by vanity, and that when so perverted, it impairs, sometimes destroys, the soundness and simplicity of the mind, and the relish for true glory. Still, it teaches, even in its excesses, that the idea of beauty is an indestructible principle of our nature, and this single truth is enough to put us on our guard against vulgar notions of utility.—*W. E. Channing, D. D.*

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No. 25.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1850. [Price One Penny.

M. LAMARTINE ON SOCIALISM.

What do we want? Our daily bread;
Give us that; all else shall come;
Self-respect and self-denial,
And the happiness of home;
Kindly feelings, Education,
Liberty for act and thought;
And surety that, whate'er befall,
Our children shall be fed and taught.

Charles Mackay.

IN the late debate on the Suffrage Restriction Law, in the French Assembly, M. Lamartine made an eloquent speech in defence of Universal Suffrage. He defended it as the best safe-guard of society, and as the only true source of legitimate government; he defended it not only on grounds of present expediency, but as a question of moral and political principle. In the course of his oration he touched upon Socialism, and gave a distinct statement of his sentiments on that subject. He seemed to wish to handle it in the spirit of a philosopher and a philanthropist, without any of that factious vituperation and venom displayed by Thiers and the other anarchists of 'order,' when discussing the same question. Though not 'at one' with the Socialist or Right of Labour party, and believing their doctrines inimical to the welfare of all classes, and impossible of complete realization, Lamartine was heard patiently and respectfully by the Mountain. The 'Reds' suffered him to unfold his mind, without offering those undignified interruptions, into which they are too frequently betrayed when attacked from the tribune. The most striking part of his remarks on Socialism was the following analysis of it, as it presented itself to his imagination. He said:—

"I will define Socialism as I understand it. It is, in my opinion, composed of three distinct elements. In the *first* place, of what I will call that eternal jacobinism, those bad passions, those sentiments of envy and jealousy which have been engendered under every form of government; in the *second* place, of theories and utopian ideas which have been opposed both by you and me, and which are, in truth, nothing but an exceptional local malady; and, *lastly*, of something true and real, of an honest and sacred appreciation of all which tends to the fusion of classes, to assistance to fraternity, and the accessibility of all to labour. Of these three elements, there are two which admit neither property nor family ties, though these are the very groundwork of society."

Now, at first sight, all this looks very profound and keen-witted, and seems to be the fruit of a penetrating investigation. On a closer view, however, the sophistry becomes manifest. Were it a true account of Socialism, the question would be decided instantly by all rational minds, and we should hear no more of it. Were it true that Socialism is composed of but one good element out of three, and that the two evil elements are of such a nature as to entirely neutralize the former—were it true

that envy and jealousy, and all uncharitableness constituted one of its evils, and that theories, utopian and incompatible with the security of person or property, formed the other, then no man in his senses could desire to promote its progress. But the fact is, M. Lamartine's "lastly" is the fittest picture of Socialism, as it is generally understood by those who enter into its spirit and philosophy. His "first" and "second" divisions are open to dispute and refutation. To the "first" we say it is unjust, and a piece of mere special pleading. It attempts to confound the *doctrines* of Socialism, as expounded by Louis Blanc or Robert Owen, with the *acts* of men who, carried away by enthusiasm beyond the bounds of sober judgment, have sullied the purity of their cause by deeds they are now, perhaps, sorry for. Be that as it may, "sentiments of envy and jealousy" are no more attached to Socialism than they are to Christianity. What would M. Lamartine think of Christianity being stigmatised as a system of bloodthirsty persecution, torture, murder, and war, because a Charles IX sanctioned the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and because a Queen of England burnt heretics at Smithfield? How the Poet-statesman would despise such reasoning!—and yet he falls into the same error himself when he speaks of Socialism. "Bad passions," as they are called, are to be found in *all* creeds. Wherever there is ill-trained humanity, whether in the dress of Christianity or Judaism, monarchy or republicanism, vice and folly will be close at hand. Indeed, Lamartine admits that they are "engendered under every form of government," and cannot be ignorant that they were in existence long before Socialism was dreamt of.

Instead of "envy and jealousy" being elements of Socialism, the very reverse is the truth. The object of the Socialist theory is to place man in such a condition, and to surround him with such circumstances, that "envy and jealousy," and the perpetual strife arising from a bad arrangement of the social relations, shall be annihilated—not merely mitigated, but, in process of time, absolutely annihilated or eradicated from the world. And this brings us to the "second place" of the analogies. Socialism is composed of "utopian ideas," says M. Lamartine. That is, his imagination, poetic though it be, cannot reach to so lofty a conception as these "ideas" would lead him. Every man calls that "utopian" and impracticable, which to his individual intelligence, is not possible. Tacitus, the great Roman historian, thought that a constitution composed of the three powers of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, would never be realised, or if realised, must speedily be destroyed. England in the nineteenth century falsifies Tacitus; and it may happen that France in the future will falsify Lamartine. Seeing what the power of man has accomplished in science and art, and in the world of intellect and morals, we should hesitate long, and ponder deeply, before we dare denounce any scheme, hitherto untried, as utopian. And thus we cut off two of M. Lamartine's analytical heads, consigning the one to injustice, and the other to the limbo of non-proven charges.

Turning to his last division, it is gratifying to know that he can find something true, real, and honest, in what he attacks as utopian. He discovers in it a tendency to the fraternity and "fusion of classes," and perceives a glimmer of light thrown upon the labour question. Let that be settled, and let the fraternal union of all classes take place, and fears about 'family' and 'property' need never arise. But let things go on as they are now going on—let the horrors of competition continue—let capital

keep up its cruel war against labour—let wealth accumulate at one end of society and misery at the other—let the producers of food and luxury starve and go naked themselves, while others enjoy the blessings they have not aided to create—let this desolating heart-sickening system proceed in its ruthless course;—and then, indeed, neither family, property, life nor liberty, can ever rest on a secure and happy foundation. We care not what a Thiers or a Lamartine, or anybody else, may say about the “groundwork of society” being destroyed by Socialism; for, if the “groundwork” be *wrong*, we would gladly see it broken up, and a better one laid out.—And that it is wrong we are firmly persuaded; nor will it be set right until the people are wise enough to establish the co-operative principles where the competitive now prevails. Association is the remedy—the Saviour to which the working-man in particular, and society in general, must look for redemption from the social evils that oppress mankind.

F. G.

NOTES OF TRAVEL AND TALK.

COVENTRY.—Monday and Tuesday nights, May 27, and 28, I talked again in this old historic city. The use of the ancient St. Mary's Hall was granted, as before; and its coloured glass windows, curious tapestry, and grand oaken cieling, with the fragments of ancient armour hanging around, tended to raise interesting associations as powerfully as when I addressed an audience here, a year ago. On the Tuesday, a few intelligent young workingmen went with me to see the ruins of Kenilworth Castle. I was surprised at their extent: the pile in which the Earl of Leicester received Queen Elizabeth was, indeed, noble. Rooms are shewn among the ruins as Amy Robsart's; and one, in which, they say, she was confined before they murdered her. It may be a mere fiction; but it serves to shew the strength of feeling which there is among the people for her story. From Kenilworth we walked to Warwick,—talking all the way, how we were in Shakspeare's land, and how he had doubtless walked along these paths and lanes. The fields were clothed in all their glory of verdure and gold-cups; and the Avon was beheld, at every turn of the road, with its stream of silver threading and winding among the beautiful meadows. At Warwick, another Coventry friend gave us the meeting, and we strolled through the interesting old town, and then visited the grand old church where the chivalrous Earls of Warwick repose, with their grand effigies of marble and brass over their bones: the sepulchral chapel is glorious with stained windows and gothic ornament. We completed our sight-seeing by going over the stately Castle of Warwick—rich in pictures, cabinets, and armour, and almost unrivalled for picturesque situation by the side of the Avon and amidst embosoming sylvan scenery. As an aristocratic show-house I have only seen one interior superior to it—the Marquis of Exeter's, near Stamford, reared by the powerful Cecil, Lord Burghley, Queen Elizabeth's long headed minister; but in point of situation Burghley House can bear no comparison with Warwick Castle. It was pleasing to learn that the ribbon trade, the great staple of old Coventry, is now brisk; and that the watch-making which employs the next considerable number of hands there, is also in a state of revival. When I visited Coventry, last year, both trades were deeply depressed; and the men talked despondingly.

HULL.—Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights, May 29, 30, and 31, I talked in the Freemasons's Hall, Mytongate. I had never delivered a public discourse in Hull before. Indeed, it seems that lecturers do not take Hull in their route so often as the size and importance of the place would seem to make it desirable. Ranking as the fourth port in England, and containing a population of more than 70,000, Hull should be more attractive than it is, one would think, to public teachers who occasionally itinerate. At present, religious sects hold an almost undisturbed possession of its mind; and the cholera, which was dreadfully severe here last year, added great numbers of the affrighted living to the religious societies. Workingmen do not join the Mechanics' Institute in any great numbers; nor could I learn that there are any decided symptoms here of that new spirit of enlightenment which is drawing young workingmen together, in many other large towns to form their Discussion Classes and Mutual Improvement Societies. Surely there must be some who have intellect and energy enough to originate a movement that might be successful. It must be confessed, however, that in all towns depending largely on shipping and visitors, the tendency to dissipation checks efforts to spread intelligence—though it seems that the sects can labour with success in spite of this seemingly adverse element: zeal—zeal—is the secret of their strength: a quality of which 'Progress-men' need a larger measure.

Workingmen spoke despondingly in Hull. The sailors have been suffering greatly ever since the check given to the Hamburgh trade by the paltry squabble between Prussia and Denmark about Sleswig-Holstein; the iron boat building, which was so prosperous here a very few years ago, has fallen off to almost nothing; and scarcely any of the general trades are prosperous. I was a little surprised to learn this—the reports in London of an almost universally flourishing condition of trade in the provinces being so common. It is, however, seriously true that Hull has been suffering for a considerable period. All classes of workmen complain of it. There is much about the fine old town and its associations that leads one to regret hearing this: it returned noble and incorruptible Andrew Marvel to Parliament: its name awakens the philanthropic memories of Wilberforce and Alderson; and its Greenland trade has served to train thousands of our hardiest sailors—who, poor fellows, have been but ill-served for their bravery and toil.

Of course, I saw something of the 'lions' of Hull. The grand old cathedral-looking 'High Church' ranks first of these. It is a very noble structure, and—in spite of bad times—has been renewed in the interior, so as to restore it to the more ancient form as well as to the modern Puseyite taste. The Zoological Gardens, though small, are tasteful: the tiger, brown bear, and pelican, were the largest I had ever seen. Above the sight of all 'lions,' tigers or bears, however,—to myself who had calculated on the restoring effects of this journey, the walks on the fine pier, while I inhaled the Humber breeze, were most pleasing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—I reached here on the Saturday evening; and addressed audiences on Sunday morning and evening, June 2—a double task on which I shall not venture again, in a hurry—it being I regret to say, too much for my strength. It was delightful to find that enquiry and intelligence have been growing here, among the working-classes, very rapidly of late. Large, and often crowded, Sunday lectures

have been kept up ever since my visit during last year. The succession of Progress-men—such as Walter Cooper, Samuel M. Kydd, Dr. Lees, and G. J. Holyoake,—with the talented and stirring addresses of Mr. Larkin, a resident, have stimulated free-thought, whether on religious, social, or political subjects; and the outcry among the sects is, now, “Beware of Infidelity—and, especially, of Infidelity in the disguise of Christianity!” Attempts have been made to get the lecture-room into S  ctarian hands; but, as yet, without success.

SUNDERLAND.—Monday and Tuesday nights, June 3 and 4, I talked in the Athen  um here. Having desired my old friend, Mr. Williams, to make arrangements for me, he had used his influence with the committee of the ‘Literary and Philosophical Society,’ and they had agreed to take the responsibility of the lectures. To my own amazement, and that of the audience, a Mr. White, a member of the committee, rose at the close of the first discourse, (which was on Milton) and complained that, in describing the peaceful death of the great model Englishman, I had attributed it to his *virtuous* life. The term did not square with his convictions. I had not used the word *religion*; and, moreover, he had seen certain placards in Newcastle which ‘led him to regret that, as a member of that committee, he had given his consent for my appearing in that room!’ Mr. White is said to belong to the New Connexion Methodists, and as a Protestant, he ought to have been ashamed to object to the placards in question—on which the subjects announced were ‘Our Right and Duty to judge of the Books of the Old Testament, as we judge of any other Ancient Books,’ and ‘The real character of Moses, and the design of his Institutions!’ I told him that I would not talk in that or any other room by *sufferance*;—but all the other members of committee present, forthwith arose and expressing their strong dissent from Mr. White, complained that I was dealing illiberally with them to judge of them by one man, and said I was bound to deliver the other discourse (on Burns) according to agreement. I remained for some time—telling them that I should feel tongue-tied, in consequence of what had passed; and turning to the workingmen present, I desired them to procure another room wherein I could talk—or, otherwise, I would talk in the street. At length, however, the Committee put it to the vote, and every hand was held up for me to deliver the next discourse according to agreement. Of course, I was bound to comply; and our next night passed over very agreeably. I have promised, however, to go over again and address workingmen in another room before I leave the North.

I cannot omit to mention that I had some prolonged and very pleasing conversations with Spencer Hall the Mesmerist, while here; and on the Tuesday forenoon enjoyed two delightful sunny hours in walking on the sea-beach, and conversing with an intelligent young Unitarian Missionary.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Again, on Thursday night, June 6, I talked to a still, attentive audience of young men, on the life of Sir Wm. Jones; and endeavoured to excite them to solid self-culture. On Sunday night, June 9, again at Newcastle, and the subject—“The transcendent excellence of the character and teachings of Christ, when his history is divested of legends.”

NORTH SHIELDS.—On Monday and Tuesday nights, June 10 and 11, I talked in the Temperance Hall, here. The majority of the audience were composed of young men, from both North and South Shields,—among whom a spirit of chivalrous endeavour to spread education is very plea-

singly apparent. On the Monday evening, I had a delightful hour in viewing the ruins of Tynemouth Priory and in looking at the German Ocean, from the elevated rock on which these fine ruins stand; and nearly the whole of Tuesday was passed in a journey along the sea-beach to Marsden rock, near which is a curious place of entertainment formed of rooms cut in the rock, and inhabited. I have seen few places of pleasure better worth a visit. My kind host, Mr. Black, accompanied me from Shields, and another intelligent young man completed the party: I shall not soon forget the exhilarating treat of that day: the feeling of health and strength one derives from the sea-breeze almost makes one think, for the time, that it will be possible to defy the worms for fifty years to come: how unlike the debilitating influences of London!

I write this just before setting off for Seaton Delaval, where I am to be surrounded by hardy colliers, among whom intelligence is making rapid strides. I shall not be able to quit the North, for Yorkshire, so soon as I had intended.

THOMAS COOPER.

P.S.—Correspondents will please address me, until Sunday, June 30th, “at Mr. Barlow’s, bookseller, 2, Nelson Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.” On Monday morning, the 1st of July, I certainly must proceed towards Yorkshire.

LAND PROPRIETORS.—The proprietors of large estates have it in their power to facilitate the maintenance, and thereby to encourage the establishment of families (which is one of the noblest purposes to which the rich and great can convert their endeavours), by building cottages, splitting farms, erecting manufactories, cultivating wastes, embanking the sea, draining marshes, and other expedients which the situation of each estate points out. If the profits of these undertakings do not repay the expense, let the authors of them place the difference to the account of charity. It is true of almost all such projects, that the public is a gainer by them, whatever the owner be. And where the loss can be spared, this consideration is sufficient.—*Paley*.

HABITS.—There are habits, not only of drinking, swearing, and lying, and of some other things, which are commonly acknowledged to be habits, and called so; but every modification of action, speech, and thought of man is a bundle of habits. There are habits of industry, attention, vigilance, advertency; of a prompt obedience to the judgment occurring, or of yielding to the first impulse of passion; of extending our views to the future, or of resting upon the present; of apprehending, methodizing, reasoning; of indolence and dilatoriness; of vanity, self-conceit, melancholy, partiality; of fretfulness, suspicion, captiousness, censoriousness; of pride, ambition, covetousness; of overreaching, intriguing, projecting; in a word, there is not a quality or function, either of body or mind, which does not feel the influence of this great law of animated nature.—*Paley*.

Lectures, in London, for the ensuing Week.

- SUNDAY, June 23, at half-past 7, Hall of Science, (near Finsbury Square,) City Road. “Working-Men’s Associations”—Walter Cooper.
- MONDAY, June 24, at half-past 8, Mechanics’ Institute, Gould Square, Crutched Friars. “Elocution: with illustrations”—Henry Tyrrell. At half-past 8, Finsbury Hall, 66, Bunhill Row.—Quarterly Meeting of Members. At half-past 8, Pentonville Athenæum, 23, Henry Street.—Quarterly Meeting of the Members. At half-past 8, Soho Mutual Instruction Society. “What is Virtue?”—J. Smith.
- TUESDAY, June 25, at 8, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—Weekly Meeting of the Free Enquirers’ Society.

PROSE THINKINGS FROM THE POET MILTON.

THE PEOPLE'S RIGHT.—Since the king or magistrate holds his authority of the people, both originally and naturally for their good, in the first place, and not his own, then may the people, as oft as they shall judge it for the best, either choose him or reject him, retain him or depose, though no tyrant, merely by the liberty and right of free-born men to be governed as seems to them best.

KINGS.—The power of kings and magistrates is nothing else but what is only derivative, transferred, and committed to them in trust from the people for the common good of them all, in whom the power yet remains fundamentally, and cannot be taken from them, without a violation of their natural birth-right.

THE LOVE OF FREEDOM.—None can love freedom heartily, but good men; the rest love not freedom, but licence, which never hath more scope, or more indulgence than under tyrants. Hence it is, that tyrants are not oft offended by, nor stand much in doubt of, bad men, as being all naturally servile; but in whom virtue and true worth most is eminent, them they fear in earnest, as by right their masters; against them lies all their hatred and suspicion.

WICKEDNESS OF BISHOPS.—Most certain it is (as all our stories bear witness) that ever since their (*the prelates*) coming to the see of Canterbury, for near twelve hundred years—to speak of them in general, they have been in England, to our souls—a sad and doleful succession of illiterate and blind guides, to our purses and goods, a wasteful band of robbers—a perpetual havoc and rapine, to our state—a continual hydra of mischief and molestation—the forge of discord and rebellion: this is the trophy of their antiquity and boasted succession through so many ages: and for those prelatemartyrs they glory of, they are to be judged what they were by the gospel, and not the gospel by them.

CUSTOM AND ERROR.—If it were seriously asked, (and it would be no untimely question,) Who of all teachers and masters, that have ever taught, hath drawn the most disciples after him, both in religion and in manners? it might not be untruly answered, **CUSTOM.** Though Virtue be commended for the most persuasive in her theory, and Conscience in the plain demonstration of the spirit finds most evincing; yet so it happens for the most part, that Custom still is silently received for the best instructor; filling each estate of life and profession with abject and servile principles, depressing the high and heaven born spirit of man, far beneath the condition wherein either God created him, or sin hath sunk him. To pursue the allegory, Custom being but a mere face, as echo is a mere voice, rests not in her unaccomplishment, until by secret inclination she accorporate herself with Error, who being a blind and serpentine body without a head, willingly accepts what he wants, and supplies what her incompleteness went seeking. Hence it is that Error supports Custom, Custom countenances Error; and these two between them would persecute and chase away all truth and solid wisdom out of human life, were it not that God, rather than man, once in many ages calls together the prudent and religious councils of men deputed to repress the encroachments, and to work off the inveterate blots and obscurities wrought upon our minds by the subtle insinuation of Error and Custom, who with the numerous and vulgar train of their followers make it their chief design to envy and cry down the industry of free reasoning under the terms of humour and innovation; as if the womb of teeming Truth were to be closed up, if she presume to bring forth aught that sorts not with their unchewed notions and suppositions.

ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.—Though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful: and we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year.

A NIGHT MUSING.

Earth, garnish'd bride-like, bares her bosom to the nestling night,
 Who hath come down in glory from the heavenly halls of light :
 Ten thousand tender starry eyes smile o'er the world at rest—
 The weary world—hush'd like a tired child on its mother's breast !
 The grand old hills up-lift their brows in the rich sleeping light—
 That in the storm-war stagger 'neath the leaping thunder's might.
 When the red lightning-dagger smites the black clouds blazing bright :
 How proudly grand and still they stand, worshipping God to-night !
 No green tide sweeps the sea of leaves, no wind-sigh stirs the sod ;
 While holiness broods dove-like on the soul, begetting thoughts of God !
 The flowers have hung their cups with gems of their own sweetness wrought,
 And muse upon their silken stems in ecstasy of thought :
 I see them gleaming thro' the grass, tender with nature's drops,
 And they have all a crown of beauty on their silken tops :
 Sweet Hour ! thou wakest the feelings we never know by day—
 Call'st the heart's hidden music forth, and sweeter thoughts in play :
 For Angel-eyes look down and read the spirit 'neath the clay !
 Even while I list such music stealeth in upon my soul,
 As tho' adown heaven's stair of stars the seraph-harpings stole !
 My soul flings off the weight of years, and lovingly turns back
 To the dear time of mirthfulness that glistens on its track :
 Memory's sere leaves grow green again, and fresh with childhood's spring,
 As bygone times welcome me back within their rainbow-ring :
 The past with all its fairy charms beckons me back in joy,
 And loving hearts and open arms clasp me, once more a boy !
 The voices of the lost and loved are stirring at my heart,
 And memory's miser'd treasures leap to life with sudden start,—
 As thro' her darken'd chambers the warm sunlight creeps in,
 And 'Langsyne' glimps'd in glorious tears my toil-worn heart doth win :
 Thou art looking, smiling on me, Mother, as thou hast looked and smiled ;
 And I am sitting by thy side, at heart a very child ;
 I'm with thee now, sweet Mother, as much as in those hours,
 When all my wealth was in thy love, and in the birds and flowers ;
 When the long summer days seem'd short, for my glad soul to live—
 The happy fullness of the bliss each golden hour could give !
 When Heaven sang to my innocence, and every nodding grove
 And sunlit forest ached with song, as my young heart with love ;
 When life oped like a flower, where clung my lips to quaff its honey ;
 And joys throng'd like a shower of gold king-cups in meadows sunny !
 Sweet thoughts of happiness and home, what business have ye here ?
 And yet I bless ye that ye come to free the struggling tear !
 Tear-thoughts ! how eloquent they tell that I am changed now !
 I cannot choose but weep and press to earth my burning brow !
 Sweet thoughts, ye rush like joy-springs up the furrows of my mind ;
 But, ebbing all too soon, will leave a deeper waste behind !
 Mother, I'll tell thee since we met, stern changes have come o'er me.
 Then life smiled like a paradise : the world was all before me :
 Oh, I was full of trustful faith ; and, in my glee and gladness,
 I deem'd not others had begun as bright whose end was madness :
 I knew not smiles could light up eyes, like sunset's laughing glow
 On some cold stream that burns above, while all runs dark below ;
 That on Love's sunny sea great souls go down,—while some, grown cold,
 Seal up Affection's living spring, and sell their love for gold !
 How they on whom we'd staked the heart forget the early vow ;
 And they who swore to love thro' life, would pass all coldly now ;
 How in the soul's dark hour, love's temple-veil is rent in twain—
 As the heart quivers thorn-crowned on the cross of fiery pain ;
 And shatter'd idols—broken dreams—come crowding on my brain—
 As speaks the Spirit-voice of days that never come again !
 It tells of golden moments lost—hearts sear'd in passion's thrall—
 Love's spring-tide-blossoms run to waste—life's honey turned to gall !
 It tells how many and how oft the high resolve and strong
 Shaped on the anvil of my heart, hath died upon my tongue !
 I left thee, Mother, in sweet May, the merry month of Flowers,
 To toil away in dusty gloom the golden summer hours ;
 I left my world of love behind, with soul for life a-thirsting
 My burning eyelid dropp'd no tear, altho' my heart was bursting ;

For I had knit my soul to climb with Poverty its burden—
 Give me but time! oh, give me time! and I would win the guerdon!
 Ah, Mother! many a soul hath all my aspiration cherished,
 And fallen in the trampling strife, and in the life-march perished!
 We see the bleeding victims lie on grim gold's ghastly altar,
 And one by one young feelings die, and dark doubts make us falter!
 Mother, the world hath wreak'd its part on me with scathing power—
 Yet the dearest life that heaves my heart runs for thee at this hour!
 And by these holy yearnings—by these eyes with sweet tears wet—
 I know there is a spring of love wells thro' my being yet!

GERALD MASSEY.

THE DEMON OF DESPOTISM.

AN ALLEGORIC HISTORY.

BY RICHARD OTLEY.

(Continued from last number.)

Thus, I thought, that most wonderful and almost infinite mind of this proud but weak being, is to be subdued, until it is moved and terrified at shadows and vain imaginations. The powers which wrought these disastrous phenomena, must be personated as malicious and evil spirits; and yonder bright orb, now ascending above the distant hills, whose glorious rays, dimmed by the humid medium through which they travel to the earth, make him appear as if he weeped over the miseries of the sons of man, must be hailed as the glorious spirit of light, truth and goodness. He must be king among the heavenly host, clothed with absolute power; when he appears, the bright orbs, which roll in the infinity of space, conceal themselves, fit emblem of a glittering, despotic authority amongst men. He must be bowed down to and adored as the lord of heaven, that a mortal lustrous with a crown, or in royal robes, may be bowed to and revered as his descendant; for, earthly monarchs must be derived from the celestial, to perpetuate for ever the slavery of this aspiring but imbecile race. But man has a mind: there is the danger! Thought must be subdued, bound down by creeds stronger than those that hold the slave in servitude. To think freely, and to give expression to thought, must be the gravest offence against human and divine laws. And those who shall perpetuate this soul-slavery must be held sacred, hallowed; that their words may be as flaming swords, and their power as that of a divinity. The vallies, groves, and mountains shall be for temples, and I, the Demon of Despotism, shall encompass the whole of this globe, as if it were only one vast structure devoted to my service, or consecrated to my worship.

Thus shall yon majestic sun be the first, the superintending divinity, of whom man in futurity shall sing,

“Glorious orb! the idol

Of early nature, and the vigorous race
 Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons
 Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
 More beautiful than they, which did draw down
 The erring spirits, who can ne'er return.—
 Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere
 The mystery of thy making was revealed!
 Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
 Which gladden'd, on the mountain-tops, the hearts
 Of the Hindoo shepherds, till they pour'd
 Themselves in orisons! Thou material god,
 And representative of the unknown,—
 Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star!

Centre of many stars ! which mak'st our earth
 Endurable, and temperest the hues
 And hearts of all who walk within thy rays !
 Sire of the seasons ! Monarch of the climes,
 And those who dwell in them ! for near or far,
 Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee
 Even as our outward aspects ; thou dost arise
 And shine and set in glory !"

Whilst thus this high-minded and aspiring race were bending their necks and bowing their heads to the earth, in abject submission to things and existences that can neither see, nor hear, nor help them, nor avert evil, nor send or secure good, time, with fleet and silent wing, passed away, in innumerable cycles, as the shadow of a cloud over a sandy desert. Light was personified and elevated into an omnipresent spirit of good,—darkness into a universal spirit of evil. Both were worshipped, but with different intent ; the one not to affect, the other to diffuse plenty and happiness as universally as light. Temples were sought out in the caves of the earth, or hewn out of the solid mountains. Prayers, sacrifices, songs of praise, were offered up to heaven, or sent down to hell ;—ablutions, fasting, and mortifications were everywhere instituted ; places were consecrated ; vain or impious men pretended to be in possession of the Divinity's favour ; had holiness written upon their foreheads ; and dark hypocrisy, stern unrelenting cruelty, with unbounded ambition, sealed within their hearts. These became my instruments ; they are the lever by which I move the world of evil. They are not the golden, but the iron chain, by which hangs cause and effect, as naturally as those that govern matter and mind ; and whilst the latter uphold the universe in endless and immutable order, the former cause discord, dissensions, persecutions, and want,—the very elements in which I move, and breathe, and hope to live for ever.

These puny mortals, how my soul expands with glowing pride and ambition, as I look into the past, or cast a prophetic glance into the future, and have beheld, and behold them prostrate before blocks of wood, stone, animals and non-entities, or deified mortals, concealed under pretended mysteries ! Poor, abject, man ! more humiliated and debased than non-rational brutes, building temples to mock divinities, when the only temple worthy of the true Divinity is the whole universe, resplendent with glory, filled with the grandeur of creations,—the blue ether gemmed with worlds, and suns as centres of systems ! The infinity of mind may here be awed by the august objects of contemplation. All this is within the grasp of the mighty intellect of man. Yet he must fall beneath my power ! He must bow before, and call in vain for help, from a mortal only equal to himself ; offer incense to a brute, or a dead man, as a god, so much his inferior ! Yes, revelations and inspirations must descend from heaven. How ? *That*, to the uninitiated multitude, must be a mystery ; it must be the first and immoveable link on which must hang the causes, whence must flow the innumerable wild follies, extravagant imaginations, and entire prostration of the minds of the multitudes in all ages, and in every nation. How I revel in the rich and delicious draught of human woes ! Brahma must be my mystified chief divinity ; the sun must be his emblem ; emanations must flow from the one as rays of light from the other ; mental emanations are visions for the vulgar, but those of rays of light realities ; the emblem will give a colour of truth to that of

which it is emblematical. These imaginations of emanations must be believed to be the souls of all beings that display life, either vegetable or animal; the impure must be condemned to purgatory in unclean animals, passing through gradations of purification, until united to the original source,—the Divinity whence they originally came. Bramha is a name that must be revered, reverenced, and adored, as the infinite soul, the ruler of the universe. He must be portrayed in words, to the imagination, as infinitely wise, infinitely benign, merciful, and benevolent; but in reality his character must be revengeful, vindictive, and inexorably cruel; an exemplar for mortal kings, emperors, and priestly sovereigns. He must be adored and contemplated in silence, and manifest himself to the fallen race of man in a variety of forms, and through diverse mediums; by *acasavani*, or divine sounds from heaven, or the etherial voice; by meteors in the sky, or flames of fire (*agnivupti*); by *avatara*, or the deity descending from heaven, and dwelling in the flesh in the form of man. Yes, I will conjure up a mighty host of divinities, subdue and humble to the dust this godlike race, pervert their good into evil, and evil into seeming good. Arise! ye visions of the future, Brahmæ, Vishnu, Seeva, Chandra, Hara, Chrishna, and Kalee, extend your potent wand over the earth, and cover her and her children with darkness, thick darkness that may be felt,—impenetrable, immoveable, and eternal!

Whilst I was thus, as the Prince of Darkness and of power over spirits, revelling in the visions of the future, over the deep humiliation of the family of man, the glorious work gradually, slowly, but with certainty advanced. Every age gave birth to divinities, or to doctrines, or mysteries relating to them. The secret history of Brahma as of all other gods, was a delineation of the march of the sun through the twelve signs of the heavens, and of the four seasons of the year. He was the creator, upholder, and preserver of all. He gave to man corn, the knowledge of agriculture, the fruits of the earth, and to all that has breath, vital existence. His service and worship are sacred duties. He is the soul of the universe and the source of the souls of men. All the Devas or gods have been and are manifestations of Brahma. Chrishna, (under another name) shall be the most famed; the shepherd's boy shall be warrior, hero, divinity. My influence is now supreme, irresistible. The design must succeed. He is proclaimed divine, the god beams forth in his countenance; legions assemble round his banner of the cross and the lamb. Everywhere war breathes out destruction, pestilence, and death. Everywhere he triumphs, victory attends upon his steps, the impress of his foot is stained with human gore. His first mission is 'not peace but a sword;' the end, an empire over the minds and policy of this dark-coloured race. How they bow their stiff necks to the iron yoke of sacred despotism! But all subdued, Chrishna changes from the hero of war, to the holy being, is elevated into an incarnation of Brahma. His history becomes a sacred revelation from heaven, science brought down from the celestial regions personified and mystified; and a scheme of sacred delusion, becomes at once the hope and terror of the human race. And I now settle down into the luxurious feelings of remorseless and sullen cruelty, like the sated lion over his slaughtered victim.

As I thus lowered, like a contagious pestilential cloud, over the minds and destinies of man, the 'divine' plan gradually and slowly developed itself. My devotees sanctified rivers, performed pilgrimages to the banks of the overflowing streams, attributed visionary virtues to their waters; believed they

washed themselves from moral and unhallowed impurities ; threw themselves into these waters to perish, that they might pass into the realms of spirits, returning to the source from whence they came. What felicity, to me, could equal this ? Yet one more abounding had to follow ! My soul was elevated in gloomy extasies whilst I looked down with scorn on these sons of visionary purity. My spirit was personified in the descendants of the Devas, (gods) of Chandra, and Chrishna,—the reputed divine natures. One more celebrated than his predecessors in the midst of earthly grandeur, surrounded with a profusion of wealth and in the vigour of youth, was seized by the polluted hand of disease, and he passed away from mortal life. His widow believed in his purity and god-like descent. His corpse must be consumed by fire, that his soul might pass to heaven, through that pure medium. To that place of peace and bliss she longed to hasten, to be united to her lord. Persuasion, unassuageable grief, posthumous honours,—the vain hope and ambition of being ranked amongst the gods, aided by the priesthood, my servants, conspired to form the monstrous but firm resolve. The funeral pyre is constructed, pile upon pile it rises like a temple, to receive a living sacrifice to dead divinities. Ablutions were passed through, prayers and preparatory sacrifices ascended to heaven ; the music of hell burst forth, while all that is young, beautiful, and amiable, climbs the hideous altar ; the priests officiate in well dissembled solemnity ; the holy fire is applied to the inflammable material ; not a sigh or groan is heard, and the living victim is consumed with the dead. How the multitude shout,—the priests pray !—I laugh at the madness and vanity of human wishes and human woes.

Demon of Despotism, that I am, something like a shudder of horror passed through my soul, whilst I looked down on this exhibition of sacred woe, of human weakness, priestly craft, cruelty, and domination. But repentance is unknown to spirits. This was only the dawn of the gloomy ages of fanaticism and superstition ; the future promised to be more prolific of extravagancies and sacred insanities. Numberless god-images of wood and stone sprang into existence ; prayers and sacrifices were offered to them, as to vital, sentient, thinking beings. The more ugly and deformed, the more god-like, until one monster great idol became supreme. Once a year he is drawn from his sanctuary ; drawn out by human strength and hailed with enthusiastic shouts, and feelings of wild, ungovernable devotion ; moves a whole nation, nay, an entire race, but cannot move himself ! Thousands and hundreds of thousands fall before him ; they run mad, their brain turns round with the delirium of over-heated fanaticism ; the car moves slowly but majestically along ; some of the devotees rush towards the monster, squat themselves on the ground, the wheels pass over their bodies, their blood dyes the earth, and their souls are offered up a valueless atonement for hypothetical sins and offences. Whilst their mangled bodies and the vital fluid sent upwards a vapour, to heaven, I inhaled it as a rich smelling savour, an acceptable sacrifice to the Demon of Despotism.

Yes, I exclaimed, living or dying their bodies and souls are mine ! Whether they stand or lie, or walk like the beast of the field, or roll their bodies on the surface of the earth ; perform penances, mortify the flesh, or annihilate their minds ; they are still mine. There are bending their bodies to the ground, and adoring the sun ; thousands and tens of thousands praying to and worshipping images ; standing in mortifying attitudes, until their sinews are rigid, their limbs immovable ;—fists clenched until the nails pierce through the palms of their hands, and appear on the other side ; travelling as pilgrims, on their hands and knees ; or rolling their bodies over and over for hundreds

of miles, and thus punishing themselves to purify the soul. For these sacred deeds of folly, they are revered, esteemed holy,—immortalised! Nay; this deluding priesthood feed to repletion holy crocodiles, whilst their brethren die of hunger. Thus is the humiliation and degradation of the people consummated; they are divided into castes; and the absolute power of one man, the fabled descendant of the gods or of the celestial king, is rampant; before him all crouch with servility and tremble in submission, whilst my empire over man is universal and eternal.

(To be continued in next number.)

CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848—9, AND 1849—50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'

VII.—THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

WHEN the golden orb of day rose above the mountains, dispelling the mists that hung above the vallies,—and the birds, already risen from their leafy coverts, began to pour forth a bolder and richer melody,—and the flowers began to unclothe their beauteous buds, and to yield their fragrant perfume to the air,—the tribes of early men must have hailed the resurrection of the Bringer of Light with unspeakable rapture; and there is no wonder that almost every ancient nation worshipped the sun, as their Joy-God. In India he was personified, and became the second person of their Trinity—Veeshnu, or Chrishna, the Preserver,—from his attribute of maturing, and ripening the fruits of the earth, warming its soil with its genial rays; and thus, from year to year, keeping up the vigour and life of all existence. Chrishna, too, became incarnate, or took upon him human form, was born of a virgin, and was attended in his childhood by shepherds, performed miracles, and even raised the dead. Mithras, the second person of the old Persian Trinity was also a personification of the sun,—the great Preserver of Nature. Osiris, in the Egyptian Trinity, is again represented as symbolising the sun. He was the chief god of the ancient Babylonians, under the name of Bel or Baal; and the books of the Old Testament testify that he was worshipped under the same name among the Phenician or Canaanitish nations, whom the Israelites dislodged from Palestine. In the Greek and Roman mythology, the sun-god Helios, or Phœbus, or Apollo, was endowed with a rank only inferior to that of Zeus or Jupiter, the Omnipotent Father. Our old Teutonic forefathers rendered the sun peculiar honours, as a high-god, and dedicated to his worship the first day of the week, which, in spite of our established Christianity after so many hundred years, still bears the name they gave it—Sunday. Even before they conquered the land, the ancient Keltic inhabitants raised their altars to the sun, and erected to him their upaithric or unroofed temples, such as Stonehenge. The fires they were accustomed to kindle in the sun's honour, four times in the year, are not yet forgotten by their descendants. In the mountains of Scotland, the Gael still lights the 'Beltane' or Baal's fire, in the month of May, and at Lammas, in August; nor is the

custom unextinct among the Kelts in the wilds of Ireland---where it bears the same name. Even on the Western continent, when the Spaniards discovered it, and called it 'a new world,' though it had been inhabited for ages by partially civilised nations---the worship of the sun was the chief feature of religion. The Inca, or sovereign of Peru, was the child of the sun, and was therefore sacred. The sun's worship was performed in a temple glittering with massive gold and silver; and a chief source of the popularity of the play of 'Pizarro,' in this country was the introduction of one striking spectacle on the stage---the Peruvians worshipping in the temple of the sun, before they went to battle.

It is not merely for shewing how natural and universal was the adoration of the sun among ancient nations that I hastily recount these facts,—but to awaken reflection on a much deeper and weightier thought: the origin and source of the doctrine that to man belongs another life after the grave. A wish, if not a hope, to which the heart of man cleaves when the doctrine has once been taught him; and which some of the strongest-minded men have found it impossible to subdue.

Can any one show us how it was possible, without some natural object to dictate or suggest the thought, for the first men to conceive the thought of a future life? A 'revelation'—do you point to? In what revelation were the first men told that they should live again after death? Direct us to it. If you believe the Old Testament to be a revelation, tell us where it reveals a future state. There is but one passage which is ever made a strong point in it, by theologians, who contend that this doctrine is found in it; and that is found in the Idumean book, 'Job'—'I know that my Redeemer liveth, &c.,' and yet this passage can be made as clear in its meaning, by giving it quite another sense, as it seems to be by giving it the *orthodox* sense. Adam is told that in the day in which he eats of the fruit in the midst of the garden, he shall surely die—but he is never told that he shall live again: neither is Noah, or Abraham, or Isaac, or Jacob; nor do they profess such a doctrine. All the promises given to the patriarchs are temporal; they refer solely to possessions and enjoyments on earth, for themselves or their posterity. In the system of Moses there is no reference to a future state: it is all 'of the earth, earthy.' Indeed this is so notorious, that to obviate the difficulty in which such an omission has always placed divines, the great bishop Warburton wrote his celebrated masterpiece 'The Divine Legation of Moses,' in which 2,000 authors are quoted, and in which it is shewn that every heathen legislator of antiquity taught the doctrine of future rewards and punishments as a means of overawing mankind and ensuring, by fear or hope, their observance of certain precepts and their political obedience. Moses, on the contrary,—says the episcopal giant of learning,—shews the divinity of his mission by omitting to work on man's fears, or excite his hopes, of a future life by teaching it; and by insisting on the observance of the "Law;" without it. Some people were ill-natured enough to charge the bishop with a sly insinuation against the Christian, or New Dispensation doctrine; but it was quite unfair—for he laid the polemical flail about the shoulders of 'free-thinkers' so lustily, as to shew that he had no sympathy with *them*.

At a later period the belief in a future state found its way among the Jews. Even when the legend of Elijah—that grandest and sublimest of all the legends of the Old Testament—was written, there seems to have

been some notion of a future existence—Elijah, in the chariot of fire ‘went up into heaven.’ By the time of Christ—that is, after their acquaintance with the teaching of the refined Greeks, if they had not already borrowed the doctrine of the Eastern people,—the sect of the Pharisees were celebrated for their maintenance of this doctrine; while the Sadducees, who were persons of the highest rank, rejected it and denied it altogether.

That it makes no part of the Patriarchal and Mosaic Dispensations is clear. A text or two, by great straining, could not be a satisfactory proof that it was there. What must be more important than all other doctrines put together would have met us on every page, if the writers of the early books had had it revealed to them.

Then how came it into the world? ‘Man is like the beasts that perish’—a sentence from the book we have just been speaking of—seemed a natural and rational conclusion. Man never saw a dead dog, after his flesh was mouldered away and his bones were crumbling, start anew into life. He never beheld a resurrection of any animated being; and, as an animal himself, there seemed no hope for him of living again. But a wish is soon father to a thought—to borrow Shakspeare’s wisdom; and the feeling of being for ever separated from those he loved, of never more enjoying his favourite pursuits, of remaining for ever unconscious, brought a weight and gloom upon man which seemed unendurable. But the Sun!—did he not go down into the earth, and rise again, daily? The seasons!—did they not return again by his influence? The trees!—did they not again put forth their leaves at the return of his beams? There was hope, then, for man. He was superior to the other animals. They possessed but a limited mind,—‘instinct’ man called it; while he was able to subdue them, to train them, to use them for his own purposes, by the superior gift of reason: he had a soul, a spiritual man within the bodily man. After the grave he would enter on a new home: rude ideas were formed of it, at first: there was hunting in it, and all kinds of pleasure: then it became more elevated—it was an Elysium, a refined existence; while the dread alternative was Tartarus—the gloomy realm of Dis or Pluto, whose gates were kept by the three-headed dog Cerberus.

In the East the *metempsychosis*, or transmigration of souls, became the prevailing idea: the soul would pass through many animal forms, and then return to the same man; for which reason the Egyptians embalmed the body that it might be ready when the period arrived—namely, 3,000 years—when the mummy in its fine linen cerements was to be resuscitated by the soul re-tenanting it.

Yet 3,000 years have elapsed since many of those strange relics were embalmed: some of them which have found their way into Europe are believed to be of that date:—but they never awake into life! And when the rest have become as old, they will not be nearer a resurrection. Such an idea demonstrated that those old Egyptians, with all their colossal tombs and temples and amazing pyramids, were children in some things. To judge by what we see of the perishable condition of the body, it never can live again, except in so far as it partakes of life by being separated into other bodies.

Yet the sublimest thinkers cleaved to the doctrine of a future state. It was one of the strongest tenets of Socrates, the great master of moral wisdom among the Greeks. It was the favourite doctrine of his favourite disciple, Plato. The great and good Carpenter’s son of Nazareth taught

it: that is evident amidst all the divergencies of the legends. Paul, the Pharisee—for by his own statement you know he was ‘of the strictest sect’—was already predisposed to believe it, and therefore made it a part of his teaching; but he, and the Platonising Christians after him, were, in their own minds, strengthened by a new verity, as they held it to be—the resurrection of their crucified Master. Since their time the question has, after endless controversies, settled down among orthodox Christians into one fixed confession.—‘The resurrection of Christ is the *only* foundation for the doctrine of man’s future existence.’

I say that all orthodox doctors of divinity have come to this conclusion. What, then, is the evidence for Christ’s Resurrection? If something so eternally important as our eternal existence depends upon it, we ought to have most certain and clear evidence for it. Is it so? How stands the fact? Let us look at the evidence calmly, candidly; but yet, unshrinkingly, and without being overawed by those who threaten us (if we disbelieve the evidence) with all the pains of endless perdition.

(To be continued.)

On Saturday, July 6th, 1850, will be published, Price One Penny, (to be continued Weekly, and republished Monthly in Parts,) No. I. of

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"AND though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple! Who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a *free and open encounter*?"—*Milton's Areopagitica*.

No. 26.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1850. [Price One Penny.

NOTICE TO THE PURCHASERS OF 'COOPER'S JOURNAL.'

From the great difficulty I experience in attending to the Journal while from home, I have resolved to suspend it for THREE MONTHS. The 27th No. will, therefore, not appear till the *First Week in October*. With the last No. for December, a brief Index shall be given, so that the volume may be complete for 1850. The Romance, 'CAPTAIN COBLER,' will also be suspended till the recommencement of the Journal: 18 numbers are now published: about 10 more numbers will complete it. All letters addressed to '5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London,' will be forwarded to me while I am from home.

THOMAS COOPER.

A WORD ABOUT SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

THERE is a class of persons in Christendom—and unfortunately a very large and influential class, too—who, it is said, are ready to do *anything* on a week-day, and *nothing* on a Sunday; and these are the pious respectabilities who 'keep all on' fretting themselves to fiddle-strings about the 'awful sin of Sabbath-breaking!' This religious hobgoblin that haunts the twilight of so many half-educated minds is becoming quite an alarming nuisance, and causing as much commotion as the celebrated Cock-lane ghost did in days of yore. It has forced its spectral self into the House of Commons, and there that noble churchman, Sir Robert Inglis, falls down and worships it. It has glided amongst the coronets of the Upper House, where it finds a patron in the well-meaning, but rather feeble, Lord Harrowby. The presence of his Shadowship in the Legislature bodes no good: it is ominous of unpleasant consequences to the principle of free conscience in religion: it marks an increased activity in the Cantwell and Mawworm school; and, without any disrespect to our Northern neighbours, we should say it betokens a sort of 'Scotch mist' over our English intelligence.

Now, as our deeds are not evil, we love light rather than darkness, and therefore feel in duty bound to do all we can to diffuse the rays of Truth and Reason whensoever and wheresoever they are most required. On every question in which man is interested, we wish man to think for himself, and argue from *facts*, and not by fanaticism. If the advocates of 'Sunday Grievance' Bills would follow this plan, they would find considerable difficulty in cooking orations in favour of Sabbath sanctification, and we should hear less of 'keeping holy' the seventh day by closing post-offices and stopping railways, and all that kind of senseless gabble. If those who stick up for the Fourth Commandment and 'no surrender,' and yet call themselves Christians, would lay aside their nursery preju-

dices, and condescend to talk more like reasonable beings and less like bigots, the world would not be disgraced as it is by the deluge of trash vented on this topic. For, verily, the ignorance and illiberality displayed whenever the subject is broached by the orthodox are appalling. There seems to be a double-quilted jerkin of obstinacy around the brain of the Sabbatarian Christian, which bids defiance to the sharpest-pointed argument. "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy"—that is the perch to which they cling, and from this arbitrary law, because it happens to be printed in the Jewish decalogue, no power on earth can drive them. But, however, if they cannot be convinced of their error, and be brought to perceive the injury their views inflict upon their own cause, it is easy to embarrass their logic by simply asking the following questions:—Where is the *Scriptural authority* for transferring the law in the Fourth Commandment, which bound the Jews to observe as holy the *seventh* day, unto the Christian code, and applying it to the *first* day of the week? When did Christ or his Apostles ever declare that commandment to be binding on Christians? And if it be a religious duty to obey *that* Jewish law, why did not Christ or his Apostles say so? To these queries we have always failed in obtaining a satisfactory reply. The moment they are put, the Sabbatarian Christian begins to shuffle and flounder, and is regularly beaten. He has not a leg to stand upon, and is obliged to fall back again on the defence of his old text,—“Remember,” &c.

Some remarks made on this matter by Dr. Whately, the present Archbishop of Dublin, are worthy of notice. In a pamphlet, entitled “Thoughts on the Sabbath,” he says:—

If, however, any persons are fully convinced that the precept respecting the Sabbath was given to Adam, and also conclude, thence, that it must bind all his posterity, they are of course, at least equally, bound by the (recorded) precept to Noah relative to abstinence from blood. Any one who admits these obligations, and complies with them *just as they were given*, observing *not* the first, but the *seventh* day of the week as the Sabbath, is acting on a system which, though it may be erroneous, is at least intelligible and consistent. But he who acknowledges a divine command to extend to himself, ought to have an equally express divine command to sanction any *alteration* in it. Those Christians of the present day, however, who admit the obligation of the ancient Sabbath, have taken the liberty to change not only the *day*, but also the *mode* of observance. I believe they sometimes allege that the Jews were over-scrupulous on this point, and had superadded by their tradition, burdensome restrictions not authorised by the Mosaic law. This is true; but if we shelter ourselves under this plea,—if we admit the authority of the written law, and reject merely the Pharisaical additions to it,—we are then surely bound to comply at least with the express directions that *are* written; for instance (Exod. xxxv. ch. 2 and 3 vv.), ‘Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations upon the Sabbath day,’ no one can pretend is a *traditional* precept; yet I know of no Christians who profess to observe it. Perhaps we may be told that it is a regulation not suited to our climate. That may be an additional reason, of some weight, for believing that the Jewish Sabbath was an ordinance not designed to be of universal obligation; but seems hardly sufficient, if it *were* of universal obligation, to authorize Christians to depart from the divinely-appointed mode of observing it.”

Let it be remembered that these are the sentiments of a prelate of the Established Church, whose intellectual and moral worth renders him an ornament to the Episcopal body. *He* certainly will not be accused of despising the Scriptures, for he has written eloquently in defence of their truth; and yet he denies the Fourth Commandment is the basis of the Christian Sunday. The vain attempt to build upon this foundation has no other effect than to widen the breach between Christianity as taught in the Churches, and the common reason of mankind. The sinister designs of the Sunday-Sabbatarian party are obvious. These strait-laced

projectors want to shut up the lecture-rooms and halls of the people on the Sunday; and to extinguish what they term Sunday newspapers. It is an aristocratic move, and there is in it far more of political intrigue than genuine piety. The amount of stupid hypocrisy involved in it is positively incalculable.

All we say is, let the bigots do their worst; let them pass as many stringent Sunday Bills as they please—the more stringent the better, and the sooner may we hope to see a strong reactionary tide set in, and sweep away such monuments of religious folly.

F. G.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

THE times are sadly out of joint. What can we do, to better our condition? This is a question in almost everybody's mouth. But the answer, it seems, is not quite so easy to give. Association is the idea of the time,—the all-absorbing topic. It is a noble one, and cannot well be overrated. But the best things may be perverted. Dwelling ever on association, men are apt to forget the importance of individual efforts. There is an individuality in Man which cannot be destroyed. Duty is a personal thing. It is from a man's own thoughts, words, and actions that he derives pain or pleasure,—ultimate happiness or misery,—honour or disgrace. Men cannot become wise or virtuous, *merely* by combining their efforts. A bad man may be a member of a good association. Such an one has often contributed to the accomplishment of a noble work, from a very ignoble motive.

Individually, man is weak. Isolated, the little he can accomplish, is liable to discourage him from attempting anything. "True," said one in my hearing, "were I where I could combine my efforts with those of others, I might be induced to attempt something; as it is, I go with the stream. Nor do I see how the obligations of a reformer can extend to me." "No," said another, who had just been applied to, by a poor fellow who needed a little temporary relief, "show me others, by combining with whom, something permanently good may be effected, and I am your man. But I see no good likely to result from these acts of private relief. I have renounced them altogether. I give nothing in such cases. My benevolence, if I have any, flows in another channel." Were not these misapplications of the associative principle? To such men, and in reference to the duties they had thus declined, I would say, in the words of an old author—"These things ought ye to have done; and not to have left the other undone."

In this country, whose "glorious constitution" is "the envy of surrounding nations and the admiration of the world," bricks and mortar, land and money, make legislators. Unless he be the son of a Peer, a man may have the wisdom of Solon, the justice of an Aristides, the patriotism of a Marcus Curtius or a Codrus, or the eloquence of a Demosthenes, still, being poor, he cannot serve his country, where such talents and virtues are most needed. He may be more than a mere declaimer; he may possess great knowledge—may be more than a mob-orator,—may possess the rare gift of true eloquence,—yet should that modesty, which is the natural concomitant of genius, make him hesitate to denounce at once, as fools or knaves, all who may differ from him in opinion, he is little likely to succeed as a popular leader, especially where such leaders are most needed.

Notwithstanding these discouragements, no man is justified in living to himself alone. He has a duty, for the performance of which he is responsible to his country and his conscience. He is a man. And, in the language of the noble old Roman, "nothing that concerns humanity is indifferent to him." Man's obligations preceded human institutions. They cannot be determined by the study of such institutions. They are to be inferred from his natural rights, and, in general terms, from that constitution of things of which he forms a part, and in harmony with which he must live, if he would avoid misery. The natural laws, as they affect mankind, are not to be tried by human institutions, but human institutions by them. When human institutions are in harmony with man's natural rights, duty and interest bid us observe and cherish them : otherwise, to seek to reform or replace them with better. This, notwithstanding all the priest may say, is not a crime but a virtue : a virtue by the practice of which the martyrs of the olden time achieved their immortality, and that portion of freedom we at present enjoy.

Birth, wealth, station, are undoubtedly great things ; and involve great responsibilities. But not having these, are we exempted from all obligation to serve our fellow-creatures ? By no means. There is, at least, one virtue which all may practise : a virtue which ever attracts attention, from its extreme rarity, especially in times like these, a virtue which commands the respect, even of opponents, and which is indispensable to real usefulness—a virtue which gives weight to a character, otherwise insignificant, and renders a man of but moderate intellect manifold more important in every cause, than another whose talents are the most brilliant, but in whom this virtue is wanting. The virtue I speak of is *Consistency*. Without this, no character can long retain its influence ; and with it, the humblest cannot fail, in time, to make itself felt. Any man may, and every consistent man will, refuse to countenance, even with his presence, a movement or meeting, whose object and tendency are opposed to the cause with which he has identified himself. What ? Not to listen to what may be said in defence of it ? No : he has taken his ground considerably, and not attached himself to a cause of which he has not subsequently to learn the merits. This is an age neither of great virtues nor of great crimes. It is an age of calculation—in which men avoiding risque, keep their eyes upon the "*quid pro quo*." There is no chivalry—no sympathy with those crimes whose commission has elicited qualities which have made us regret the misapplication of powers so great, and of qualities so intrinsically noble. Every man is now deemed a fool who undertakes anything for which he is not to receive an equivalent, in hard cash "down upon the nail."

The Apostle Paul taught his followers, to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." But no man now is expected to contend *earnestly* for the faith delivered to him, by any body. To speak decidedly, even in defence of one's honest convictions is "decidedly low," and "in bad taste." It is by no means in harmony with "the spirit of the times," or "the usages of good society." Any man may, and every consistent man will, avoid this spurious liberality, this disloyalty to truth, even at the risque of being thought narrow-minded. He will concede to the opinions of others the consideration he claims for his own ; but he will not concede that a thing "is probably true," while it appears to him to be most certainly false.

That is a courtesy which demands the sacrifice of our sincerity. So long as we are in doubt, let us suspend our judgment ; but having once satisfied

ourselves as to where the truth lies—let us manfully and consistently adhere to it.

The absence of religious feeling, in what are called the “lower classes” of society, is frequently deplored. But is there more of this same “religious feeling” in the upper classes? Alas! we fear not. As for their forms and ceremonies, why these are kept up we all well understand. But, in the very nature of things, we have reason to fear, that their sense of responsibility to a Supreme Being is very weak, and that their conceptions of religion, as well as their principles, are far from being distinct or deep. Much of their conduct is otherwise unaccountable.

Many think that the doctrines of Christianity, as at present expounded in our churches and chapels, are worse than useless. Now, consistency, duty, and the interests of true religion, render it imperative that those who thus think, should absent themselves from those places. This is a mode of opposing error which one would think least objectionable. Let reformers act on this principle. Congregations will soon sensibly diminish, and the present system peaceably give place to something better.

Every consistent man will evince, in more than words, his sympathy with all “good men and true.” He will be ever among those who rally round, support, and encourage, such men; and where he cannot aid, he will take special care not to hinder them. Above all, a consistent reformer will look well to his private life, and be especially careful to show all who may deign to observe him, how a rational man should conduct himself, in the several relations of husband, father, friend, neighbour and patriot;—to show, in more than words, that he is virtuous, as well as the friend of virtue.

A poor man's sphere of action, as a reformer, is indeed limited. Still, to fill that perfectly, involves the necessity of much self-denial, patience, and perseverance; and affords ample scope for the exercise of all the virtues he can command. And though such a man may obtain little of the world's applause, or even of its notice, he serves the cause of useful reform, and mankind generally, much more effectually than some whose career is at once startling and brilliant. The mountain flood, the roaring cataract, excite our admiration by their might and sublimity; but it is the stream that winds quietly through the fields and meadows, imparting fertility and beauty, that really blesses mankind. Does any one yet ask—what can I do? We answer—you can relieve a brother in distress whenever you meet with one, if not by the gift of money, at least by your sympathy and kind words;—by a modest firmness, you can show that you feel the principles of that cause with which you have identified yourself worth contending for;—that while anxious to avoid giving offence or pain to any one, there is nevertheless, in truth what may not be sacrificed to conciliate the smiles, or deprecate the frowns even of those you love best. We tell you further that you may and must be consistent, if you wish to be respected and useful. Are you young? Listen to the voice of experience; suspend your judgment until you have examined carefully. But, having once taken your ground, let nothing but a change of conviction drive you from it. An undecided man, does nothing—enjoys nothing. If you would share the happiness, the glory and immortality of those to whom we are indebted for much that makes life worth the having, you must share their self-denial, their labour, their patience, their perseverance. If you would obtain, like them a crown of life—like them, you must be faithful even unto death, if need be. Be not surprised should you find your principles standing in the way of your worldly preferment. If you

are not prepared to make the sacrifice, wait a while longer before you avow yourself a reformer, or you will make nothing of it. The world is not wanting in talent ; but sadly wanting of men who to great talent unite a generous self-devotion to the public good. Are you a parent ? Make it a prime object to impart to your children just notions of their rights and their duties ; and to inspire them with a rational and manly resolution to maintain their rights, and to discharge their duties. Whatever may be your condition in life, determine to give to your country *one good man and true*. Would all act on this principle, bad and discouraging as times are, think you not they would soon mend ?

AN OLD MAN.

THE GOLDEN PRIZE.

Five Hundred Pounds Prize.—Seven Questions, (bearing upon the present Ecclesiastical Crisis,) addressed to the Bishops, the Clergy, and the People of England. By AGATHON. The above Prize will be awarded to any Person who can give a satisfactory Solution.
 London : CHARLES DOLMAN, 61, New Bond-street.

THIS Pamphlet is evidently the production of a Roman Catholic, and the author has introduced it to the public under circumstances which will no doubt ensure it an extensive circulation. Not that we think many persons will flatter themselves that they are destined to win the golden prize offered ; but curiosity alone will induce hundreds to spend their shilling merely to see *what* these “seven questions” are about. It is not our intention to gratify that curiosity here, by extracting the ‘questions’ from the pamphlet, our object simply being to speak of their design,—to show what the querist is driving at in his interrogatories. Be it known, then, that the author, as a Papist, strikes a blow at the Protestant Established Church of England. He puts in the Anglican episcopal mouth nuts to crack which he knows, and every body else knows, are absolutely *uncrackable*. He asks questions that cannot be answered by any supporter of the Church of England, without admitting that the Romish Faith is the true faith of Christ and his Apostles ; or, at any rate, that the English Church is *not* the true church. Every thinking mind reading this pamphlet must see that between Romanism and Free-thinking there is no consistent ground to stand on ; that it is absurd to look for a middle path between implicit obedience to some infallible authority in religious matters, and the most unlimited liberty of opinion. If the exercise of private judgment is to be permitted, as Protestantism says it is, how dares the Church of England attempt to place fetters on human thought ? If man has a right to think differently from the church, how dares any clergyman to speak of the *sin* of schism—the *sin* of dissenting from the doctrines, and not conforming to the discipline of the Church of England ? If, as ‘Agathon’ asks, the Bible be the rule of faith, where is the text of Scripture that says so ? But if, on the other hand, Human Reason is to fall prostrate before Revelation, and to obey the voice of some apostolic authority whose interpretation of that ? Revelation is unerring truth,—then the Roman Communion is our only refuge,—no other Christian Church professing infallibility in its teaching the consequence is that, to be consistent, we must be either Romanists or Rationalists. There is no way out of this dilemma, and this is the grand fight to which the world is approaching. The fight not between England and Rome, but between the principles of religious despotism and religious liberty.

The pamphlet of 'Agathon' cuts both ways. If his arguments fall upon a timid mind that loves to lean on the dictum of another, they, may lead that mind to Popery; but the bold spirit that rejoices in its own freedom will be driven by them to renounce the dogmatism of all creeds and all churches. The remarks of 'Agathon' on the question relating to the Sabbath are interesting just now, when fanaticism about 'Sunday observance' is so rife. He says:—

"It is strictly enjoined in Exodus, to do no work on the Sabbath day or *Saturday*, and never has this commandment been annulled in Scripture. Now, let us apply the Protestant principle to this fact. Protestants maintain that the Scripture is the sole rule of faith, and that nothing is to be enjoined as necessary to salvation but what is found in Scripture; and yet Protestants regard the due observance of Sunday, and the cessation from work on that day, as necessary to salvation—although in the Scriptures, *Saturday* and *not* Sunday, is the day expressly mentioned as obligatory. I am, therefore, justified in making use of the following argument, which of itself is quite sufficient to show the utter inconsistency of Protestant principles. Either the Scripture is the only rule of faith, or it is not. If it *is*, then, Protestants in keeping holy the Sunday and not the Saturday, have flown in the face of the plain and express declaration of Scripture, violated the rule of faith, and made this violation a standing practice necessary to salvation; and in so doing have necessarily fallen into the grossest contradiction of their own principles, and thereby forfeited any sort of claim to be the true church. If it is *not*, then Protestants, in declaring that it *is*, have laid down a false principle, based their very system on a vital error, and thereby equally forfeited any sort of claim to be the True Church. Therefore, in *either* case, (one of the two suppositions *must* be the case), Protestants are necessarily in a false, inconsistent, and therefore most awfully dangerous position."

This reasoning is conclusive against the 'Sunday observance' party, and places the Established Church in a 'fix.' 'Agathon' has a logical mind, and though he writes in favour of Popery, his pamphlet is calculated to advance the cause of free enquiry and rational religion. His £500 will never be called for.

F. G.

To Correspondents.

* * Till the 30th instant, correspondents will please address "Thomas Cooper, Mr. Barlow's, bookseller, 2, Nelson Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne." I leave Newcastle on Monday morning, July 1st, for Stockton and Middlesborough, and proceed thence to York, on Thursday, July 4th, and so to Leeds. Letters intended to reach me *after* June 30th and *before* July 4th, may be addressed "care of Mr. John Wilson, bookseller, 11, High Street, Stockton-on-Tees;" to reach me *on* July 4th or 5th, "care of Mr. John Brown, bookseller, Colliergate, York;"—to reach me up to July 8th, "care of Mr. David Green, bookseller, Briggate, Leeds."

'TRUTH SEEKER.'—The answer depends in a great degree on each individual's judgment: for myself, I should say, Christ's Temptation by the Devil.

'SUBSCRIBER.'—I wish you would write me again when I reach home: I have no means of referring to Campbell's poem here.

'AN OLD FRIEND.'—The oldest manuscripts of the Gospels are in Greek, and that language is always understood to be the original. There is no question raised on this point, except about Matthew; but there is no evidence that *our* Matthew is a translation from the book which *Eusebius* says that *Papias* says was written in Hebrew by Matthew.

THOMAS DAY.—A letter addressed to 'Mr. Capern, Tiverton,' will find him. Mr. Scoble has been silent ever since my last letter to him; so that I conclude he has declined the contest. Information respecting Quentin Matsys may be found in Charles Knight's cheap volumes 'The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.'

'VERITAS.'—His lines are most respectfully declined, *not* because I do not most heartily approve of their sentiment; but because they are not metre.

GEORGE HARDY.—Not quite perfect: try again.

THE TRUE SABBATH.

"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

O! how I love to see when Sunday comes,

The day used truly as 'a day of rest,'

The man of toil with wife and little ones,

Going forth happy, as he feels he's blest

With one day in the seven, wherein to raise

His song of freedom, and divinest praise!

To see the thousands pouring from the din

Of the great city; as the 'Sabbath day'

Breaks beautifully with the sunlight in—

To urge the smoke-dried citizen away

Where health, and beauty, freshness, all invite

His steps to haste, where Nature breathes delight.

O, 'tis a glorious sight to see the throng,

Like children loose from school, sportive and free

Their laughter pealing with companion songs,

To make, at least, one day go pleasantly:

The music of the heart is there: we find

Rapture with love and happiness combined.

Then why should men in degradation lie,

Such men as labour for their every meal?

Man was not born only to toil, and die;

Without a mind or soul, to think or feel!

No, no! for earth stands welcoming his hand,

And yields abundantly at his command.

O, I despise the miserable wretch

Who enwalls beauteous spots and God's own ground!

Who has a soul no bigger than to catch

Intruders on his solitary round;—

Who, as religious earthworm, poor and blind,

Feels not the holier birthright of his mind.

For man was made for pleasure, as for toil;

With heart and head, as well as hands and feet;

He was not made to be the slave o' th' soil;

To have no sunny spots, no friends to greet:

God made him walk erect, to tread the earth,

Not in grim sadness, but heart-livening mirth.

S. WILKS.

HORACE, L. I. ODE 22.

"Integer vitae, seclurisque purus," &c.

The pure of heart, and free from sin,

O Fuscus! needs nor lance nor bow,

Nor Moorish quiver lined within,

With darts, whose points with poison flow.

Whether he seek thy pathless snows—

Inhospitable Caucasus!

Or where Hydaspes' fabled flows,—

Or Syrtis's boiling shoals to pass.

As late I roamed in Sabine wood,

Singing my darling Lalagè,

Unarmed, in light and careless mood,

A wolf before my glance did flee.

Such monster Danna's warlike land,

Feeds not in all her forests wide,

Nor Juba's earth of arid sand,

Though lions breed in savage pride.

Place me in deserts where no tree

Is nourished by a summer's breath,

In regions fraught with misery,

Where Jove in wrath deals want and death.

Place me beneath a burning sun

Where home nor friends mine eye can see;

Still will I sing, beloved one,

Thy smile and voice, my Lalagè.

Birmingham.

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

THE DEMON OF DESPOTISM.

AN ALLEGORIC HISTORY.

BY RICHARD OTLEY.

(Continued from last number.)

Thus did I fill the air, as if seated upon a throne of light, overshadowing the earth as it were the valley of death, and holding supreme and omnipotent power over the bodies and souls of men. The earth rolled round on her axis, and moved with unerring velocity in her orbit, giving to man summer and winter, spring and autumn; the sun ripened the blushing fruits, inviting man to the rich and abundant feast; but my power, the supremacy of the spirit of Despotism, seated on the throne of fanaticism and superstition, converted the fertile plains and luxuriant vallies into a wilderness or desert. The sons of men trembled with fear, sickened from want, and died in thousands. From this scene I turned, with that pride which a spirit can only feel and know, for other conquests animated and filled me with an enlarged ambition. Again I passed the wide world of waters, riding on the storm and the whirlwind, when my comprehensive spiritual vision, beheld with renewed extasy another vast continent covered with cities, villages and the growing and ripening fruits of the earth; a people living in contentment, cultivating the peaceful arts and sciences,—worshipping no sanguinary, revengeful gods, visible or invisible. They hailed the sun as the creator and progenitor of all things and beings, offering to him, in a few simple rites, frankincense and the first fruits of the earth. A hardy, strong, intellectual race, submitting to equal laws, and holding equal possession, living in prosperous contentment. When I beheld them in the midst of the luxuriance of life, I felt, as a human being feels, when he sickens at the heart from fear, envy, and malice, but inconceivably more intense, and inwardly tormenting and heart-burning. This enterprise appeared to me most difficult of achievement; yet I exclaimed, it must, it shall, be accomplished! In the invisible world of imagination, must be called up from the vast and deep resources of thought, beings to people the earth, the air, and the remotest heavens. Gently must the silken chain be thrown over them, pleasure in anticipation, torments in reserve; individual sanctity, for the assumption of individual power and despotism. The father must be absolute over his children, the master over his slave, the king over those whom he governs, and the priest over all. How this race of men shall fall before my power!

Years passed away, and generations of men, as clouds before the morning sun, to be no more seen for ever, and the work was not yet commenced. Fear with men is the great motive power, and hope the safety-valve; fear creates, and the imagination peoples the other worlds; and anticipation, beyond life, deludes the mind. A race of priests must first spring up: how can I first sow the holy seed? I must touch the mental powers of some devotees, draw them apart from the people; and these the latter must revere and obey. Ambition amongst the holy ones of the earth, will work out my will, enslave the millions, and exalt the Few. This dark race believe they are the first of men: the priests shall make them the most eminent of fools. The idea is noble and dignified: they claim to be the first who adored the gods: this ambition will lead them on to be the meanest of mankind. Their glory must be their ruin. Gods, kings, priests, slaves, are bound together in an eternal unity. Gorgeous rites,

pompous sacrifices, and sacred and solemn assemblies, must awe the mind into dwarfish imbecility. At present they are free, were never subjugated by any other people; but they must fall lower than the most savage and degraded. They now love peace, but must, for the future, be for ever embroiled in war. Ah! the priesthood are already separated from the vulgar. What fantastic dresses have they assumed, now they are devoted to a fictitious purity and a delusive religion,—to the ‘divine service’! They shave their heads, wear stoles or long gowns, carry in their processions ploughshare sceptres, have high-crowned caps, tufted on the top, ornamented with a wreath of serpents. They are thus fair to the eye, but sting the nation to the heart, and poison it to the soul; dazzle the imaginations of the people, lead men into the quagmires of error, into the cold and dreary regions of superstition and mental death.

Thus the work proceeds gloriously, and I, the Demon of spiritual power, add another laurel to those I have already reaped, and add fresh triumphs to those already achieved.—Alas, for this weak and fallen race of man! persuaded that he is made in the image of God or the gods,—glorious and pure as the stars of heaven; but more polluted and corrupted than the stagnant pools and marshes, filled with reptiles and crawling vermin. Created in the image of God! Why, he is sunk below the reptiles he so much despises. They arrive at the perfection of their nature, fulfil the destinies of their being, recede from the stage of life and are succeeded by other generations equal to themselves. But man, degraded man, there he lies,—his noblest powers prostrated,—his whole nature blasted, a mere passive slave in body and spirit! How he bows, and trembles, and fears, whilst that mortal passes him!—why? who is he? He is the Ethiopian king elect, selected from amongst the priests, by the revelling god, seizing him as his own by some visible sign; he then becomes high-priest and king, and the multitude kneel down and worship him as a divinity. Thus the authority of a God is united with that of priestly-king. In the name of the Divinity he is surrounded with guards, attendants, and servants who reverence him as a spark of the essence of this Deity. They must live only whilst he lives, die when he dies. If he loses an eye, if he loses an arm if he is maimed of a leg, they must be maimed; each of these must have one amputated; that they may thus manifest their sympathy for the divinely elected, priestly king.—This priestly power spread over the land is like the darkness of midnight blotting out the meridian day: Reason and Nature are lost in the unfathomable depths of the troubled ocean of ignorance, cruelty, and vice.

Having succeeded in unseating Reason and dethroning Nature, the work proceeded with a rapidity and certainty that even astonished the priesthood themselves; and diffused an unhallowed pleasure through my victorious soul. Thus the future historian of human events shall have nothing more to record than the fallen, wretched condition of man, and the glittering deceptive greatness of the Few. The Ethiopian race is now in my power, bow to my supremacy, and bend to my galling yoke; they are and shall be only “distinguished by their *dark* colour, flat faces, curled hair, their exceeding fierceness and cruelty, and in their manners they are like beasts, not so much in their natural temper, as in their contrived pieces of wickedness. Their whole bodies are filthy and nasty, and their nails long like wild beasts, and cruel one towards another.” So infuriated have they become in their nature that they arm even their women for war, and their ideas are so deformed, that they

hang brass rings to their lips to enhance their beauty. The crisis has already come, Ergamenes, their king resists the command even of their gods, refuses to put himself to death according to custom ; enters their golden temple and cuts the throats of the priests. I am victorious even over their gods !

But what are yon vast human monuments towering to the heavens, in the far distance ? With the fleetness of thought I passed onwards, when I soon found myself hovering over them, and then settled down on the apex of the highest. On the surrounding country I cast a glance. It was, when the sun, the universal divinity of the people, had attained the solstitial point in the heavens ; universal was the rejoicing amongst the simple sons of nature who peopled these regions, when the glorified god appeared to stand in the zenith, in victory over the demon of darkness, and over these monuments erected to his honour, and to aid the pure devotion of the people. Everywhere the harvest teemed with plenty, reaped by a hardy but peaceful race. A few of the first fruits of corn and wine were presented as a grateful offering to this glorious divinity. In the night, an illumination gladdened the hearts of his worshippers, and lit up the land as if by the light of an artificial sun. Priests and priestly kings had however already stolen in amongst them. A sacred language concealed true science from the people, and natural phenomena were soon exalted into direct interpositions of the gods. But the gods must be incarnate, descend to sojourn amongst men. This is the foundation of the gloomy superstructure of all tyrannies and times. They must conquer and subdue nations, teach men to cultivate the earth, to produce corn, the vine and other fruits ; from this they have and will have a claim upon their gratitude, which can easily be raised into devotion and adoration. Let men once worship the dead, and they will soon reverence and become servile to the living ; dread the phantom and tremble before the reality.

Whilst I thus hovered over the destinies of the Egyptian nation, and beheld their prosperity, their love of peace and of justice, I felt a degree of spiritual sadness or depression, such as dark and fallen spirits may feel. To destroy the felicity of others, to immerge them in an abyss of folly, without a gleam of substantial hope, casts a deeper gloom even over the darkest intellect. Whilst thus meditating, a tear, such as even fallen angels shed, stole from my soul. Yet it passed away, as the dew-drops of morning into the surrounding air. Whilst thus meditating over the past, the present, and the future, even the sad pleasure of melancholy was disturbed by the sounds of sorrow and lamentation. On hearing these, I again felt the energies of my soul renewed. These symbols of grief arose from the mourning of a nation ; Egypt was laid under sackcloth and ashes. For what ? Had the Nile ceased to flow ? Had the salubrious springs of nature become as the scorched desert ? Had the fruits of the earth failed ? No ; but a god has ceased to live ! A god die ! And what a god—an ox ! No ; he is not dead, a god cannot die. For what are the priests searching throughout the country ? A lost divinity ! Where do they search for him ? Not amongst the tombs of dead mortals, but amongst herds of living oxen is he found, with a black beetle upon his tongue, and a white star upon his forehead,—the infatuated multitude are mad. How they dance, sing, and play music ! The priesthood surround the new-born divinity ; he is ushered into a splendid temple, glittering with silver and gold and precious stones ; senseless grandeur, surrounding a senseless being, fit emblem of priests, people, and their divinities.

The first shade of divine darkness thus fell over the minds of the Egyptian people. To me it was victory, to them it was death ; death socially, politi-

cally, and mentally. The descent into this valley of death, is like the descent of a ponderous body of the earth; the nearer it approximates, the more rapidly its fall is accelerated. When once men worship an ox, the sooner they will worship an ass, an ape, a cat, or a crocodile, or even a man. Yes; man, with all his vices and follies, exalted into a divinity. The principle of life is believed to be a spark of the divinity, in whatever it is manifested; these sons of men prostrate themselves before it. How wilily have the priests devised their scheme, unanimity and intelligence amongst the people would destroy their power. Divide and govern, or enslave, is their maxim. As the Demon of Despotism I glory in the priesthood in every nation, and in all time. What pleasurable thoughts fill my soul, whilst I behold this; people, great in policy, eminent in science, and distinguished for industrial skill, quarreling and hating each other; one because he has an onion or a cat divinity; another because he has a divine love for a crocodile, or holds a hog in divine reverence; and another hates all the others because he adores a man god.—Generation after generation, this people will decline, until they become more bestial than the brutes they worship, or more feeble or imbecile than their gods.

From Egypt I pass onwards to Greece,—to that Greece which will be immortal and from which I have much to fear. These hardy, sons of freedom will resist whilst they obey; they will pray to the divinities, whilst they will repel despotism; they will court the muses whilst they serve Zeus; desire the smiles of Aphrodite, and seek to possess the strength and courage of Hercules; pay their devotions to Minerva, and cultivate philosophy. As the Demon of Despotism, I have most to dread from liberty and philosophy. The spirit that comes over men, that animates a whole people, is that which forms and strengthens, weakens or animates, their physical or mental energies; and these Greeks are enquiring and restless. The power of kings and priests subdues the noblest passions and enervates the mind; under them there are purifying storms, but the deadly, political, and mental calm, which breeds and generates the lordly reptiles that delight in, and feed upon, putrefaction and corruption. Storms in the national mind, as in more material nature, purify and preserve by agitation. But this bold and enterprising race must fall under my power, as others have done before them, and will do after them. I must pass through nature to the grosser divinities; her powers or energies, ever active, everywhere present, must be exalted into gods for the vulgar; stones, fountains, rivers, seas, music, eloquence, and poetry, with war demons, storms and thunder, must be adored, propitiated, and worshipped. The senseless stones, wood, or gold, shall become as living divinities. These events achieved, this bold and distinguished race must follow in the beaten path of their more unfortunate and sable brethren.

On the top of mount Olympus, the imaginary temple or empyrean seat of the divinities, from which Jupiter hurls his thunder-bolts and darts his forked lightning, I seated myself in proud anticipation of poisoning the pure spring of limpid streams that flowed from its sides; so that the high-minded Greek might drink in the stupefying drug of superstition. Kingly authority will, though slowly, eventually flow from this priestly dominion, as naturally as the tide to and from the ocean, or death from the Upas tree. What is yon image I behold? It is the Palladium; a stone image, a senseless block, descended from heaven. They build a temple to the shapeless mass; and indulge in a fatal security from its fallaciously protective power. If angry with its devotees, fire flashes from

its eyes, or it attempts to leap from earth to heaven. But the light of her eyes equals not the brilliancy of that minute insect, the glow-worm; nor the attempt of the goddess to leap, the efforts of the despised reptile, the frog. Yet the people tremble or rejoice at the mandate of her priests. The shades of dark superstition are now fast falling over the minds of these immortal Greeks! Time flows on apace, and divinities spring up more plentifully than weeds in the spring season. Fire, earth, air, lakes, springs, oceans, stars, moon, and sun,—stone statues, deified men, and visionary ghosts, are exalted into gods, until there are three thousand to lay prostrate the souls of the people, and thus enable priests and kings to divide, govern, and enslave.

Thus the Demon of Despotism triumphed over the destinies of man. But Philosophy, which is the perfection of reason, in the study of nature, had her birth amongst the free sons of Greece. Erratic and feeble in her rise, she is now achieving victories as the hand-maiden of science. The heavens are opened and a new light is shining upon man. Geology is unfolding the 'leaves of the stone book,' and reading to him the history of the past, and aiding Reason to dispel the dark visions that have overclouded the past and dim the present. Chemistry is analysing, and Physiology delineating, dissecting, and tracing organic cause and effect, of human thought, motive, and action. Man reads man with stronger and more comprehensive vision. The throne of the Demon of Despotism is shaken to its foundations; and Error, with its guardian power, is falling and fading away in the present, and in the future, will be no more!

CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848—9, AND 1849—50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'

VII.—THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

It was agreed, at the conclusion of the last discourse, that the evangelical accounts of the burial of Jesus should be reserved for consideration. Let us, therefore, dismiss them before we enter on any scrutiny of the account of the Resurrection itself. According either to the Roman or the Jewish custom, Jesus would have had no honourable burial; but the Gospels inform us that a distinguished adherent of Jesus begged his body of Pilate. John adds the name of Nicodemus to that of Joseph of Arimathea, in the matter of Christ's burial; and this new individual—for he is never mentioned by Matthew, Mark, or Luke—is described as bringing 'a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight;' and then, it is said, 'they took the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury.' The surprising quantity of the spices must be passed over. The words were simply written by one who wished his readers to understand that the rich men who buried Jesus had a high veneration for him. But what credit are we to give to this relation, when we are told by Mark and Luke that the women

who beheld the place, and the manner in which Christ was interred, bought spices and ointments for the purpose of anointing his dead body? Matthew is out of the contest in this matter, for he simply relates that the body was wrapt in a clean linen cloth,—unless this be considered as a third statement. And then who shall decide which is the true and ‘inspired’ account?

The story of the Watch at the grave is related only by Matthew. It is one of the most palpable legends in the Gospels. How could the Sanhedrim obtain the information that Jesus was to rise again after three days? “We remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive,” &c. Jesus, according to the evangelical accounts, never spoke plainly of his resurrection in the presence of his enemies; and the figures in which he did speak to his disciples were unintelligible to them. How, then, could the disciples give such information to the members of the Sanhedrim? If the disciples had possessed the information, they would surely have spread it, first, among the other adherents of Christ. But the women who resort to the grave on the morning after the Sabbath, intending to embalm the body, know nothing of the Watch. For, how could they expect to perform their purpose, if they knew the Watch was there? “According to Mark,” observes Strauss, “their whole perplexity on their way to the grave turns upon the question, who will roll away the stone for them from the grave;—a clear proof that they knew nothing of the guards, since these either would not have allowed them to remove the stone, however light,—or if they would have allowed this, would also have helped them to roll away a heavier one;—so that in any case the difficulty as to the weight of the stone would have been superfluous.”

Every feature in this strange story is full of difficulties. That Pilate should have granted the request of the Jewish magistrates for a Watch, under so foolish a reason, and after his previous conduct, is incredible; that the guards should so easily have been induced to tell a falsehood, at the hazard of the severe punishment which, by the Roman law, followed sleeping on their post, is equally incredible; but the conduct of the Sanhedrim, when the guards, returning from the sepulchre, are related to have affirmed the resurrection of Jesus, is the most incredible of all.

“How,” asks Strauss, “could the council, many of whose members were Sadducees, receive this as credible? Even the Pharisees in the Sanhedrim, though they held in theory the possibility of a resurrection, would not, with the mean opinion which they entertained of Jesus, be inclined to believe in his resurrection; especially as the assertion in the mouth of the guards sounded just like a falsehood invented to screen a failure in duty. The real Sanhedrists, on hearing such an assertion from the soldiers, would have replied with exasperation: ‘You lie! you have slept and allowed him to be stolen; but you will have to pay dearly for this, when it comes to be investigated by the procurator.’ But instead of this, the Sanhedrists in our gospel bespeak them fair, and entreat them thus: ‘Tell a lie! say that you have slept and allowed him to be stolen.’ Moreover, they pay them richly for the falsehood, and promise to exculpate them to the procurator. This is evidently spoken entirely on the Christian presupposition of the reality of the resurrection of Jesus; a presupposition, however, which is quite incorrectly attributed to the members of the Sanhedrim. It is also a difficulty, acknowledged even by orthodox expositors, that the Sanhedrim, in a regular assembly, and after a formal consultation, should have resolved to corrupt the soldiers, and put a lie into their mouths. That, in this manner, a college of seventy men should have officially decided on suggesting and rewarding the utterance of a falsehood, is too widely at variance with the decorum, the sense of propriety, inseparable from such an assembly.”

Matthew’s words—“And this saying is commonly reported among the

Jews to this day"—seem to point out the cause of the formation of this legend. Some of the Jews charged Christ's disciples with stealing away his dead body, and among the early Christians this legend was formed in self-defence:—"Nay," it meant, 'how could we steal it, when you placed a watch at the grave, and sealed the stone?' But the legend cannot have had a wide circulation among the early Christians. It is to be found solely in Matthew: there is no other trace of it to be found, either in the Gospels, the Acts, or any of the Epistles.—Let us now proceed to the account of the Resurrection itself.

Resurrection itself! I beg pardon. There is *no account of the Resurrection itself*. No one is stated to have seen Christ rise from the dead. Even in that wondrous account of Matthew's, which we have just been considering,—although the 'great earthquake' is mentioned; and the descent of the 'angel of the Lord' from heaven, and his rolling back the stone from the door and sitting upon it, is described; and the semblance of his countenance to lightning, and his raiment to the whiteness of snow, is rehearsed; and also the fear and quaking of the keepers, and their becoming as dead men;—no Jesus is described as coming to life, and coming out of the sepulchre! The 'angel'—*tells* the women that Jesus is risen. But [neither in Matthew, nor anywhere else, is any one stated to have witnessed the Resurrection itself—the *actual rising from the dead*—of Jesus of Nazareth. I feel compelled to state that I hold this to be a point of great importance, though Strauss—the great analyst I have chiefly followed—does not seize it boldly; nor do some other critics appear to regard it as of much moment. I know not whether this makes the same impression on your minds as on mine; but, to me, the omission of the actual rising of Christ—its being entirely *unwitnessed*—makes me stagger at the beginning of the examination. So long as I received the orthodox doctrines passively, this was not the case. But now I determine to judge for myself respecting the evidence for this *most important of all facts*, if it be a fact,—and I find that the actual rising was *not* witnessed,—it looks like a chain without the commencing link, that I am asked to take hold of. I long to live hereafter: I cannot conceal the fervid wish if I desired to conceal it. But, amidst the want of all other positive evidence for a future life, when I am pointed to the Resurrection of Jesus, and find that none was present looking upon that frame which they knew to be his, and beholding it begin to heave with the renewed circulation of the blood and action of the lungs—that none saw him arise—I am thrown back with the question, *How*, then, could they be sure that they afterwards saw the *real* Jesus of Nazareth?—~~But to~~ **proceed:**

(To be continued in next number.)

SELF KNOWLEDGE.—In searching for the mote that is in thy brother's eye, art thou quite sure that the beam is cast out from thine own? Art thou superior to the wayward prejudices of education—to the mechanical force of custom—to the blind impetuosity of appetite—to the sudden and irregular sallies of imagination—to the false colourings in which passion is wont to decorate or to blacken the objects of desire or of aversion?—*Parr's Spital Sermon.*

GROUND FOR TOLERANCE.—Whenever we cease to hate, to despise, and to persecute those who think differently from ourselves, whenever we look on them calmly, we find among them men of *pure hearts*, and unbiassed judgments, who, reasoning on the same data with ourselves, have arrived at different conclusions on the subject of the spiritual world.—*Sismondi.*

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do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falschood grapple! Who ever knew Truth put
the worse, in a free and open encounter?"—*Milton's Areopagitica.*

No. 27.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1850. [Price One Penny.

THE WORKING-MAN'S QUESTION.

"Man seeks for gold in mines, that he may weave
A lasting chain for his own slavery :—
In fear and restless care that he may live,
He toils for others, who must ever be
The joyless thralls of like captivity.

* * * * *

This need not be : ye might arise, and will
That gold should lose its power."

Shelley's Revolt of Islam.

WITH some observations on what I saw during the remainder of my late journey—or, a continuation of the "Notes of Travel and Talk,"—I had intended to open this number; but I choose to defer my own remarks, in order that room may be found for two communications of some importance. The first is from my excellent friend Shorter, who is now Secretary to the Board of Associated Trades, in London. It will shew that he is full of hope and faith in the success of the Associate principle; and throws all his hearty enthusiasm into the effort to rouse working-men to unite for their own regeneration.

The second letter touches the Working-man's question on another side. It is necessary for me to say, that this letter of my valued and intelligent friend Kydd, arose out of my handing to him the *Leader* of September 7th, and discovering to him my discontent with a letter therein of Dr. Smiles. I had learned from several Yorkshire friends to form a high estimate of Dr. S.; but, I must confess, I read his letter in the *Leader* with sorrow. Dr. S. will do himself no honour by joining those who talk harshly and revilingly of working-men, and mis-state their condition. Working-men themselves are not to be blinded respecting the causes, or the *reality*, of their own grievances; and what good can be done by attempting to deceive others on a question so momentous?

Neither, if all that Dr. S. alleges were true, would *he* be likely to produce any good impression on working men by scolding them. They will bear broad truths from one of their own order: but they remember that Dr. S., like all merely professional men, is indebted to the brawny arm, and the toiling hand for the bread he eats and the coat he wears,—and that *he* can have frequent ease and some degree of luxury; while they must toil early and late, and daily renew their toil with wearied frames. The poor have these thoughts ever present in their minds, when a man who is better-off in the world than themselves takes it upon him to lecture them. Dr. S. had better be advised, and not repeat *his* lecture: working men will bear a repetition of strong truth from Mr. Shorter: he is one of themselves, and his practice agrees with his precepts.

THOMAS COOPER.

Correspondence.

THE POWER OF THE WORKING CLASSES, AND THEIR DUTY IN REFERENCE TO ASSOCIATION.

Sir,—In the excellent article upon Association entitled, “The only Help for Working Men,” which appeared in No. 20 of your Journal, you conclude by advising them to “cast about and try to find the means;” and assert your conviction that when they begin earnestly to “hold their committees of ways and means” some mode of starting can be devised.

I believe you are quite right; I am fully convinced that the Working Classes possess the means; that they only require sufficient intelligence and determination to achieve that industrial revolution which their condition so imperatively requires.

I know that Working Men are poor, but I also know what may be effected by combination, and that wealth as well as power may be acquired by Union. I know what may be achieved by what has been accomplished. There is abundance of facts to prove that a large amount of funds may be accumulated by Working Men whenever any considerable number of them are associated for the attainment of a common object. Much may be done by a comparatively small body of Working Men, by means of continuous effort. It only requires that they set earnestly to work about it. I have now before me the “Fifth Annual Report of the United Finsbury Provident Benefit Building Society,” a society established in my own immediate neighbourhood, by a few Working Men, to enable each other, by mutual loan, to purchase small Freehold or Leasehold properties, on the excellent plan propounded by Dr. Bowkett. The subscriptions have been only one shilling per week: the number of paying members has never exceeded one hundred and twenty: and yet it appears from the Report to which I have adverted, that, after deducting £648 for withdrawals, beside the payment of expenses, they have realised property to the extent of £2,430, without borrowing sixpence, or being indebted pecuniarily to any one! I simply refer to this case, with which I am personally conversant, as an illustration of what I have just advanced. And I would simply ask if Working Men could only be enlightened and made to feel sufficiently interested in their own affairs, in that which most deeply affects their own and their children's welfare, why might not similar machinery be employed to obtain funds for the formation of Working Trades' Associations? Surely there are hundreds, nay, thousands, of the better paid mechanics of London and other large towns, who could well afford to subscribe so small a sum for so noble an enterprise. How many are there who squander more than a shilling every week in low singing-rooms, skittle-grounds, and filthy beer-shops? Let me conjure these men, by all the better feelings of their nature, by all that they hold dear and sacred, to abandon, at once and for ever, practices so degrading and disgraceful to themselves, and injurious to others. Let them be determined to play a better and a nobler part; let them exercise their reason, instead of taking so much pains and being at such expense to destroy it, as though it were an evil thing to be got rid of as soon as possible. Let them think of their less fortunate, ill-paid brethren; of the evils inflicted and the wrongs endured by the poor journeymen tailors, whose miserable condition has been dragged to light, and published to the world by the Commissioner of the *Morning Chronicle*: toiling on in their cheerless and almost foodless cellars, expending health, strength and eyesight, for what? To enable the men who buy their labour to carry on their trade in splendid palaces, with plate-glass fronts, and otherwise superbly furnished—to amass wealth for Jews, speculators, nigger-driving profit-mongers, traders in flesh and blood, worshippers of God-Mammon, whose souls (if they have any) are bound up with their ledgers; who regard the men and women who labour for them only as so many “hands:” that is, so much machinery employed to work out the profit side of the account! Poor victims of the sweater and the slopseller! is there no help for them? And those, too, the slaves of the oven! working almost without intermission, day and night, week day and Sunday; and who, when their wrongs are brought before the attention of the legislature, meet only with insult and indignity! who are told, in horrible mockery, by pious, free trading, political reformers, “that they are stalwart men, who are well able to protect themselves.” Nor is this the condition of men only: witness the poor needle-

“Mid poverty, rags, and dirt,
Stitching, at once, with double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.”

And not only of the poor shirtmaker, working her “weary and worn finger” from cock-crow till starlight, for a pittance of fourpence halfpenny a day, out of which she has to pay for candles, thread, firing and rent; (food and clothing must surely be too expen-

sive luxuries for her to enjoy in this land of political economy and Christian civilisation); but even of the better paid class of milliners, dressmakers, &c., twenty thousand of whom we are told, die annually of consumption, and other pulmonary complaints, engendered by insufficient nourishment and protracted labour, carried on in crowded, ill-ventilated work-rooms; besides the thousands more who are driven to a living death of infamy and shame: will they not stretch forth a hand to snatch them from this fearful pit of perdition? can they remain indifferent? have they no feeling of sympathy for their oppressed brethren? no drop of pity for their suffering sisters? can all manliness have thus died out of them? have they become so dehumanised by sensual indulgence, or worse than brutish apathy, retaining only the outward appearance of humanity?

I am aware this may to some appear harsh language to address to Working Men. Would that there were no occasion to employ it. I speak strongly, because I feel earnestly. The time has come when we must learn to speak harsh truths, ay, and bear them too: "rose water" language would be fearfully out of place upon such a subject. Is it well, loud-mouthed brawler, to denounce the selfishness of the rich and the oppression of the powerful, while you, within your own sphere, commit the evils of which you complain, and are guilty of the sins you thus denounce? We must smite our own follies, our own vices, ere we can consistently condemn those of others. Competition, with its merciless heart and strong hand, is smiting down its thousands and its tens of thousands; and we look on with folded arms, and go about our daily business or pleasures as though we had nothing to do with it, as if it were no concern of ours. Brothers, it does concern us: we *have* something, everything, to do with it. To whom should they appeal for encouragement and assistance, if not to those among their own class who are capable of affording it? Independently of that stronger claim which they have upon us, as upon all men by virtue of our common humanity.

Those who still remain unaffected by every appeal addressed to their feelings of humanity, will at least do well to be mindful of the pleadings of self-interest. If they fancy themselves secure in their more favourable position, they may discover their error too late to rectify the fatal consequences of their mistake. All who live by the exercise of their industry have a common cause. The interests of labour are indissolubly bound together. If they will not recognise this truth, if they will stand aloof in selfish isolation while their brother-workers are struggling and perishing around them, they will do so at their own peril: they are but accelerating their own ruin: their time of adversity and suffering will most assuredly come: perhaps 'tis already near at hand. Competition is a very fearfully levelling principle, as they may one day find to their cost, by bitter experience. Association is now their only security: let them look to it in time! The ranks of labour, well organised and disciplined, constitute a powerful and effective Army; but they may be easily beaten in detail, if unorganised, undisciplined, with no unity of purpose, or collective action.

I shall resume the subject in a future communication.

THOMAS SHORTER.

STATE OF THE NATION.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you for calling my attention to the letter of Doctor Smiles in the *Leader* of September 7, and also to the remarks of the Editor thereon. Nothing is more common than to cite comparisons between the past and present condition of the Working Classes. Such discussions are of value no doubt; but they not unfrequently lead to serious mistakes, and sometimes to a complete oversight of the main question. Any one acquainted with the history and progress of civilisation knows that the labourers have been serfs, and as such have received good or ill treatment, depending upon the usages of the time and the instincts of their masters; that mail-coaches have been robbed by highwaymen; that corn riots and meal mobs have been of frequent occurrence; that toll-bar riots, and machinery riots and motions in parliament "to enquire into the causes of the present discontent," are no novelties in the history of this country. Improvements in railway travelling, printing, and lighting, and paving, &c., are facts patent to the understanding of every reflecting man. But the real question to be discussed is not a comparison between the barbarities and ignorance of the past and the knowledge and improvements of the present, as opposed to each other. The vital question is one of broader import than even that. It is neither more nor less than the whole question of human civilisation. Must man for ever be the slave of his fellow-man? Is it an inevitable law in the organisation of society, that one class must be the slave of another? I suppose the Editor of the *Leader* and his correspondent would agree in answering those questions in the negative. The question between Doctor Smiles and the Editor of the *Leader* ought then to be stated thus:—"Has the physical, mental, and moral condition of the people improved, proportionately to the increase of the material wealth of the nation?"

I know not what would be the reply of Dr. Smiles to the question so stated; but I assure you that I could with no difficulty prove to Dr. Smiles, or even Mr. Macaulay—that the physical comforts of the labourers have not kept pace with the national increase of property. Sir Charles Wood, in his speech on introducing the Budget made special reference to a speech addressed to Parliament in 1830 by the late Mr. Huskisson; in which speech, Mr. Huskisson admitted that within these past twenty years the increase of the wealth of the country had been great; but regretted to be compelled to say that the comforts of the labouring population had not increased in a similar ratio. Sir Charles Wood, after referring to the unprecedented development of material wealth, between 1830 and 1850, and pointing to a long array of figures in proof of his assertion, regretted to be forced to use the words of Mr. Huskisson, and to say that the comforts of the labourers had not increased proportionately to the increase of the wealth of the nation, and the comforts of the rich consumers. I have not a copy of Sir Charles Wood's speech at hand, but I know that I have stated its meaning correctly.

I observe that you have marked Dr. Smiles' statement about the earnings of the Working Classes in Bradford, Leeds and Manchester.—“At Bradford, a family, consisting of a workman with a grown-up daughter, and boy and girl, can make from 32s. to 36s. a week. About the same amount can be made by an operative family at Manchester. In the flax and cotton trades, men make from 15s. to 20s. and young women from 8s. to 10s. When there is a large family, their united gains will sometimes amount to as much as £130 to £150, per annum, an income considerably higher than the average salaries of our working clergy, the curate and dissenting ministers.” Such is the condition of the manufacturing districts in 1850. Two years ago I visited all the towns referred to. The Working Classes were chiefly idle; the factories closed; the people clamouring for bread; the warehouses filled; and Bradford and Manchester under military surveillance. No just idea of the general condition of the factory population can be formed by a reference to wages in a time of high prosperity. The times of good and bad trade must be taken together, or the inference drawn must be partial and unsatisfactory.

Let us, however, profit by the figures of the Doctor so far as they go. At Bradford, four persons can earn from 32s. to 36s. per week; or, an average of 9s. each. Two of the said persons are adults, two youths, probably from thirteen to sixteen years of age. What, I ask, will remain for their sustenance throughout a protracted period of bad trade, after satisfying their immediate wants, supposing they live on plain wholesome food and be decently lodged? The curate in all probability, can count on his income for a permanence. The case is just the reverse with the Bradford wool-comber. He is overworked at one period, idle and starved at another. This very alternation between excessive work and extreme idleness, is one of the contributing causes of the moral evils which the good doctor so sincerely deplors in a subsequent paragraph. The Doctor's figures refer to the condition of the wool-comber in a time of prosperity. In a time of adversity he can choose between the grave, the workhouse, and the gaol.

The following table of mortality for the different classes of Bradford, will better illustrate the condition of the Working Classes than anything to be found in the letter of Doctor Smiles:—

	Average age at Death.
Gentry and their Families	39
Agricultural labourers and their Families	32
Tradesmen and their Families	23
Wool-combers and their Families.....	16

Bradford, be it remembered, is a town of rapid and modern growth. Have the comforts of the labouring population increased proportionately to the opulence of the merchants and manufacturers, and the growth of the material wealth and prosperity of the borough? That must be a very partial kind of “progress” which gives to the rich on an average twenty-three years' longer lease of life than it yields to their poorer brethren. It may not be what the *Leader* calls “progress backwards.” It is certainly not a straightforward progress, and is more crab-like than godlike. What I have here said of Bradford will refer, with but a trifling variation, to all the manufacturing districts of the Empire.

You may well express surprise that Dr. Smiles or any other person acquainted with the condition of the people should quote as a proof of prosperity, the drinking customs of our country. The doctor avers that the Working Classes spend about fifty millions a year on tobacco and intoxicating drinks; and that the average amount expended on drink alone by the family of each Working Man in England, is not less than £15. I know not on whose authority this estimate is made; but I think it exaggerated. On the usual calculation of five persons to a family, this would give £3 per head to each person,—man, woman, and child indiscriminately. In ignorance of the data on which the estimate is made, I may say

I think it extravagant. For the sake of the argument, grant for the moment its correctness. That a man spends money on drink is no proof that he is prosperous, or has a surplus. How often do the very poorest of the poor waste their means? Miserable wretches with scarcely a rag on their backs will often pass the door of the baker, and enter the gin-shop to spend the last penny. Such an act does not prove their prosperity: on the contrary it proves their adversity. Excessive and irregular toil, badly ventilated workshops, and low wages, are predisposing causes to intemperance. I have studied the life of the Working Classes closely, and say it truthfully, but with regret, that the hardest worked, and worst paid operatives are generally the most intemperate. If I were asked what was the great antidote for low habits and drunkenness; I should answer—ordinary and regular labour and high wages. It may be said, that more money is expended in drink in times of good trade than is so expended in times of bad trade. This does not injure my position in the least. I contend that what is called good trade is only an unnatural and unregulated activity: what is called bad trade is an exhausted prostration of energy. Both states are intemperate and unnatural and lead to intemperate and unnatural results. You will not, I am sure, understand me to mean that low wages, badly ventilated workshops, and irregular employment, are the sole causes of drunkenness. Ignorance is a leading cause; and I think with Dr. Smiles, that as education spreads, we may expect to overcome the evil. Such an education, however, will not be a mere inculcation of negative doctrines, fitted to the existence of a *laissez faire* and breeches-pocket philosophy. The schoolmaster who hopes to eradicate moral evils, must also teach how social evils shall be overcome: he must show us the way out of those depths of wretchedness and woe, that make timid men tremble and cause even philosophers to stand aghast. And to such an education both the Editor of the *Leader* and Dr. Smiles may contribute in no small degree.

In direct corroboration of my views on the connection between steady and remunerative employment and the moral condition of the labourers, I call your attention to the following extract from the second volume of Porter's "Progress of the Nation."—"This work, under the name of the Ulster canal, is in progress of execution, according to the plan of the late Mr. Telford * * * * * During its progress, this work has proved a great blessing to the district through which it passes; it has given constant employment, at fair wages, to a great number of labourers; and has been the means of reclaiming many amongst them from those habits of reckless indifference, and that passion for ardent spirits, which are so fatal to the happiness of the Working Classes in Ireland. With the *power* of saving out of their wages, the *habit* has arisen. The whiskey-shop has been abandoned, and several of those who were first employed have laid by sufficient money to enable them to emigrate to the United States and to Canada, where they have constituted themselves proprietors, and have before them the certainty of future comfort and independence."

The figures you quote from the article in the *Leader* on the cost of pauperism are correct. I examined the Poor Law returns some weeks since, and used the same figures for a similar purpose, in *Reynolds' Newspaper*. The cost of pauperism in 1839, was £4,406,907, in 1849, £5,792,963; being an increase in the cost of pauperism of £1,386,056; though the increase of the national wealth, in the ten years elapsing between 1839 and 1849, must have been very great. These figures, however, very inadequately represent the real condition of the nation. They are only corner marks in the great outline: the picture must be filled up by your own acquaintance with society as a whole: and your ability to appreciate the feelings and wants of your fellow beings. The condition of the dumb toiling millions is not a question which can be settled by a few smart sentences written with a view to cleverness and effect. And I heartily agree with you in thinking that "earnestness and wisdom are indispensable in any discussion likely to prove of value." I will answer your other enquiries on another day. Meantime, accept of this long epistle as a very tolerable instalment.

I am, as ever,

Yours faithfully,

SAMUEL M. KYDD.

September 20th 1850.

A PRINCE'S BEST GUARDS.—Princes by hearkening to cruel counsels, become in time obnoxious to the authors, their flatterers, and ministers; and are brought to that, that when they would, they dare not change; they must go on and defend cruelty, with cruelty: they cannot alter the habit. It is then grown necessary, they must be as ill as those who have made them: and in the end, they will grow more hateful to themselves, than to their subjects. Whereas, on the contrary, the merciful Prince is safe in love, not fear. He needs no emissaries, spies, intelligencers, to intrap true subjects. He fears no libels, no treasons. His people speak what they think; and talk openly what they do in secret. They have nothing in their breasts, that they need a cypher for. He is guarded with his own benefits.—*Ben Jonson*.

THE WORKER'S VISION.

I lay me down in mournful mood,
For mankind in despair ;
When, by my side, a spirit stood,
A spirit bright and fair,

And said, " Arise ! the Future see—
" I thee with power endow—
" Learn what the world one day will be!
" Thou knowest what 'tis now."

He paused a moment—waved his hand,
And lo ! on every side,
I saw a bright and smiling land,
With corn-fields waving wide.

Here peace and joy for ever reigned,
Without a shade of woe ;
Nor competition fell, remained
To make each man a foe.

Here man still toiled, but not for gain ;
Here noble minds were cast ;
Here kings, with all their fickle train,
Were shadows of the past.

Here, in truth, each man is brother,
No one slave to self ;

Here, in working for each other,
Each worketh for himself.

And here the fabled golden age,
Is realised at last ;
And men turn wondering from the page
Of war and horrors past.

To see such wonders round me spread,
Great my amazement grew :
I, turning to the spirit said,
" Is this the world I knew ?"

The spirit said, " In isolation
" Man is a feeble thing,
" But, behold ! from combination,
" Wondrous good will spring !

" Trust the Future ! men are growing
" Wiser with each circling sun ;
" Seeds of love and truth are sowing.
" Germinating one by one."

He fled, and left me in amaze,
But, with an altered mind ;—
For now I've hope in future days,
And faith in human kind.

H. R. NICHOLLS.

Notices to Correspondents,

* * * Correspondents will please address " Thomas Cooper, 5, Park-row, Knightsbridge, London."

H. R., Northampton.—I am *not* the author of " The Infidel's Text Book ;" nor have I ever seen such a book. This is the third letter I have received, making this inquiry.

R. F., Pontypool ; ' Pelopidas ;' and J. White.—Their poetry is most respectfully declined.

' Worker's Vision' and several other pieces.—Unavoidably delayed till next number.

Lectures in London, during the Month of October, 1850.

	HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD.	LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET.
Sunday, 6th, at 7	' Washington and the Independence of America,'—Thomas Cooper.	' Present State of the Free-Knowledge Question,'—J. D. Collett.
Sunday, 13th, at 7	Francis W. Newman on the Soul, —Geo. J. Holyoake.	' Life and Genius of Sir William Jones,'—Thomas Cooper.
Sunday, 20th, at 7	' Life and Character of Sir Robert Peel,'—Thomas Cooper.	' Shelley's Queen Mab,'—Richard Hart.
Sunday, 27th, at 7	' The Socialism of Literature,'—Walter Cooper.	' Life and Character of Sir Robert Peel,'—Thomas Cooper.

Temperance Hall, Broadway, Westminster.

(On Monday nights, at 8—By Thomas Cooper.)

7th. ' Life and Genius of Lord Byron.

14th. ' Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson.

21st. ' Life and Genius of Shelley.'

28th. ' The Poetry of Dr. Walcott, *alias* Peter Pindar.'

THINKINGS FROM ZIMMERMAN.

PRIDE AND VANITY.—No two qualities in the human mind are more essentially different, though often confounded, than pride and vanity: the proud man entertains the highest opinion of himself; the vain man only strives to infuse such an opinion into the minds of others; the proud man thinks admiration his due; the vain man is satisfied if he can but obtain it: pride, by stateliness, demands respect; vanity, by little artifices, solicits applause: pride, therefore, makes men disagreeable, and vanity ridiculous.

THE PASSIONS.—To subdue the passions of creatures who are all passion, is absurd, impossible; to regulate them appears to be absolutely necessary; and what are those passions that make such havoc, causing striking differences, exalting and depressing spirits, leading to ecstatic enjoyment, or plunging us in the severest afflictions; what are they more than the development of our sensibility?

MENDICANTS.—Mendicants have great comforts; they require a good address, though they can dispense with a good dress; this dispensation is exclusively theirs: they have little to care for, and their expectations are great: of them nothing is required; and what forms their calamity, forms likewise a fund for its own emergencies.

GOOD QUALITIES.—Many good qualities are not sufficient to balance a single want—the want of money.

FRIENDS.—There are a sort of friends, who in your poverty do nothing but torment and taunt you with accounts of what you *might* have been, had you followed their advice: and this privilege comes from the comparative state of their finances and yours.

INDUSTRY.—If industry is no more than habit, 'tis at least an excellent one. "If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism?—No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest." Indeed all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.

UNDERTAKINGS.—'Tis easier to undertake than to retract, especially in momentous affairs. Good, excellent, is the advice, of the poet Shenstone: "Whatever situation in life you ever wish or propose for yourself, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniences attending it."

OPINION.—*Opinion* is when the assent of the understanding is so far gained by evidence of probability, that it rather inclines to one persuasion than to another, yet not altogether without a mixture of uncertainty and doubting.

THINKING.—To little minds those productions are highly agreeable, that entertain without reducing them to the necessity of thinking.

TRUTH—lies in a small compass! *The Aristotelians say, all truth is contained in Aristotle in one place or another; Galileo makes Simplicius say so, but shows the absurdity of that speech by answering, all truth is contained in a lesser compass: viz. in the Alphabet!*

SCHOLARS.—Scholars are frequently to be met with, who are ignorant of nothing—saving their own ignorance.

GAUDY ATTIRE.—Beauty gains little, and homeliness and deformity lose much, by gaudy attire. Lysander knew this was in part true, and refused the rich garments that the tyrant Dionysius proffered to his daughters, saying,—they were only fit to make unhappy faces more remarkable.

YOUTH.—A *Youth* introduced suddenly into life, feels as awkwardly as one immersed for the first time in water; and the chances are that he sinks as soon.

TOPICS OF DISCOURSE.—The weather is not a safe topic of discourse; your company may be hippish: nor is health; your associate may be a *malade imaginaire*: nor is money; you may be suspected as a borrower.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

AMONG the golden corn I lay,
A bright and sunny Autumn day,
And gentle breezes o'er me stole,
Earth's fragrance wafting to my soul,
And music caught my raptured ears,
Sweet as the singing of the spheres,
Which poets heard in ancient time,
Ring out their symphonies sublime!

And from afar the village bells,
Came pealing o'er the upland swells,
By distance softened and subdued,
To suit my still and pensive mood;
And pleasant dreams then came to me,
Of what this glorious world might be,
If man to man were just and true,
Resolved and brave the just to do.

Then ceased the awful daily strife,
The poor must wage for bread of life;
And honest toil won honest bread,
And life in hope and joy was led;
For sunny children laughed with glee,
Round-faced, and ruddy, blythe and free;
No longer hunger tamed them down,
To ragged starvelings of the Town.

Birmingham.

The fetid dens had passed away,
Where breathes and rots the human clay
Of him whose strength has ceased to be
Of use to Mammon's devotee;
And in their stead before me rose
Fair dwelling-places, goodly rows;
Each house a neat and cleanly home,
That would not force its lord to roam.

And knowledge now was free to all;
The parting slave, and peasant thrall
Had learned the cause of all their woes,
And in their native manhood rose,
Demanding simply leave to be
What God had made them,—men and free.
Victorious they; and all the earth
Was gladden'd with a second birth.

Then far and wide the welkin rung,
With joyous shout, and heart-felt song;
And stalwart men and women fair,
In laughing troops assembled there.
I saw the wild and merry dance,
The happy face, and sparkling glance.—
Then rose from this my reverie,
To work for what this world shall be!

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

A SUMMER INVITATION.

Sons of the living Babylon,
Who work for scanty bread,
'Midst grandeur, misery, wealth, and want,
The dying and the dead;—
Nature, with all her sylvan throng,
Now bids you come away
To meadows, groves, and shady lanes,
Blooming in bright array.

Ye daughters wan and woe-begone,
With toiling and un-rest;
Who have nor hearth-born hopes, nor joys
To soothe the sorrowing breast;
Come, lay the constant needle by,—
Plied with embittered tears,
Drink new life from the perfumed breeze,
Ere summer disappears.

Though labour-doomed for others' gain,
A prey to haggard care;
Though poverty and ceaseless toil
Have blighted hopes once fair;—
Forget those miseries awhile,
Lift up your drooping heads,
Come to the banquet meet for all,
Which bounteous Nature spreads.

Sheffield.

No scourging pestilence is here,
No fetid, gloomy cells;
No tempting palaces of vice,
No peace-destroying hells;
But leafy coverts, gushing rills,
Mountains of azure hue;
Uplands of odour-breathing flowers,
And vallies bathed in dew.

The blackbird and the speckled thrush,
In concert wild and sweet,
Pour forth their heaven-taught melodies
From many a loved retreat:
And not a simple flower that blooms,
A merry bird that sings,
But bids you welcome to the haunts
Whence rapturous pleasure springs!

The mighty courser, winged with fire,
Which, belching, sweeps the air,
Shall wait you rapidly as thought
To prospects bright and fair.
Then come each struggling toiler, come,
Whose bosom hope still warms,
Health waits to greet you with her smiles,
And Nature with her charms.

J. W. KING.

GENIUS.—They say of poets, that they must be born such; so must mathematicians, so must great generals, and so must lawyers. and so indeed, must great men of all denominations, or it is not possible that they should excel; but with whatever faculties we are born, and to whatever studies our genius may direct us, studies they still must be. Nature gives a bias to respective pursuits; and this strong propensity is what we mean by genius. Milton did not write his *Paradise Lost*; nor Homer his *Iliad*; nor Newton his *Principia*, without immense labour.—
Cowper.

CRITICALEXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848-9, AND 1849-50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of "*The Purgatory of Suicides.*"

VII.—THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

(Continued from last number.)

THE Four Evangelists unanimously state that the first news of the grave of Jesus being *opened* and *empty* on the second morning after his burial, came to the disciples by the mouth of women; but in all the more particular circumstances they diverge from each other; and notwithstanding the volumes—one might almost say, libraries—which have been written to 'harmonise' their accounts, they are *unharmonised* still. Strauss presents so compact a statement of these divergencies, that I cannot do better than quote him:—

"Leaving behind the difference which is connected with the divergencies in the history of the burial, as to the objects of the women in resorting to the grave,—namely, that according to the two intermediate evangelists they intended to embalm the body of Jesus, according to the two others merely to pay a visit to the grave,—we find, first, a very complicated divergency relative to the number of the women who made the visit. Luke merely speaks indefinitely of many women; not alone whom he describes (ch. xxiii. v. 25) as having come with Jesus from Galilee, and of whom he mentions by name Mary Magdalene, Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, but also *certain others with them* (ch. xxiv. v. 1). Mark names merely three women; two of those whom Luke also names, but as the third, Salome instead of Joanna (ch. xvi. v. 1). Matthew does not name this third woman, respecting whom the two intermediate evangelists differ, but merely the two Marys, concerning whom they agree (ch. xxviii. v. 1). Lastly, John has only one of these—Mary Magdalene (ch. xx. v. 1.)

"The time at which the women go to the grave is likewise not named with uniformity; for even if the words of Matthew, *In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week*, make no difference—still the addition of Mark *at the rising of the sun*, are in contradiction with the expressions, *when it was yet dark*, in John, and *very early in the morning*, in Luke.—In relation to the circumstances in which the women first saw the grave there may appear to be a difference, at least between Matthew and the three other evangelists. According to the latter, as they approach and look towards the grave, they see that the stone has already been rolled away by an unknown hand: whereas the narrative of the first evangelist has appeared to many to imply that the women themselves beheld the stone rolled away by an angel. Manifest are the divergencies as to what the women further saw and learned at the grave. According to Luke they enter into the grave, find that the body of Jesus is not there, and are hence in perplexity, until they see standing by them *two men in shining garments*, who announce to them his resurrection. In Mark, who also makes them enter into the grave, they see only *one young man* in a long white garment, not standing, but sitting on the right side, who gives them the same intelligence. In Matthew they receive this information before they enter into the grave, from the angel, who after rolling away the stone had sat upon it. Lastly, according to John, Mary Magdalene, as soon as she sees the stone taken away, and without witnessing any angelic appearance, runs back into the city.

"Moreover, the relation in which the disciples of Jesus are placed with respect to the first news of the resurrection is a different one in the different gospels. According to Mark, the women, out of fear, tell no one of the angelic appearance which they have beheld; according to John, Mary Magdalene has nothing more to say to John and Peter, to whom she hastes from the grave, than that Jesus is taken away; according to Luke, the women report the appearance to the disciples in general, and not merely to two of them; while, according to Matthew, as they were in the act of hastening to the disciples, Jesus himself met them, and they were able to communicate this also to the disciples. In the two first

gospels nothing is said of one of the disciples himself going to the grave on hearing the report of the women; according to Luke, Peter went thither, found it empty and returned wondering; and, from Luke (24 chap. 24 v.) it appears that other disciples besides him went thither in a similar manner: according to the fourth gospel Peter was accompanied by John, who on this occasion was convinced of the resurrection of Jesus. Luke says that Peter made his visit to the sepulchre after he had already been informed by the women of the angelic appearance; but in the fourth gospel the two disciples go to the grave before Mary Magdalene can have told them of such an appearance; it was only when she had proceeded a second time to the grave with the two disciples, and when they had returned home again, that stooping into the sepulchre she saw, according to this gospel, *two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain*, by whom she was asked, why she wept? and on turning round she beheld Jesus himself; a particular of which there is a fragmentary notice in Mark (16 chap. 9 v.) with the additional remark, that she communicated this news to his former companions."

Having viewed the divergencies in the narratives collectively, as thus presented by Strauss, let us ponder awhile on the consistency of each narrative separately.

Matthew is so indistinct as to leave us in doubt whether he means that, 'Mary Magdalene and the other Mary,' *beheld* the earthquake, the angel descend from heaven, roll back the stone and sit upon it; and the keepers, for fear of the angel, shake, and become as dead men. If he means that they *did* behold these circumstances, our wonder arises at the thought that the women did not become 'as dead' as well as the keepers; but our surprise is still greater that so striking a series of circumstances is unknown to the other Evangelists. Could they have failed to narrate it, if it were known to them? If Matthew does not mean so much,—but merely intends to convey that the women found the angel sitting on the stone, and that the more striking circumstances took place before their arrival at the sepulchre,—then, where is the witness for the earthquake, &c.?—for we have already seen that Matthew's peculiar story about the watch and their report to the Sanhedrim is incredible. Lastly, after the angel has announced the resurrection of Jesus to the women, he charges them to go quickly and tell it to the disciples, with the direction that they shall see Jesus in Galilee; but before they can reach the disciples, Jesus appears to them himself, and repeats the direction! Yet there was no need of this repetition, no need of the instant appearance of the risen Christ to confirm their faith, for they were departing 'quickly' from the tomb, with 'fear and *great joy*.' Who does not perceive that the legend has grown in wonder, here? First, the angel has been seen, and said so and so; but afterwards, as credence in the marvellous grows, it is set down that Jesus himself appeared.

Mark, when examined by himself, has also his inconsistencies. His *three* women, ('Salome' being added to the *two* mentioned by Matthew) come wondering 'who shall roll them away the stone,' but find it already rolled away. They see no one sitting upon it, but on entering into the sepulchre they see 'a *young man* sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment.' This *young man*, although Mark never calls him 'an angel' is evidently the same traditional being described with more of the marvellous by Matthew, for he addresses the women almost in the exact words of that supernatural personage. The women go out quickly, and flee—but there is no relation of Jesus meeting them, as in Matthew. Mark's inconsistency is afterwards strikingly displayed. As if smitten with an after-thought, or feeling it necessary to make his narrative square with some other report which he had heard or read, he adds, 'Now when Jesus was

sen early the first day of the week, he appeared *first* to Mary Magdalene, &c.' Yet he had already said of the *three* women, of whom Mary Magdalene was one, 'Very early in the morning the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun!'

Luke gives proof of the easy growth of the marvellous: the *young man* is grown into *two men* in 'shining garments,' with him. He adds to his relation of what was seen by the women, that 'Then Peter arose, and ran unto the sepulchre, &c.,' a point of his narrative we must especially compare with that of his successor.

John opens with the statement which had evidently reached the ears or eyes of Mark, when he corrected himself, or attempted to do so—namely, that Mary Magdalene came early the first day of the week, 'when it was yet dark,' unto the sepulchre. But if Mark had willed to correct himself entirely by John, he ought to have crossed out the relation about the *three women*—for John knows nothing about it. Some critics, indeed, seize Mary Magdalene's words (John, 20 ch. 2v.) "*we* know not where they have laid him," as proof that she had been accompanied by other women; but if it be so, why does not John say so?—and again how comes Mark to *correct himself into a mistake*? Whether alone or accompanied, Mary Magdalene runs from the sepulchre, according to John, without seeing anything more than that the stone was taken away. Yet she tells Peter and 'the other disciple whom Jesus loved,' that Jesus was taken away out of the sepulchre. The difference between the Third and Fourth gospels becomes now remarkable. Luke introduces Peter alone, who, he says, (24 ch. 12, v.) 'ran unto the sepulchre; and stooping down he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves, and departed, wondering in himself at that which was to come to pass.' Not so John: according to him, (20 ap. vv. 3 to 8.)

'Peter therefore went forth, and *that other disciple*, and came to the sepulchre. So they ran both together; and *the other disciple did outrun Peter and came first to the sepulchre*. And he stooping down, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the towel, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a heap by itself. Then went in also *that other disciple*, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed."

(To be continued in next number.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH.

BY RICHARD OTLEY.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear:
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Shakspeare's Julius Caesar.

Why should man fear that which he cannot know? So long as man lives he is not in death; if he be immortal, death is being born into new life; and in his new life he does not, cannot, suffer death, for still living, he cannot know death; and, if mortal only, he will be as he was before birth. Besides, the arrangements of universal animated nature are such, that one generation must of necessity give place to its successor. This, therefore, being of the necessity of nature, there can be nothing more to fear in dying than in being

born ; the one is the unconscious commencement of being, and the other, the termination of man's conscious existence,—at least, so far as man has experience and knowledge. What, then, can there be to fear in death? Life, so long as it is accompanied with enjoyment and happiness, is desired and desirable ; hence man hopes for its continuance. But often sickness, and the infirmities of old age, change the hope of life into the desire of death. The fear of death does not, therefore, seem natural to man. A strong and almost irresistible love of life is implanted in the nature of man, and is indispensable for the preservation of his organic existence ; but this is not the fear of death, it is the love of life. Whence, then, spring those rumours of the fear of death? Let us endeavour to trace them to their origin, and to dispel them by the light of reason and truth.

The love of life is indispensable to man's being. It is the hope and anchor which retains him in the ocean of existence, in the midst of the sunshine, calms, and storms, which surround him. He also shuns pain, and desires pleasure. These feelings, passions, and propensities, have been seized upon by those who profess to be man's instructors, and his pliant nature has been wrought to their designs and his own wretchedness. These effects are, however, for the most part artificial, as is every invention or system which originates entirely with man. Any passion, feeling, or propensity may be cultured to excess ; and excess is either mental or corporeal deformity. Where fear predominates, there is cowardice ; where bravery is in excess, there is brutality. Fear has been the great instrument in governing, or rather mis-governing, mankind ; but its dominion is fast passing away. Sound intelligence will dispel gloomy forebodings ; and, amongst these, will be the unnatural fear of death. The regions of darkness have been conjured into an unreal existence, and by the magical powers of an unhealthy imagination, have been peopled with spectres, ghosts, and demons which nowhere exist, but in the trembling souls of intoxicated fanatics. Yet, even with all these supernatural agencies at work, men have risen superior to any fear of the future ; for it is only reasonable to conclude, arguing from analogy, that the same economy which governs this world governs all time and space ; and, therefore, there is nothing in the universe to fear.

Who, then, are the men who have not feared to die? And who are the men who should stand in fear of death? Whole nations of men have not feared death ; nay, have even subdued that love of life so strongly implanted in the human heart, that they have esteemed it a less evil to die than to live in dishonour, or in the endurance of suffering that made life not desirable. The phrase "*to live*," implies enjoyment ; or, at least, a preponderance of happiness over suffering. Thus, the value of life may be fixed, that of any other possession ; although it is that which gives value to every other. The Spartans, a republican people of ancient Greece, were trained to despise pain, and commenced battle with feelings which elevated them above the fear to die. The Romans, when they fought against the Macedonians under King Perseus, when they could not, for some time, at least, break up the terrible phalanx, voluntarily flung themselves upon the enemy's spears, in the hope of reaching him with their swords, and fearlessly met their inevitable fate. In modern times, the Mahomedans have devoted themselves to death, in obedience to a fanatic or an impostor, or a religion founded upon and upheld by error. The Hindoos, fired by a false and delusive enthusiasm, have sacrificed life as if it had been a gift unw

of the Divinity. And the superstition of our own day and country has been without dying witnesses to the influences of a living delusion, ofacious hopes and fears. Of these influences, the most remarkable examples given by Professor Mallet, quoted by Volney in his excellent and eloquent lectures on History," It appears from what Mallet records, that Harold, king of Denmark, who reigned about the middle of the tenth century, founded a town on the coast of Pomerania, called Julin or Jomsburgh. The colonists were prohibited from mentioning the word *fear*, even in the most imminent dangers. False fears make men slaves politically and mentally; they are the shackles that bind down their bodies and souls to human power and usurpation. This legislator, however, hushed this servile passion into silence, for one of the Jomsburghers 'made an irruption into the territory of Hacco, a Norwegian chieftain, and were vanquished, notwithstanding the obstinacy of their resistance. A number of the most distinguished of the party having been made prisoners, were, agreeably to the custom of the times, condemned to death. This sentence, instead of affecting them, inspired them with joy. The king contented himself with saying, without changing his countenance, or testifying the least mark of alarm—"Why should not the same thing happen to that which happened to my father? he died, and I must die also." The second prisoner, that he knew the laws of Julin too well to pronounce any word that indicated fear. The third died with the same fortitude. The fourth returned the challenge, a more remarkable answer:—"I suffer willingly," said he, "and this death affords me the greatest satisfaction. I only beg that my head may be cut off as quickly as possible. It has frequently been disputed at Julin, whether we retain any of our senses after decapitation; I shall therefore hold a knife in one hand, and if, after I am beheaded, I lift it up against you, it will prove I am not entirely deprived of understanding; if I let it fall, it will prove the contrary. Hasten, then, and decide the question!" The executioner, cut the head off at one blow, and the knife fell to the ground. Three others died with the same tranquillity and immoveableness.

But some persons will demand, have not those men who have discarded the maxims of the priesthood, feared to die? If they have, who have implanted fear in the infant mind, and cherished it in its growth for their own selfish and impious purposes? For that must be impious, which is in opposition to the universality of human happiness; and goodness, and benevolence, and purity, in the next state of existence, must be preceded by justice, benevolence, and goodness in this. Falsehood, forgeries, and impositions can only be in requisition to support errors and earthly power, employed to degrade and brutalize the human species. Death is the scare-crow to frighten poor mortals from partaking of the fruits of the earth, as it is employed to frighten the irrational fowls of heaven. The fables of the miseries of those who have nobly determined to think independently for themselves, are miserable forgeries, invented to alarm and terrify the weak and the timid. None are, however, exempt from the same fate, for as Homer sings:—

"Men bear resemblance unto Autumn leaves,
Which of their verdure every blast bereaves:
The little beauties are discoloured found,
And the wind scatters them upon the ground;
But in the Spring a new succession's made,
Which in the woods, do cast a gloomy shade:
So one part of mankind doth always die,
The other lives that frailty to supply."—(Old Translation.)

It is thus that every organised being comes into succession and falls by decay.

If death be so natural and inevitable, why should it be so much feared? Is it because man's faith is not according to a particular standard? Where is the right, infallible faith to be found? Man's life is too brief and limited to find it; the trumpet gives an uncertain sound; yet each faith gives the promise of a peaceful end. Alas! how the poor souls will be undeceived when it is too late—when there is no redemption. The Mahomedan's peaceful end, say the Christians, will be an eternal death; the Pagan's hope of Heaven will be rewarded with endless torments; the Catholic's expectation of interminable happiness will, say the Protestants, be met with unutterable woe and darkness; and the Catholic laments over the souls which have been doomed to Hell since the Reformation. O ye, who sleep in faith, be not deceived. God is not mocked by the false teachings of men. Either those who profess those faiths cannot go to heaven; or, if they can, then the holding of any particular faith, or the not holding of it, is of no avail; and he who has no faith is on equal grounds with the most credulous and confiding. And if there be no hope, with or without faith, then all must perish together, which is too monstrous and absurd a conclusion, but naturally flows from the teachings and incongruities of faith.

But those who have no faith must die without the consolations of religion. So do the greatest portion of the human race, for we must bear in mind the grand distinction between what each man calls his genuine religion, and grovelling and degrading superstitions; and as the numerous superstitions clothe the human family as with an infected garment, from these no consolations can be derived, worthy of the name; or a false and delusive religion furnishes an antidote to the fear of death equally efficacious with that which claims to be true. The man who has attained to a correct knowledge of the system of the universe, and of the existences or natures that surround him, has nothing however to fear in death. That eminent and illustrious man, Washington—a free-thinker in his private notions and opinions—when he came to die, solicited none of the consolations of the priesthood or religion, but requested his friends to retire from the room, and expired alone. His death truly worthy of a great man—a warrior who fought for the rights and liberties of a rising nation—he solicited not, nor needed the poisoned chalice of priestly condolence and consolation. Mirabeau, in the last aspirations of his life, desired to be placed near a window, so that he could look from it at those beautiful creations of nature which perfume the air and delight the eye and heart; he thus, to quote the language of the Hebrew writing, fell asleep with his forefathers. And the heathen, semi-Christian, Plato, says (in *Timæus*) that “the death caused by wounds and disease is painful and violent—while that which follows old age, as the end agreeable to nature, is of deaths the least irksome, and attended rather by pleasure than pain.”

From the great body of the priesthood, who are spread over the face of the earth, men can have no rational hope of succour or consolation in that hour which closes the busy scenes of life; they are physicians without skill, and their medicines are delusions and impostures. They have either neglected their duties, or are wilfully ignorant, or what is much more wicked, are deceivers in the name of the Divinity. If therefore any of the human race should fear to die, it is those who have consummated offences of the deepest criminality, or of the darkest and most vicious designs. To enslave man

minds by false and servile fears is the gravest and greatest of all sins. This must be done, either wilfully or through ignorance; if wilfully, then the deed must be what we have described it,—if through ignorance, then they are not qualified to instruct their followers or devotees, and should at once be discarded. If any priesthood, the Mahomedan or Pagan, be ignorant that their doctrines are false and delusive,—fables imposed upon the easy credulity of mankind (which they undoubtedly are),—then other priests may be equally so, and they are together blind leaders of the blind. If they impose upon mankind knowingly, then their offence is greater against heaven and man, than any other of which human nature can be guilty. There have been very wicked men amongst even the Christian priesthood, yet we have no accounts of their miserable deaths; nay, one who had experience amongst them bears witness, not only of their beastly intercourse amongst themselves, but relates that when they approach the confines of life, which should be their peaceful end, they take large draughts of laudanum to sooth and silence their painful qualms of conscience. Why have we not the awful deaths of the wicked priests? Or why are these things hushed up in sealed silence?

Why is this system persevered in,—held in such high esteem? Is it not that fear is the great instrument of human oppression and degradation? Language addressed to the imagination, glowing and ardent,—visible representations, most horrifying and terrific,—stories written under the influence of the most malignant and selfish inspiration, are brought to play upon the feelings and instincts of poor, humiliated, grovelling humanity. And yet, with all this unhallowed machinery at work, human nature will burst, and is now rending asunder the bonds of this soul-slavery—will elevate itself above this bruising and crushing of the brightest, the noblest production of the Divine Being,—the unchanging and eternal energy of the universe. It is acting in unison and harmony with this universal energy or being, that gives to man liberty, political, social and mental,—prosperity, such as he cannot at present even conceive,—and a happiness so lasting and comprehensive, that there is nothing resembling it in the records of his race. Poverty and toil are not for ever to be the doom of man. Suffering does not, cannot, merit or qualify for future rewards. He who seeks and values truths in realities,—dares to avow and publish them, and thus refines and elevates the human soul, his physical and mental being, most resembles and approximates to that all-energising power that upholds and preserves universal nature. In this resemblance and union, he can have nothing to fear and everything to hope. The future will be to him as the present. The universality of benevolence, disentangled from narrow, selfish, soul-destroying creeds, may become more comprehensive, pure, and enlightened; but it will neither damn or be condemned. The love of truth is the love of universal being, and that universal being will never inflict unnecessary pain upon its own likeness, nor upon itself either in time or eternity.

Why then should man fear to die? He neither gave nor assumed to himself his own being; he comes into existence by an absolute decree,—an uncontrollable fate;—the material and mode of his being,—the elements of which he is compounded, his propensities, passions and feelings, whatever he is or may be, were and are given, to him, independent of himself. The institutions, manners, customs, ideas, and notions of society,—the dogmas of the priesthood,—the imaginings of philosophers,—have flowed in upon him like the first rays of light, or have clothed him in darkness, as in an impenetrable mantle.

What he is, he must be, and what he must be, he is not, cannot be responsible for. Society, from man's necessities, demands laws, but society is cruel, merciless and unjust; creates crimes and then punishes the criminal;—creates a God out of this frail, fallible mode of society; dresses him in its own erring attributes, and reciprocally models society after his image; thus wandering in the dark mazes of error, like a world beyond the bounds of the universe, beyond either the laws of light, of gravitation, or of order.

Why then should man fear to die? Is it not that he is like a child, grovelling and groping in the dark? Egyptian darkness, a darkness, unfortunately for mankind, which may be felt; a superstitious, priestly darkness, that chills and benumbs the soul,—annihilates its noblest aspirations, its highest attributes. And when man is thus prostrated before imaginary beings, he is trampled upon, despised, cast out of society; made to believe that he is unworthy of earth, heaven, or hell.—Alas! poor human nature, didst thou but know thyself, how thou wouldst cast off this spiritual yoke, with a burning but just indignation, and claim thy brotherhood with every thing or being that exists in the universe. Thou art a particle,—a spark of this glorious universe—whatever is, or moves, or thinks concerns thee. Thou art the creature of this infinite womb, that conceives, brings forth, and encircles all; which has neither height nor depth, nor length, nor breadth. In this infinitude of being, thou actest and art acted upon; not a single pulse of universal nature beats, but vibrates through thy being. And when sensation shall cease, thou wilt still be within that infinite womb, that gave thee birth. Millions of human beings have preceded thee; millions more will succeed thee. As a part of this great whole know thyself; be universal in thy love of mankind; be free in soul, and thou wilt be truly a free man; thou wilt neither condemn nor be condemned. Endeavour to restore man to the harmony of nature, and to harmony with himself, and when thy sentient being shall cease, thou wilt lay thee down in peace, for harmony and peace constitute the immutable order, the eternal law of the universe.

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"AND though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple! Who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a *free and open* encounter?"—*Milton's Areopagitica*.

No. 28.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1850. [Price One Penny.

WHAT'S THE USE OF A HOUSE OF LORDS?

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd—a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a'that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

Burns.

It has been said that the ancient Egyptians paid no religious worship to any animals except those from which they derived some peculiar benefit, and that their superstitious veneration for cats and crocodiles was founded upon this principle of gratitude for favours received. Perhaps this might have been the case, and if so, there was more reason in Egyptian piety, than there is in that modern political religion which glories in the adoration of effete aristocracies. The incense offered up at the present day before the shrine of Hereditary Rank, and the homage done to Hereditary Wisdom, can find no apology in the utility of the one or in the truthfulness of the other. In ages past, when titles of nobility always went together with offices of importance and responsibility—when the bearers of high-sounding names had work to do in virtue of those names, there was a fair plea for their existence, but, now a-days, dukes, and marquises, and viscounts, hold no offices as the consequence of their dignity, and the titles are merely empty words. They flatter the vanity of the possessor, exalt him in his own eyes and in the eyes of the ignorant above his true level, adding nothing to the wisdom of the wise, while they only make folly the more conspicuously foolish.

This is the historical, moral, and philosophical medium through which we should view the artificial rank of the titled class. It will then appear in its naked reality, stripped of its tinsel glitter and its ermined delusions. We shall then see how little solid worth there is in a factitious nobility, and learn to value it accordingly. We shall then see the absurdity of admitting men to a seat in the legislature of a nation, for no other reason than that their fathers had grand nick-names, and that they themselves enjoy a similar privilege. And having regarded Aristocracy in this light, we may very naturally begin to reflect on the political importance of the British peerage, and the constitutional advantages of an Upper House of Parliament. And we shall, then, perhaps, ask ourselves the simple question. 'What's the use of a House of Lords?' The answer to this is clear as the cloudless sun, when we consider who, and what the 'Lords' are, how small a portion of intelligence they infuse into legislative acts, and that their

debates are more noted for senile garrulity and childish bickerings, than for any other remarkable qualities. From young men just emancipated from the ill-observed rules and thoughtless dissipation of a University College, what wisdom can we expect? From older men, cut off by the exclusiveness of their 'order,' from sympathy with the mass of the people, and sitting as representatives of nothing but their own selfishness, 'without a hope, a passion or a love' beyond the gratification of an egotistical pride, what lofty patriotism can we look for? Amongst the mob of superannuated dotards, and imbecile Do-nothings in that gaudy Asylum at Westminster, where shall we find a spark of intellectual fire? Where shall we hear an accent of pity for the suffering poor, the destitute and starving? Upon which of those wrinkled and sense-palled cheeks shall we see the glowing love of liberty? And whose lips would cheer an utterance in favour of popular progress? How often, during a six months' sessions is there a debate in the House of Lords worthy of notice? How often do the Peers mutilate or reject Bills sanctioned by majorities in the Commons? How often are we not sickened with bursts of bigotry from the episcopal bench? And how often does the 'somewhat volatile' Brougham convert what should be serious into a farcical pantomime? Let these questions be answered honestly, and then who will not laugh at the Tory exclamation—'thank God we have a House of Lords?'

The *Times*, in an article on the debate in the Lords on the Australian Colonies Bill towards the close of last session, made some rather caustic remarks respecting the general character of debates in their Lordships' House, and in particular, upon Lord Monteagle who is evidently taken as a specimen of pegerage talent. The passages we allude to were the following:—

"It is to be regretted that a House, which contains all the elements for the very perfection of order should allow its debates to fall into that desultory, never-ending, still-beginning form, *which is generally thought peculiar to the discussions of another sex, and the least rational part of that sex.* Whatever capacity Lord Monteagle wishes to assume in the Legislature, his speech last night was *more like the curtain lecture of some elderly gentleman's elderly wife* than a regular argument in favour of the particular amendment which, for form's sake, he concluded with moving. It contained a great deal about Lord Grey's history and character, about his course of proceeding with regard to this bill and to other bills; indeed, it would be difficult to mention anything about Lord Grey or the colonies to which some allusion was not made; but there was nothing in it which we have not heard already several times over; there was little which we had not heard the previous night; and we will venture to add, there was nothing which we shall not hear again."

It seems from this that even the *Times* thinks that a conclave of antique females might be substituted for an assembly of Peers without any loss of practical ability being felt by the country at large. For once we are not disposed to differ from the oracle. We doubt not that their Lordships' washerwomen would 'do' the debating business in their Lordships' House quite as artistically as their Lordships' themselves, and we'll engage the speeches of the *not-noble* and *unlearned* Laundresses shall be as readable and as full of genius as any delivered by the spiritual and temporal nonentities who occasionally meet in St. Stephen's.

The notion that a House of Lords is necessary to maintain the balance

of power in the constitution is a mistake—a delusive sham. It may mar and impede useful legislation, and by so doing may goad the people on to the verge of revolution, but it never can successfully oppose the determined will of a united nation. The Reform Bill was carried in spite of the peerage and its broad acres, and the People's Charter *shall* be. F. G.

THOUGHTS ON "PROGRESS."

"MUCH that it is called progress, is not progress." There is change, but little improvement. We run from one extreme to another. There is much talk, but little work. We bluster about our rights, we sentimentalize about universal brotherhood; but we do little to obtain the one, and less towards arriving at the other. How is this? Is it because we see no remedy for the evils under which we suffer? Is there a want of manliness—of intelligence—of energy—of lofty aspirations? No: We have all these—what may be called the raw material of progress, which requires but combining and shaping by some cunning artificer in human passions to render them effective. It would be well for posterity, and for ourselves, if every man were his own artificer in these matters,—and were to get sufficient knowledge to direct the cultivation of his own intellect and moral sentiments. What we have not, but ought to have, must have; such is the purpose that should guide us if there is to be any change for good, any advancement on the right road. Each reformer, democrat, socialist, every aspiring spirit among us, must look within, and condescend to find out whether he be walking on this terrestrial globe of ours firmly on his feet, with a clear purpose and determination to brush aside all vexatious straws and fine spun cobwebs that may be liable to hinder him in his course or blind him in his purpose.

We talk of improving others, yet we neglect ourselves. Instead of a healthful example, we give words. Would you have men drink at the fountain of knowledge, of the rivers of thought, instead of the streams of polluting vice and sensuality, or of the stagnant pools of indifference? Shew men you appreciate the purity, and acknowledge the worth, of knowledge and of thought, by drinking deeply yourselves. Let them see what influence the act exercises upon you. What excellence, what power, what profit, it bestows: then men will drink too, and without hesitation.

We wait indolently for the future, instead of marching manfully towards it. We train not with so much care our offspring—"Men of the Future,"—as a gardener does his vine or rose-bush. We allow rank weeds to grow up and choke the tender flowers of humanity. We look upon ourselves as insignificant cyphers (excepting when we are told so) which are as nothing, but in the aggregate. Conventionality has dared attempt to erase and hide the individuality that nature has written indelibly on our brows. Each man has a capacity which gives him his proper work to do: let him experiment till he find it; and then do it right earnestly. Every man has a mission to fulfil, if he dare resolutely seek it. Every man's life is a measure of good, or a measure of evil. Let him ponder lest he fill the evil measure. It can be done as easily by *not* doing, as by doing.

What is the true spirit of "Progress"? It is a faith in humanity; in the spirit of justice, the spirit of love, the spirit of purity, as the essences which man's nature has eternally striven to embody. It is a faith in man's yearnings after good and loathing of present evil. It is a noble chivalry

that dare, as of old, set lance in rest against a host, counting not consequences but deeds. The chivalric knight rushed not to the encounter unaccounted and unarmed; but clothed in firm panoply, and armed at all points. Herein we fail. We know how numerous and powerful are our opponents, how great the difficulties to be overcome, how gigantic the obstacles for dwarf workers; yet how sluggishly and improvidently we prepare for the inevitable encounter! Badly armed, badly disciplined, badly led, we are a straggling mob, instead of a compact army, a heap of splinters instead of a wedge. Was it not that rottenness of things begets rottenness, and that abuses tumble down by their own weight,—making earth tremble, and thus shaming us to action,—we might chance to become stagnant in spirit, and our very hearts fester in indolence.

Every individual is answerable in his or her degree. Individual improvement must be accomplished before the masses can be improved. Let every reformer take advantage of the opportunities that offer to render himself an effective worker; let him make up by industry what is wanting in convenience. Every trained warrior becomes a centre round which will gather the undisciplined and wavering. It is for him to decide, to consolidate, to discipline, to render them effective. Every convert may become a fresh centre. Above all, let us be generous, let us be kind, considerate, temperate and trusting towards each other; and the true spirit of "Progress" will be inaugurated:

"He that has a great intent
Must not falter or repent."

C. F. N.

Reviews.

Social Reform: a Plea for Labour. By an ARTIZAN. (Cheltenham: Harper, High-street.)

HERE are half a thousand lines of rhyme, by a working-man, and displaying very considerable thought—while the bard's burden is of the wrongs of those who are most deeply wronged,—and of their errors,—not omitting a few healthful proposals as remedies. The following stanzas will give the reader some idea of the tendency of this little poem:—

"Labour, be free! let each man for himself,
Make his own bargain, if he'd win the pelf.
Compete, compete! and the best man will gain,
Wherewith to buy the life-sustaining grain."
Thus cry th' economists. Oh! biting taunt,
The chain's round Labour's limbs, he may not vaunt,
His very strength's his bane, his numbers tell
Against himself, he's crush'd by Capital,
Lies at its mercy, has no choice to make—
"Work thou, or starve, or in a prison quake;
Take what I give thee, thankful that at all,
From 'midst the starving myriads I thee call."

Indignant he, like some huge blatant beast,
Roars forth his anger, strives to burst his chain,
Strains its strong links, and in his furious haste
Breaks and destroys, to give his tyrants pain;
Impotent rage! a net is thrown around
The struggling brute, and he's more firmly bound.
"Law, Order," bid the netted cords be spread,
And "Force" compels a salutary dread.
A tam'd beast oft a fatal blow has given,
And caged lions the strongest bars have riven;
A mill-slave Sampson rent the pillar'd hall,
And died with thousands in its sudden fall.

"Combine, combine ! And let your strength be seen ;
Club up your pence ; though poor, oh, be not mean !"
Exclaim the leaders of the toiling host.

Their pence reach pounds, their pounds to thousands swell,
They feel their power, alas, too soon they boast,

They squabble ; where's their cash ? oh, none can tell !

"Strike, strike !" your levies pay, and soon shall quail

The tyrants whom you hate." Alas, they fail !

Then burning mills, and damaged engines show

A servile war ; and troops march to and fro,

To awe the rabble rout. Muzzled again,

They work half-starved, or starved they die in pain.

Ye poor depress'd ! on principle depend :

All good shall triumph, evil have an end.

Justice, ox-footed, comes with laggard pace ;

Though slow, 'tis sure, and yet will win the race,

'Twixt it and ill-got gainings. Heaven ordains

A retributive law, and metes out pains,

Here or hereafter, to the tyrant few

Proportioned to the evils which they do ;

Union and wealth, that few too surely arm

To crush the violence of the murmur'ing swarm :

Their gold divides ye, and their oneness smites

Ye in detail, and robs you of your rights.

Rights gained by blood, by blood must be secur'd,

And they who use, must perish by the sword.

Right principles will live, tho' tyrants frown ;

When most oppress'd they ever most have grown.

Conscience, your friend, in foemen's bosoms stirs,

And says, that he who smites you deeply errs.

While Int'rest cries, " I over-reach myself,

I snatch a shadow, and I lose the pelf ;

I must retract, for I have gone too far ;

Who starve the masses their own fortunes mar ;"

Pity, meek-eyed, and kind compassion move,

And conquer hearts by pure anthropic love.

The Social Curse ; or, Intemperance. A Rhyme ; and other Pieces. By
ALEXANDER MACANSH. (London : W. S. Orr, Amen Corner.)

THIS volume is also the production of a working man, a native of Dunfermline. A friend informs me that his body is deformed, and that he walks with the greatest difficulty ; but this volume proves that his mind possesses no ordinary vigour. The longer poem abounds with striking passages of originality, evinces enlarged reading, and displays much good taste ; but I select the following from the shorter pieces, on account of the congeniality of its subject to the purposes of the "Journal."

SHALL MAN BE FREE ?

The Bee that hums from bud to bud,
Through bower and broomy solitude,—
The minnow leaping from the flood,
The whispering wind and rustling wood,
Are fetterless and free.

The cloud swims onward free and high,
The stars gleam from no stanchell'd sky,—
The foam-capt billows surging by,
Still thunder forth the banner-cry,
Of—We are free, are free.

Oh, no ! a thread has shackled
The Giant in deep slumber laid :
The sleep is slept, the torpor fled ;
He wakes, he walks in glory dread,
And tyrannies, in his earthquake-tread,
Are crumbling one by one.

And shall our race—Oh ! nobler far
Than wind, than wave, or cloud-wave car,—
Whose searching spirit can unbar,
The mysteries of each mighty star,
Alone dree slavery's pains ?

Alone ! while things of meaner birth
Are dancing in unfettered mirth—
Huge Thralldom's frame-corroding girth—
The Sovereigns of the chainless earth,
Themselves alone in chains ?

And glorious years are dawning now,
When nations shall no longer glow,
With mutual hate, nor meanly bow,
Nor lift the prayer to aught below
The Everlasting Throne.

NOTES OF TRAVEL AND TALK.

I do not choose to put myself in danger of being deemed dull and tedious,—and, therefore, seeing that so many weeks have passed over since I made some of my visits,—I will say no more, now, than that I enjoyed the society of working-men in Newcastle-on-Tyne very greatly, and felt proud of the intelligence of my own order while surrounded by them. In addition to some of the villages, I had the pleasure this time of extending my visit to ancient Alnwick—the seat of the old Percies. The castle and antiquities, of course, interested me; and still more the perception that a few young men (two of whom accompanied me to Hulne Abbey, on the third day,) are making praiseworthy efforts for Progress here. In Carlisle, I had two good audiences, and two happy nights among old friends. At Stockton-on-Tees and Middlesbro' (which I had not seen before) I met signs of undeniable advancement. In old York, I had, again, two days of enjoyment, amid the rich associations of the superb cathedral and other antiquities; and was again surrounded by old friends whose kind and happy voices seem even yet to ring in my ears.

In Leeds, I spent some days under the hospitable roof of a friend who has shewn me attentions so numerous and valuable, that I can only say I know not how to thank him for them. On the Sunday evening (July 7,) my audience filled the room in the Bazaar, Briggate; but the company was small on the next evening. I felt pleasure, however, in talking to them; and also to a little society of Young Men—a 'Mutual Improvement Society' at Holbeck, on the following evening. While in this neighbourhood, I had the gratification of passing two afternoons with my friend Joseph Barker, and strove to dissuade him from going to America—but in vain. I can only say, that I deeply regret his resolution to leave England. I cannot refrain from saying publicly what I have already said to him in private—that I think *he is about to do wrong: his real work lies here—not across the Atlantic.*

I must hasten on by merely observing that I talked at Bradford, Keighley, Wakefield, Huddersfield, Doncaster, and Rotherham, each for the *first* time—and hope to get better acquainted with friends in those localities, in the course of another year. Neither let me forget Heckmondwike—where, I must openly declare, I saw richer signs of Progress than in some twenty large towns that I could name. Oh that the spirit of the Yorkshiremen of that district were shared by not only the whole county, but by all the working-men of England! At Sheffield, I passed five days at the house of a new friend,—but *one whom I hope never to lose*, and whom I wish I had known before—Mr. Isaac Ironside. He introduced me to other friends whom I also value: I went with them to their monthly tea-meeting at the Social Farm, at Attercliffe, and accompanied them to view the Parish Farm, six miles out of Sheffield—but 'thereby hangs a tale' too important to pass by; and as the Printer looks cross and says 'I have enough!' I *must* defer the completion of these trifling 'Notes' (though against my will) till next number.

THOMAS COOPER.

THINKINGS FROM THOMAS COGAN.

(AUTHOR OF 'ETHICAL QUESTIONS,' &C.)

KNOWLEDGE INDISPENSABLE TO RIGHT ACTION.—It appears that knowledge, reason, judgment, are absolutely required to enable us to discover what sentiments, dispositions, or conduct are deserving of applause or disgrace. Mental culture, therefore, becomes necessary, that we may praise or blame according to the dictates of a sound understanding. We must be informed of what is right or wrong by an application to some standard, and we must be *disposed* to love the one and hate the other, before these feelings can be in salutary exercise.

SENSIBILITY.—We are, as it were, plunged into the universe, trembling alive all over, and rendered capable of receiving impressions; pleasant and unpleasant, from every object that addresses our senses; from every thing we perceive, and from every thing of which we can form an idea. Nothing in this vast universe can, at all seasons be totally indifferent to every person in it; nothing so inert as to be incapable of exerting some influence in one connexion or other, and of calling forth a corresponding passion or affection.

SOURCES OF RATIONAL CONVICTION.—The term self-evident, which is now so generally admitted, without hesitation and without excuse, as being itself an axiom, is manifestly an encroachment upon that kind of courtesy which permits words to pass current that are not perfectly accurate, if they be sufficiently expressive of a popular meaning. Self-evident is an emphatic substitute for *immediately perceivable*, or what may be received without deliberation: correspondent with the familiar phrase, "that speaks for itself," which cannot admit of a literal interpretation.

HABIT.—Frequent repetitions in every thing introduce HABIT; and habit in its effects is assimilated to instinct. Fortunately it is common to every thing we practise, without exception. Its incalculable advantages are equally the property of the unlearned and the learned, of the mere peasant and the accomplished scholar. Habit is, as it were, instantaneous in its operations; but the introduction of habit is frequently slow and difficult. Facilities are the result of much practice, and may have been acquired by much application and labour; although, after perfection is attained, we may forget the slow stages of gradual improvement, and censure those who are not so expert as ourselves.

ON A MORAL SENSE.—It is observable that the advocates for a moral sense, confine their ideas entirely to moral principles and conduct, imagining that moral agency is thus honoured with a peculiar faculty correspondent to its superior importance; but the arguments by which they support the tenet, are equally applicable to other mental sensations, or as it were percussions of sentiment, as well as those which are strictly moral; and these are extremely numerous. A sense of honour, the blush of shame, are as quick and vigorous as any which arise from moral causes. It may also be urged, that if the sudden effect produced upon a percipient, in moral subjects, be an evidence of a distinct mental sense, why may we not suspect that there may be an immoral sense, for it frequently happens, under the impetuosity of the passion, that sentiments and sensations instantaneously arise, not without consulting, but contrary to the dictates of reason.

NO INNATE PRINCIPLES OF RIGHT AND WRONG.—The ideas of right and wrong in human conduct, are never observable in a young child. How many little acts of an injurious nature would he commit if not restrained, without knowing that they were injurious. He seizes every thing within his reach, without any sensations relative to justice or injustice. The humoured child always thinks that he has a right to every thing that he desires, and resents a refusal as an injustice and cruelty. The little tyrant behaves, in his small circle, like great tyrants in the larger spheres, as if the whole creation were at their disposal, or formed for their sole gratification.

THE MOUNTAIN GLEN.

Away to the hills, where the red heather blooms,
 And fair summer flowers shed richest perfumes;
 Where the sweet voice of Nature is everywhere heard,—
 In the hum of the bee,—in the song of the bird,
 No pale slaves of Mammon are there to be found;
 No tread of the tyrant; 'tis all hallowed ground:
 Such evils are all far removed from the ken,
 Of fairies that dwell in the lone Mountain Glen!

Away to the scenes where glad Nature alone
 'Midst verdure and flowers has erected her throne;
 Leave the smoke of the city—its turmoil and din,
 Where gold-seeking vampires are struggling to win
 From the sweat of the toilers more power and wealth;
 While the millions are robbed of their food and their health:
 Such selfish pursuits are unknown to the men
 Who seek the calm shades of the wild Mountain Glen!

The time is swift coming when misery shall cease,
 And famine no longer death's victims increase;
 When all-potent knowledge shall rise in her strength,
 Blasting tyranny's minions! The despot, at length,
 Will be forced to surrender the blood-shedding sword;
 And Earth's children live happy in peace and accord.
 At each sabbath-dawn, will the artisan then
 Seek vigour and health in the far Mountain Glen.

In the yet distant Future even now we descry
 Scenes which liven the heart, and which brighten the eye;—
 Happy children sport blythely on meadow and green;
 And prison and workhouse no longer is seen;
 Superstition's dark sway is entombed in the Past,
 And the voice of the tyrant unheard on the blast,
 Which startles the fox in his lone woody den,
 And bows the tall trees in the wild Mountain Glen!

At dawn of the morning, the lark's early song
 Glads the heart of the hind as he hastens along;
 Over mountain and valley, 'neath heaven's clear blue,
 The violet and primrose lie smothered in dew:
 When at close of the day, the sun sinks in the west,
 And the happy wife rests on her fond husband's breast,
 The heart of the rustic is fluttering then,
 As he seeks his true love in his own Mountain Glen!

Those days of the Future! ah, would they were here!
 When the plough shall take place of the sword and the spear;
 When war shall be banished this fair world of ours,
 And Man's earthly path be through sunshine and flowers:
 No more will Earth's son wage war with his brother,
 And the welfare of one be the curse of another;
 But Kindness and Love will spring up amongst men,
 As the flow'rets peep forth in the sweet Mountain Glen!

ALEXANDER BELL.

Religion.—It fares with religion as with the shuttlecock, which is stricken from one to another, and rests with none. The rich apprehend it to have been designed for the poor; and the poor, in their turn, think it chiefly for the rich. An old acquaintance of mine, who omitted no opportunity of doing good, discoursed with the barber who shaved him, on his manner of spending the Sabbath, which was not quite as it should be, and the necessity of his having more religion than he seemed at present possessed of. The barber, proceeding in his work of lathering, replied, "that he had tolerably well for a barber; as, in his opinion, one-third of the religion necessary to save a gentleman would do to save a barber."—*Bishop Horne.*

CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848-9, AND 1849-50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of "The Purgatory of Suicides."

VII.—THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

(Continued from last number.)

LET us proceed to consider the accounts of the New Testament writers respecting the appearances of the risen Jesus *beyond* the immediate locality of his sepulchre. A great difficulty presents itself here. What locality did Jesus design to be the chief theatre of his appearances after the resurrection?

Matthew and Mark make Jesus, before his death, say—"After I am risen again I will go before you into *Galilee*;" and they also make the angels give the same assurance to the women on the morning of the resurrection, with the addition—"there shall ye see him." Matthew, besides, makes Jesus commission the women to say to the disciples—"that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me."

Well: is the journey into Galilee performed by the risen Christ? Yes; *according to Matthew*—who knows of no other appearance to the disciples. But Mark has no record whatever of the fulfilment of his own words: he relates *no* appearance of the risen Jesus in Galilee; but mentions others. The other two evangelists afford singular contrasts, on this point to Matthew and Mark. I quote Strauss:—

"John knows nothing of a direction to the disciples to go into Galilee, and makes Jesus show himself to the disciples on the evening of the day of resurrection, and again eight days after, in Jerusalem: the concluding chapter, however, which forms an appendix to his gospel, describes an appearance by the sea of Galilee. In Luke, on the other hand, not only is there no trace of an appearance in Galilee,—(Jerusalem with its environs being made the sole theatre of the appearances of Christ which this gospel relates,)—but there is also put into the mouth of Jesus when, on the evening after the resurrection, he appears to the assembled disciples in Jerusalem, the injunction: *tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem* (in the Acts, ch. 1., v. 4, more definitely expressed by the negative, *that they should not depart from Jerusalem*) *until ye be endued with power from on high* (Luke, 24 ch., 49 v.) Here two questions inevitably arise: 1st. How can Jesus have directed the disciples to journey into Galilee, and yet at the same time have commanded them to remain in Jerusalem until Pentecost? and, 2ndly, How could he refer them to a promised appearance in Galilee, when he had the intention of showing himself to them that very day in and near Jerusalem?"

Harmonists have endeavoured to get over this difficulty; but the great critic Michaelis, confesses himself obliged to wonder how—if Luke does not mean by that prohibition of Jesus to exclude the journey into Galilee, why is it that he alludes to this by no single word? and in like manner, if Matthew knew that his direction to go into Galilee was consistent with the command to remain in the metropolis, why has he omitted the latter, together with the appearances in Jerusalem? An unprejudiced mind must perceive, at once, that the *diverging accounts* are based on *diverging ideas* as to the locality on which the risen Jesus appeared. But how could this be, if there were the slightest basis of *fact* in the accounts themselves?

A *summary* of the various appearances of the risen Christ, as narrated by the New Testament writers, will shew us, still more, the impossibility of reconciling their accounts:—

1. Matthew has *two* appearances : one on the morning of the resurrection, to the women ; (28 ch., 9 v.) and the other, the time of which is undetermined, to the disciples in Galilee (28 ch. 16v.)

2. Mark enumerates *three* : the first, to Mary Magdalene on the morning of the resurrection ; (16 ch. 9 v.) a second, to two disciples going into the country ; (16 ch. 12 v.) and a third, to the eleven as they sat at meat, doubtless in Jerusalem (16 ch. 14 v.)

3. Luke narrates only *two* : one to the disciples going to Emmaus on the day of resurrection ; (24 ch. 13v.) and the other to the eleven and the other disciples in Jerusalem, according to 24 ch. 36 v. on the evening of the same day :—according to the Acts (ch. 1 v. 4.) forty days later. But, when the travellers to Emmaus, on rejoining the apostles, are greeted by them, before Jesus has appeared in the midst of them, with the information —“ *the Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon*” (24 ch. 34 v.)—here, a third appearance is presupposed, which was granted to Peter alone.

4. John has *four* : the first, to Mary Magdalene at the grave ; (20 ch. 14. v.) the second, to the disciples when the doors were shut ; (20 ch. 19 v.) the third, in Jerusalem, eight days later, when Thomas was convinced ; (20 ch. 26 v.) the fourth, of which the time is unspecified at the sea of Galilee (21 ch.)

5. Paul has *five*—if we deduct (for the present) his account of the appearance of Christ, granted to himself: one to Cephas ; one to the Twelve ; one before more than 500 brethren at once ; once to James ; and one before all the apostles (1 Corinthians, 15 ch. 5 v.)

Granting that Luke has omitted the *first* appearance, yet we have *three* accounts of it, in the remaining authors : according to Matthew it was to the *women*, according to Mark and John it was to Mary Magdalene alone, and according to Paul it was to Cephas (Peter). Suppose we fix on Mark's account of the *second* appearance, and take it to be the same with the first of the two appearances recorded by Luke ;—the journey to Emmaus will be uncorroborated by three out of these five writers. Suppose, again, we endeavour to fix on one of the other appearances as the *third*, what will be the result ? Say that Mark's account of the third appearance is the same with Luke's second account, in his gospel—yet Luke himself places it 40 days later, in the Acts ! After this, it is in vain to attempt to harmonise the accounts. It is evident that, at an early period, uncertain and very varied reports were current concerning the appearance of the risen Jesus ; and on such untrustworthy foundations these varying relations were built.

Yet it is clear, from the passage in the 1st epistle to the Corinthians, (which is held to be genuine, and to have been written about A.D. 59, consequently but 29 years after Christ's death) —that many members of the primitive church who were yet living at the time when this epistle was written, especially the apostles, were convinced that they had witnessed appearances of the risen Christ. We shall have to enquire hereafter, whether this involves the admission that some objective reality lay at the foundation of this conviction.

But first, let us consider how we are to represent to ourselves this continuation of the life of Jesus after the resurrection, and especially the

nature of his body in this period. For critical reasons I prefer, again to quote Strauss, here:—

“According to Matthew, Jesus on the morning of the resurrection meets the women as they are hastening back from the grave, they recognize him, embrace his feet in sign of veneration, and he speaks to them. At the second interview, on the Galilean mountain the disciples see him, but some doubt, and here also Jesus speaks to them. Of the manner in which he came and went, we have here no precise information.

“In Luke, Jesus joins the two disciples who are on their way from Jerusalem to the neighbouring village of Emmaus; they do not recognize him on the way, a circumstance which Luke attributes to a subjective hindrance produced in them by a higher influence—and only Mark, who compresses this event into a few words, to an objective alteration of his form. On the way Jesus converses with the two disciples; after their arrival in the village complies with their invitation to accompany them to their lodgings, sits down to table with them, and proceeds according to his wont to break and distribute bread. In this moment the miraculous spell is withdrawn from the eyes of the disciples, and they know him; but in the same moment he becomes invisible to them. Just as suddenly as he here vanished he appears to have shown himself immediately after in the assembly of the disciples, when it is said that he all at once stood in the midst of them, and they terrified at the sight, supposed that they saw a spirit. To dispel this alarming idea, Jesus showed them his hands and feet, and invited them to touch him, that by feeling his *flesh and bones* they might convince themselves he was no spectre; he also caused a piece of broiled fish and of honeycomb to be brought to him, and ate it in their presence. The appearance to Simon is in St. Luke, described by the expression *ὤφθη* (appeared, or been seen); Paul, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, uses the same verb for all the Christophanies (*appearances of Christ*) here enumerated; and Luke in the Acts comprises all the appearances of the risen Jesus during the forty days, under the expressions *ὄπτανόμενος* (*having appeared, or having been seen*), and *ἐμφανῇ γενέσθαι* (“shewed him openly,” in our common translation). In the same manner, Mark describes the appearance to Mary Magdalene by *φάνη* (*appear, or shine, or become visible*), and those to the disciples on the way to Emmaus and to the eleven by *ἐφανερώθη*. John describes the appearance at the Sea of Tiberius by *ἐφάνηρώσεν ἑαυτὸν* (“shewed himself,” in our common translation: also *made himself visible, or made himself shine out*); and to all the Christophanies narrated by him, John applies the word *ἐφανερώθη* (*appeared, shone, or became visible*). Mark and Luke add, at the close of the life of the risen Jesus, that he was taken away from before the eyes of the disciples, and (by a cloud, according to Acts i. 9.) carried up to heaven.

In the fourth gospel, Jesus first stands behind Mary Magdalene as she is turning away from the grave; she, however, does not recognize him even when he speaks to her, but takes him for the gardener, until he (in the tone so familiar to her) calls her by her name. When, on his, she attempts to manifest her veneration, Jesus prevents her by the word: *Touch me not*, and sends her with a message to the disciples. The second appearance of Jesus in John occurred under peculiarly remarkable circumstances. The disciples were assembled, from fear of the hostile Jews, with closed doors: when, all at once, Jesus came and stood in the midst of them, greeted them, and presented—apparently to their sight only—his hands and feet, that they might recognize him as their crucified master. When Thomas, who was not present, refused to be convinced by the account of his fellow-disciples of the reality of this appearance, and required for his satisfaction, himself to see and touch the wounds of Jesus: the latter, in an appearance eight days after, granted him this proof, making him touch the marks of the nails in his hands and the wound in his side. Lastly at the appearance by the sea of Galilee, Jesus stood on the shore in the morning twilight, without being known by the disciples in the ship, asked them for fish, and was at length recognized by John, through the rich draught of fishes which he procured them; still, however, the disciples, when come to land, did not venture to ask him whether it were really he. Hereupon he distributed among them bread and fish, of which he doubtless himself partook, and finally held a conversation with Peter and John.”

(To be continued in next number.)

HUMAN HAPPINESS.—Well being and happiness are not an inheritance of which we take possession from the hour of our birth, and which we are destined to enjoy at our ease; they are to be searched after with unwearied assiduity. We enter into life destitute of everything but simple existence. All that we enjoy in our passage through life are *acquisitions*; they are the result and the rewards of our own diligence and care, or communicated by the diligence and care of others.

A COUNTRY WALK.

HE that lives within a reasonable distance of open fields and green lanes, has an estate, pleasure and profit, at his command. Can houses and lands yield more? The pleasures are physical and mental. Renovated health, exhilaration of spirits, freedom, a gratification of his sense of beauty, an agreeable stimulant to the fancy or imagination. The profit is in the disposition of mind, which the presence and contemplation of nature invariably foster; in the lessons they unfold, and in the hope and confidence with which they fill and fortify the mind.

A man starts from his home weary, jaded, and almost reluctant, at first. It may be, the air is chill; but a little rapidity of motion raises the temperature of his blood. Then what was cold is only agreeably cool, refreshing, and bracing. His feet, cold all day, are of an agreeable warmth; the blood courses rapidly through his veins; it mounts to his face; he feels it about the region of the heart; and the affairs that troubled him begin to appear through a different medium. He twirls his stick, strikes the stones upon the road, or assaults some poor thistle which has dared to obtrude its "unkempt" head, through the hedge,—whistles, hums a tune, anon finds himself singing outright, and thinks his voice has not quite left him,—is not so very bad, after all. But singing is fatiguing, and cannot last long. Then he recites passages from his favourite poets; thinks, may be, how well such or such a remark would have told in the last public meeting; wonders how he could have lost sight of it, and still more how he could have forgotten some of his best ideas in the speech he did deliver. He will be more careful in future: that he will. All this time, he feels a strong desire to bid 'good day' or 'good even' to every body he meets: especially to enter into conversation with the way-worn traveller with his pack at his back, or his basket on his arm. He remembers how entertaining and useful he has more than once found such conversations. He has read in them a new page in the book of life,—whose contents have inspired him with renovated hope and confidence.

That beautiful green lane, with its hawthorn hedge interspersed with honey-suckles on each side, and here and there a majestic tree, is too inviting. It cannot be passed. It is a favourite walk, and leads to a delicious spot. And, now, fairly away from the hurry and bustle of the town, almost from the haunts of busy man,—fairly away from all the conventionalities and restraints which civilized life imposes,—he feels that he enjoys real freedom. What does it signify to him, for the next two hours at least, what any man says or thinks of him? Who is in or who out? Whether the measure at present pending, be lost or carried? Whether the form of government under which he lives, or is destined to live, be monarchical, republican, or purely democratic? Here he enjoys absolute liberty. The life of life itself. The end, for which toil, in all its varieties, is but the means. Here he can walk fast or slow, talk or be silent, wear his hat upon his head or carry it under his arm. Here he is master of his actions. Here, too, he learns that a good conscience is the most valuable possession, and an evil one of all things most to be dreaded. For while the former makes retirement pleasureable, the latter makes solitude insupportable.

Between the sentiment and the sense of beauty there is at least this difference. The former is of the mind, dependant upon principles, arbitrary

in their nature, different in different countries, and modified by education and taste. Beauty like religion is difficult to define. It has its sectarians, but no creed to which all will subscribe.

By the sense of beauty is here meant the capability of receiving pleasure from the presence of agreeable objects,—especially of form and color. It is natural and universal; and is an essential element in every human mind. From want of proper *stimuli* it may like any other sense, almost remain dormant; and its power will depend on the extent to which it has been elicited, strengthened, and improved. It is often intense in those to whom education, or the want of education, has denied the gift of appropriate language. It may, however, be seen in the kindling of the eye; and be heard in abrupt exclamations of delight; observation has convinced me that the sense of beauty is sometimes more intense in an unlettered swain, than in many a man who can describe vividly, or whose verses flow most harmoniously. Why should it not be so? May not, must not, this sense depend, mainly, on physical organization? Education may give expression, feeling must have another source.

However this may be, it seems to be a law of our existence that any object, by becoming familiar, should lose, proportionably, its power of giving pleasure. Even “beauty,” the poet tells us, soon grows familiar to the lover,—“fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.” Man, as Nature has wisely determined, must acquire the habit of attending to details, or the most magnificent structure, the best furnished picture gallery or statue room, will soon cease to charm.

And herein has Nature so greatly the advantage over Art. Let a man, from necessity or choice, confine his perambulations within a very limited circle; yet with an eye for Nature, he will find no lack of variety. No object is for a week, a day, an hour, or, perhaps an instant, the same. The oak of centuries has been growing, changing, from the moment of its first germination. The process which shall ultimately destroy even the pyramids, commenced with, and has continued from the laying of the first stone. Nature moves in an ever revolving circle. Throughout her whole range absolute repose is unknown. We see results which have been weeks, or months, in forming; but the process eludes our perception.

Here is a prospect—The splendour of the sun; the landscape with its hill and dale, wood and streamlet, tower and spire, mansion, farm-house and cottage; the cattle as they graze in the pasture, chew their cud, or frisk and gambol in exuberance of life and enjoyment. How verdant, stately, nay sublime, are those fine old trees! What grace and beauty, wave in every bough! And yet we see, and can see, but a few of the most striking objects in the broad outline of the picture. What imagination can grasp it in detail? Not a plant, a leaf, or a blade of grass, but is thickly populated as the streets of London; and each object is a world of wonders in itself. That magnificent oak—how unlike the acorn whence it sprang! Sprang!—Did the acorn contain that oak in miniature,—roots, bole, branches, leaves, and fruits? And hath Nature but built it since, as we build a house? But this oak bears hundreds of acorns. Does each acorn contain an oak in miniature? How is it formed? Work so delicate seems ill suited to limbs so gigantic and unwieldy. This insect I hold in my hand—it is almost too small to be visible to the unaided eye. Such an one I have examined by a microscope. It is a world in itself, having solids and fluids,—or, if you will, land and water, rivers and streams;—and who shall say that even

these are without inhabitants? Who shall say *where* in Nature absolute inanimation is to be found,—in what spot, however minute? Examine, the duck-weed upon a stagnant pond, through a good microscope. What a magnificent forest! What thousands of animalculæ sport among its trees and branches! We talk of the physiology of plants and animals, and amuse ourselves with hard names; but what do we really know? We see results: but Nature's processes are carried on under a veil which no mortal has yet been permitted to raise.

Art, after all, is poor. In a picture, or a statue, we see what mere form and colour can accomplish, by the power of genius. We think of the difficulties overcome. The picture or the statue pleases less in what it is, *per se*; than as a symbol or evidence of the power of mind over matter. Our egotism makes us exclaim—'Lo, and behold!'—What? A very imperfect outline of some natural object, without life, or motion. A true naturalist can never be made to understand what so many profess to see in Art. Of the poverty of Art, of its inadequacy to embody forth his own ideas, none is more sensible than the artist himself. Where shall man's sense of beauty be so fully satisfied as amidst Nature's own works? The variety in the British Museum is trifling, in comparison with what the man who, with an eye for Nature, and assisted by such aids as science has provided, may find within the limits of a few square yards, and these objects ever changing!

Alone, in the presence of Nature, our pride and prejudices are hushed. We feel that we are sitting at the feet of Infinite Wisdom. That we are receiving knowledge from the fountain head. Here we can acknowledge and renounce our errors, without mortification, and even with complacency. The volume we here read contains no useless matter; and no mistranslations. We have but to be patient and persevering, and the reward of useful knowledge, in some shape, is certain.

We learn here that the difference between rich and poor, is not so great as we imagined. 'My Lord,' or 'His Grace,' is walking in the same direction. What then? Is he satiated with the splendour by which he is liberally surrounded? Does he need change? So it should seem. Well, then, wherein do we, at present differ? The same sun shines upon us both. We breathe the same air, and the breath of heaven 'smells woingly,' to me as to him. Of the accident of birth or fortune Nature clearly takes no account. The birds sing the same notes to him as to me. We both inhale the same fragrance.

But the owner of these broad lands which constitute so prime a feature in the landscape before me—is not he a happy man? The owner? To what depth below, or height above the surface does his ownership extend? Why does he not take what he owns to a climate less variable? He built and furnished his mansion, shaped his dress and equipage as others directed. He determined the fashion of his servant's clothes: the great world determined that of his. His servants wear his livery: he wears the livery of his order. He dared not use his own judgment, or disobey the mandates of fashion. If he had, the world would have laughed at his vulgarity and ridiculed his want of taste. It is then, just possible that in these respects his riches befool him; and that he is in truth, less free than myself. His wealth will enable him to surround himself with the choicest productions of nature and art, But the pleasure they are capable of affording, that for which they are alone valuable, can neither be purchased nor inherited. It belongs to genius and taste. None can take it from them. He may share

the pleasures these things afford, with others, if he be able : else, he is but the keeper of them for the enjoyment of others. The choicest, the purest, sublimest and most elevating pleasures,—pleasures most fitted for a cultivated intellect,—the really good things in life, Nature has provided for all, free of expense, and the possession of them is limited only by men of power and self-appropriation.

But the earth quakes, or opens, and cities are levelled with the dust, or swallowed up, and, in a moment, solitude, silence and death reign where all was animation, hope and energy. The volcano pours forth seas of liquid fire that spread terror and desolation around. There is no more rain : the fields and pastures are burnt up : the dumb cattle raise their imploring eyes to the heavens, which are as brass above them : the corn is blighted in the ear : bud and blossom fall from the tree : the song-bird is hushed, and man and beast wither, droop and die beneath the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. Self-reliance is a noble virtue ; but it has its proper sphere, beyond which it is presumption. There are moments when man must needs feel his own insignificance ; and when the virtues which best become him, are resignation and an humble reliance upon the Power with Whom are the issues of life and death ; and Who, whatever mysteries may surround Him, is still “our Father, too wise to err, too good to be unkind.” To the good man,—death, come when, or in what form it may, can never be an evil. From visitations, even like these, he has therefore, nothing to fear. Hah !—yonder goes a wonder of art ! In the distance it seems like a monstrous serpent breathing fire and smoke, and dragging a tail of a hundred joints. And beyond it goes a stately ship, her white sails glancing in the sunbeams. [These are great ; yet not in the ‘cloud capped tower, the gorgeous palace’;—not in the ship or the more wondrous steam-engine, do I recognise man’s mightiest efforts. Here he works with elements which are obedient to his will. He knows their powers and can calculate his own. He can combine their powers, and place himself in harmony with their laws. Let him learn to understand them and they will do his bidding ; and enable him to accomplish things hitherto undreamed of. It is much to bring down intelligence from the heavens, and to determine his whereabouts in the trackless ocean.” It is much to see what the telescope and microcroscope unfold ; but to converse familiarly with the dead, to convey his thoughts thousands of miles even in a second ;—to tell his thoughts to generations yet unborn ;—these are the achievements in which man seems immortal, ubiquitous and most like a god. No miracles are equal to those accomplished by the Pen and the Press.

Great is the power of man. Why and wherefore is he miserable ? Shall it be ever thus ? No ! no ! All things answer ‘No !’ He has passed his infancy. Necessity has elicited powers, which had else, perhaps, lain dormant. He has exhausted error. Its seeds, sown in inexperience, have yielded bitter fruits. Superstition, of which he has been so long the victim, at length meets his most formidable and deadly foe. The monster beholds his approach ; and fear and trembling have taken hold upon him. His yellings are heard far and wide, and his death-struggles may well be expected to be formidable. He has summoned his ministers : battle and murder, subtlety and craft, are at their work. He hath taken up, where it may serve his purpose, a language foreign to his fiendish heart. Affecting zeal for the public good : calling himself the friend,—the patron,—of family and order ! Boasting the knowledge he has acquired by experience,—the

liberality of his present views,—his readiness to correct any errors into which he may have been betrayed,—his willingness to conform to anything, so that his life may be spared. But while he tries his arts, the Angel of Truth advances, and in the radiance which beams from his celestial countenance, the fiend stands revealed. His doom is fixed: he must die. Or, to speak without a figure,—knowledge is advancing; and it is knowledge which tears aside the veil behind which hypocrisy would conceal itself,—knowledge, which bows the knee with a pure devotion to the throne of heaven, and fills the earth with a religion breathing “Glory to God, in the highest: on-earth peace, good will towards men.” But the sun is getting low. It is pleasant for man to feel that however despised, if he have a pure heart, Nature will yet receive and embrace him as her own. Unmindful of his lowliness, the meanness of his apparel, or the uncomeliness of his person,—these flowers will breathe upon him all their sweetness, and will unfold their beauties to attract and delight him; will show him what bright and fair things may flourish in obscurity; will discourse to him, most eloquently of the mysteries of their making, assuring him that he is neither alone, forgotten or unfriended, and inspiring him with renovated hope and confidence. Sweet ministers of truth and goodness, we may well believe your lessons! Ye at least, will not deceive us. How often have I blessed the God of flowers, and found that religious instruction was to be had elsewhere than in churches and chapels!

The sterner duties of life call us hence. Well, hours thus spent are not thrown away. Thought is the best preparative for action, in which all virtue consists. Difficulties may beset us. Obstacles may be in our way. Our most careful concealed plans may be disconcerted.

“’Tis not in mortals to command success.”

But our honour is still in our own keeping. He that is faithful to conscience, that manfully does his duty, may rationally confide that the Power which made and governs all,—whatever that Power may be—is friendly to him. Let the atheist say what he may, such hope, such confidence, is necessary to man. Without them life is poor: prosperity is embittered by the thought of death, and adversity is gloomy indeed. But sweet peace they bring when they arrive. They form a square: they square our lives,

“Lay the rough paths of peevish nature even;
And open in the breast a little heaven.”

OMEGA.

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No. 29.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1850. [Price One Penny.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

THE eyes of all political thinkers are yet turned to France. The tour of Louis Napoleon was, for weeks, the absorbing topic of the *Times*: it chronicled carefully the most minute circumstances favourable to the would-be emperor. But its exaggerations of applause, and suppressions of dissent, were so shameful and apparent, that the readers of French newspapers were astonished. And yet, the *Times* can have no special love for Louis Napoleon: it only uses him for a purpose.

Louis Napoleon plays the part of a political demagogue with considerable grace. He feasts well, and distributes alms with liberality. The nation pays for all. The cost is not yet counted; but the day of reckoning must come. The nephew of the great emperor appeals with solemnity to the deeds of his uncle; and calls forth heroism, by a reference to the glories of the past. Very admirable is all this. There are, however, no such glories in the future. The allied powers of Europe will not, dare not, make war against France. A peace of thirty-five years has changed the relation of states. England is no longer the enemy of France, as a nation: England is opposed to all wars: her sympathies are with, and not opposed to, the French people. A barren appeal to the memory of departed greatness, may for the moment, excite the admiration of a crowd; but there such appeals must begin and end. Louis Napoleon is the friend of 'Order, family, and property!' Ominous words! Fully understood, they mean much; but as expressed by Louis Napoleon, they mean the oppression of the poor by the rich. Louis Phillipe was also the friend of 'Family, property and order.' His fate is now a matter of history. Let Louis Napoleon take warning!

Louis Napoleon is the enemy of all Utopias;—but did not the Prisoner of Ham write a book on the 'Extinction of Pauperism?' He forgets that he was then poor, and in need of popular support. Never mind! To be 'the enemy of all Utopias' is part of the creed of order.

What, then, is the state of France? She is a military despotism. A republic she is not. The strength of the President is in the swords of the army. Ay! there is the difficulty. A few months back, Paris was surrounded by 60,000 soldiers. In the end, who will pay for the army which maintains 'Order?' Will the rich? They are not so enamoured of any form of government as to pay heavy direct taxes with cheerfulness. Remember the outcry raised in this country against the income-tax of the late Sir Robert Peel. The middle classes are not too fond of paying away money which never returns. They, no doubt, desire peace; but they would rather that others paid for its preservation. It is proposed to tax the poor man's salt. Carry the proposition into effect: tax, in turn, the

poor man's wine, and thousands who now shout "*Vive le President!*" will reverse the popular cry. Soldiers must be fed, clothed, and lodged; and a numerous and recently increased standing army may, for a time, be tolerated; but, at no distant day, it will be found to be oppressive and unbearable. One of the popular and justifiable complaints against Louis Phillippe was the cost of military armaments. Can the nation that refused to be a vassal to the House of Orleans bow the neck and bear the burden, at the bidding of a presumptuous young man, because he bears the name of Napoleon? It cannot be. For eighteen years did France bear the yoke of the oppressor; but she cast him forth at last, to end his life in disgrace.

It is necessary to contract the suffrage: the constitution must be changed—the necessity that requires so daring a step, even if successful, will prove too much. Why is it necessary to contract the suffrage? To secure for Louis Napoleon the presidential chair. The inference clearly is, that with the present suffrage, Louis Napoleon is not safe. He may aim at something beyond being President. The fact remains the same: with the suffrage as it now stands his aims cannot be carried out. The necessities of society are too powerful to be controlled by any mere bulwark erected for the moment. The two pressing questions which Louis Napoleon has to answer are—'How can I reduce the taxes that press most heavily on industry?' 'How can I so arrange the agriculture and trade of France, as to find useful and profitable employment for the population?' What is his answer to the first question? A standing army, and an alliance with the Pope. What is his reply to the second? A contracted suffrage and an increased salary.

It is said, trade is flourishing. It may be so; but a relapse is as sure as that to-morrow's sun will shine. The workmen of Lyons have long since avowed that they would "live working or die fighting." In their mournful resolve is the whole history of the future. France is not prosperous: she is only quiescent, and is sickening for a serious convulsion.

Little needs be said of Orleans and Bourbon intrigues. Such things are only important to a few personages. The great heart of the nation is not at all touched by court squabbles. It is gravely asserted that France is not republican. What, then, is she? Monarchical—did you say? Where are your proofs? Have you forgot the fate of four out of five of her last monarchs? Louis XVI. was beheaded; Napoleon, Charles the X. and Louis Phillippe died in exile. The great body of the agricultural population may not be republicans; but they are as much so as they are monarchists. The active mind of France is republican. The intellect that and conquers is the child of the Encyclopædists. Do you ask for their creed? Read it in the history of the past sixty years. To the casual observer the tide ebbs and flows; but the philosopher sees that the motion of the fluid mass is ever upwards and onwards. Revolutions are only preparatory to the great work. It would be better that it could be done by other and milder means. Revolutions are often followed by despotism. Yet they must be accepted for what they prove: the imbecilities of rulers and the war of ignorance of classes.

Louis Napoleon has missed a great opportunity. And why? Because he is not a great man. He mistakes grandeur for power: immediate success for ultimate utility: brilliancy for stability: an army for a nation.

He may be wiser when it is "too late." When France is ripened by her experience, she will find the men who will know her wants and provide for them. Until that time arrives, she must wrestle on; and it will be well if the nations of the earth watch her convulsions narrowly, and gain wisdom by the vigil. Might not some of our English statesmen profit by so costly a lesson? Surely, they are not so 'wise in their generation,' that they should refuse all instruction. Have they all engraved 'Finality' on the pillars of St. Stephen's? If they have, society will blot it out.

SAMUEL M. KYDD.

Correspondence.

THE WORKING-MAN'S QUESTION.

Leeds, October 2nd, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have read with great interest the twenty-seventh number of your *Journal*,—which I am very glad to see resumed. The "Working-Man's Question" is one every way worthy of you—one you are well fitted to do justice to; and I hope you will work out (or permit) a thorough investigation of it. It is doubtless important to have a true genealogy of Christ, *a la Strauss*, and to have all the discrepancies of the narrative of the resurrection explained—but still I think that a true understanding of the position of the people, is imperative to our present improvement, and vital to all future progression.

Between what has already appeared in the *Leader*, and in your *Journal*, we have three distinct and different opinions entertained on this important subject. 1st. That the people are deteriorated in their condition; 2ndly, That they have greatly improved; and 3rdly. That the people have not improved proportionately to the progress of the arts and wealth. The *Leader* and yourself, generally, advocate the 1st; and doubtless you have facts inducing your opinions, and proving their truth. Dr. Smiles, in his letter, which seems to cause you sorrow, takes the 2nd and reverse view; and says that the people have advanced greatly both in wealth and political power; and that, if they would but use wisely the advantages they now have, their position would be vastly higher still. I think the Doctor proves his case by credible instances.

Before remarking on these opposing views, permit me, in all kindness, to review your strictures upon the Doctor and his letter; and to remonstrate with you on the spirit in which you have written of him. I do not feel particularly called upon to defend Dr. Smiles. He needs no help of mine. But, as I am greatly interested in the condition of the people, so I wish to have a fair, free, and full investigation on this important subject; and that, I am satisfied, can *never* be arrived at, if the parties investigating, on either side, are sneered at, stigmatised, or treated otherwise than as sincere and honest.

You appear first discontented with Dr. Smiles, because you say he has joined "those who talk harshly and revilingly of working-men, and mistake their condition;" and you further charge him with "attempting to deceive others on a question so momentous."

Those who know the Doctor well, treat the charge as totally unfounded; while his past and present proceedings prove him utterly incapable of any such intention. My dear Cooper, you have made a great mistake; and the Doctor ought to have an ample apology from you.

We who know Dr. Smiles, know that his disinterested labour in the cause of the working-man, deserves the highest estimate of all who desire their welfare; nor do we see that his statements need to disturb, or cause sorrow, to any.

If what the Doctor says be true (*i.e.* if the people have improved); and however deplorable the facts he may relate (*i.e.* if the people do not use but abuse their advantages); it is not his fault who simply does but state them. On the contrary, it is his duty, and it is to his honour, to do so—if done with a pure motive, and for the good of the parties interested. If Dr. Smiles, or any one else, makes either false statements, or draws false inferences—then ought these to be exposed; but, without this, to insinuate that Dr. Smiles "intends to deceive others, and to blind the working-men respecting the causes or the reality of their own grievances,"—is surely unworthy of the Doctor to receive, or of Thomas Cooper to make.

Again, from the whole of your concluding paragraph, I do most emphatically dissent; generally, as fostering that spirit of class opposition so very detrimental to the interests of truth, and justice, and equality; and particularly, as most inapplicable to the party and the occasion. After assuming that Dr. Smiles intends to scold the working men and has joined those who talk revilingly and harshly of them, and mistake their condition—you add,

—if all that the Doctor says be true, it would “not be likely that *he* could produce any good impression upon them ;”—“for, though they will bear broad truths from one of their own order, they remember that Dr. S., like all *merely professional men*, is indebted to the brawny arm and the toiling hand for the bread he eats, and the coat he wears.” And you say, “the poor have ever these things in their minds, when a man who is better off than themselves takes it upon him to lecture them.”

I may mistake your meaning (and yet you have a most remarkable power of making yourself understood)—but, to me, all this means, that because the Doctor is a gentleman—“can have frequent ease, and some luxuries,”—*therefore*, “they who toil with wearied frames,” “do not,” and ought not, to listen to what he may say,—or attend to what he may advise,—however true the one, or valuable the other.

Now, my dear Cooper, *ought* this to be the case? *Can you really mean to advise this?* I have been in the habit of supposing that truth ought to be accepted from whatever source it comes; and that error should be scouted in whatever guise it may appear; and that, in fact, the *position* of a party is no criterion of the truth of his statements. But, if we are to reject a messenger because he is well clothed,—then, are we to welcome a Falstaff's regiment, however ragged? That Mr. Shorter be a working man, is, I submit, no valid reason why *his* broad truths (by the way, fully bearing out the Dr's. letter), should be accepted in preference to those of one not so deemed. But Dr. Smiles also *claims* the title of *working-man*; and I believe he could prove it. I am, moreover, puzzled why, in this case, there should be a distinction drawn between the working men, and those “merely professional;” or why the toiling hand and the brawny arm should be instanced, and not also the thinking head or toiling heart. All men cannot be weavers, nor ploughmen—but it does not follow that all men else are *not* workers. Either the weaver or the ploughman works no more in reality for the thinker and the director, than they do for him. Nor is it true that Dr. Smiles is indebted to either for the bread he eats, or the coat he wears;—*when he has rendered back to the labourer the price equivalent*. The Doctor is as needful to the labourer, as is the labourer to the Doctor. The powers of human nature are not to be perfected by the mere manipulation of the weaver, or the strength of the ploughman. Why, then, give undue importance to their efforts, or undervalue the labours of the professional and the scientific? *Such distinctions, between true men, should never have been made, and ought not for a moment to be entertained: they savour too much of the folly of the past, which hated and fought the French,—for the notable reasons that they ate frogs and wore wooden shoes.*

Touching Dr. Smiles in particular, he has, I am told, to *work very hard* to maintain himself in his position, (and to his honour be it said, he practically strives after that progression which he advises to others)—but, *after* his daily labour is over, and when he, like many of the working men, might enjoy his pot and pipe (or his books and wines), regardless of the future,—instead thereof, he chooses to *labour* still, and *for the benefit of working-men*—for he devotes his leisure hours to works which are valuable to them, and creditable to his own character.

Further, if working men are *not* to bear rebuke because it does not come from one of their own order—then “what serves as sauce for the goose, may serve as sauce for the gander.” On that ground, then, the aristocratical and the wealthy are warranted in rejecting wholesome truths, when they come from a working man; and, if so, certain most admirable letters we wot of, may have been written in vain. Shall, however, working men be advised to reject the prescription of a physician, because he does not dig? or, to test the truth and value of advice or information, by the horny skin on the hand of the party tendering it? Is it not, on the contrary, likely that varied, and even opposite positions, are often favourable to a true perception of one another's duty? The working-man can often see the best line of duty for the wealthy patriot, better than he can himself; and so may the professional and the capitalist often develop the best mode of proceeding to the working man.

Have we not difficulties enough to contend with, in working out the regeneration of our country? and have we not opponents, sufficiently numerous, in the field, striving against our placing the working men in an equal position to the ten-pounders, without the *friends* to both falling out, and quarrelling on the texture of the coat they wear, or the quality of the bread they eat? Let us wisely banish such distinctions; and let us value the reformer, not in proportion as he seeks to pull the rising down,—but rather as he aims to raise the fallen up. If this be our standard, then will Dr. Smiles' letter need to cause neither sorrow, nor discontent, on his account.

Having, thus, in an imperfect way, attempted to justify my friend Smiles to my friend Cooper; having also attempted to give the true position that reformers should take towards each other, when they see things in a different light (*a thing inevitable*); I would now gladly go on to the more agreeable matter of the original positions of this interesting question; but I fear, this letter is already too long; and, therefore, with your leave, will resume the subject another time.

Believe me, my dear friend, truly yours, JOHN HOLMES

[The few observations I made, respecting Dr. Smiles and his letter to the *Leader*, have drawn upon me several letters of rebuke. I publish the longest: it being at the same time, the most to the point—and therefore the best. Besides, it is the remonstrance of a true and valued friend, and thus demands a reply, in preference to the correspondence of people who think they know how to write satirically.

I am free to confess that I may have used expressions,—such as ‘deceive’—which were unwarrantable. *I therefore apologise to Dr. Smiles for having used them.* Yet, it is not at all unlikely that I should offend again, if I were to read any essay in which working-men are spoken of, or spoken to, with seeming harshness; and the Doctor’s letter *seemed* harsh to me. His statements, too, of the money working-men spend in drink—though I do not charge the Doctor with inventing them—roused my gall. I deny that such statements are true. I have companied too much with working-men not to know something about their habits; and I affirm that they are not chargeable with the vice of drunkenness, neither with the practice of spending money in drink,—to the extent which some people say they are. I have also seen a good deal of the middle-classes in my day,—and I can conscientiously affirm that I believe drunkenness, and spending of money in drink, prevail far more among the middle than among the working class. The poor man’s vice is open: if he gets drunk, it is usually at the end of a week’s toil, and the occasional excess so far upsets him, that everybody sees it; but thousands of the middle-class are *daily* quiet tipplers, and at expensive liquor, too. I know that I shall give additional offence to some by saying this; but it is *the truth*, and therefore I speak it.

Now, it is a conviction that all true Reformers have more need to scold the other classes for their vices rather than the working-men, which ever fills me with indignation, when I see a member of the other classes in the act of scolding working-men. It seems to me, moreover, to be inhuman and unfeeling, as well as a misdirection of the Reformer’s aim. I cannot understand how any man, with a spark of real chivalry, with any real generosity in his nature, can find it in his heart to flog those whose wounds are already smarting. The poor suffer: we all know that—or, if we do not, we had better go and inquire into their condition, before we begin to preach to them. With the knowledge that they suffer, should not, then, he who is exempt from that suffering, deal very tenderly towards them?

I repeat, that “the poor have these thoughts ever present in their minds.” I have heard them,—not once, but a thousand times,—express their indignation (and I contend that it is a natural and justifiable indignation) at the sleek-fed teacher who has lessoned them on self-denial. My friend Holmes asks me if I ‘can really mean to advise this?’—mean to advise that working-men should not listen to the teacher who dwells in ease and luxury. I reply that I *do mean to advise* working-men to maintain that natural and justifiable feeling which I have seen them manifest—towards men whose precepts and practice are ‘at daggers.’ Neither does the old proverb, quoted by my friend, apply here, in my humble opinion. The oppressed working-man *has a right* to scold ‘the aristocratical and the wealthy,’ inasmuch as they grind his bones, and live by oppressing him. I do not think two words need to be spent in establishing that point.

But another word, and I have done. However others may differ from me in their way of going about it, I also wish to see class distinctions abo-

lished. But I cannot understand how that is to be done by keeping silence about these distinctions so long as they exist. And, so long as they exist, I *must* contend that our teachings of the oppressed class should be couched in the language of tenderness, rather than of severity.

I do not think it necessary to shew, that notwithstanding what I have just said, I have a due sense of the necessity of speaking strong truth to working-men. I have shewn that on all occasions when I have had to address them. I would have the truth spoken to them, and it needs to be spoken to them; but let every one beware *how* he speaks it!

THOMAS COOPER.]

NOTES OF TRAVEL AND TALK.

THE 'Parish Farm,' six miles out of Sheffield, is a piece of moor, 50 acres in extent—but not more than one-third yet in cultivation—leased to the Parish of Sheffield by the Duke of Norfolk. It is a grand experiment towards forming a self-supporting colony of the parish poor. As yet—for it has only been two years in existence—the system has *not* proved self-supporting. But none can doubt that it *will*, who pays a visit to it, and enquires into the whole matter. Crops, garden produce, everything looked even more prosperous than on the farm-lands in the neighbourhood; the paupers themselves were happy in the useful labour they were performing, and in the superior treatment they were receiving; and, when I remembered the immense tracts of waste moor-land I had so recently seen, I could not help wondering that the wise and philanthropic scheme of the Sheffield Guardians had not been imitated by many other boards in England.

From Sheffield, I went (by the kindness of another munificent friend) to pass three weeks at the Hydropathic establishment, Ben Rhydding, near Otley, Yorkshire. The result was—so complete a restoration of health as I have never experienced since imprisonment. I need only add, that I keep up the use of the wet 'dripping-sheet,' and put on my wet bandage, every morning—taking care to walk briskly before breakfast; and that I hope, by persevering in these salutary customs, to preserve the health I am happy to say I have thus recovered.

From Ben Rhydding I went direct to the Staffordshire Potteries, and spent two days with attached old friends, before returning home. To my unspeakable delight, I was ushered into a spacious chapel, which the Chartist working-men of Hanley and Shelton have recently bought. It had been occupied by the Ranters, or Primitive Methodists; but the proprietor offered it to the Chartist working-men (when the town authorities, at my visit some months before, refused to let me talk in the Town Hall), and they agreed to purchase it. Out of evil has thus come good. The great people could not forgive my appearance in the Potteries in 1842—though they knew that I had, over and over again, expressed deep regret at what took place then. But the spirit of the Potteries' working-men is insubduable: they only need to be touched to the quick, and they speedily show the great people their mettle. A first-rate place of meeting has arisen out of this petty act of vindictiveness; and there can now be no fear for Progress among the men of the Staffordshire Potteries. I hear that they have had a succession of visits since I saw them (Aug. 25 and 26); and I purpose seeing them again, if all be well, before 1850 be ended.

THOMAS COOPER.

THINKINGS FROM JOSEPH ADDISON.

GOOD NATURE.—There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good nature, or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good breeding. For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and mimicry of good nature, or in other terms, affability, complaisance, and easiness of temper reduced into an art.

EFFECTS OF WINE.—Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

TALKING.—It has been said in praise of some men, that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it must be owned to the honour of the other sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman branch out into a long extempore dissertation on the edging of a petticoat, and chide her servant for breaking a china cup, in all the figures of rhetoric.

OF SPEAKING OF ONE'S SELF.—"It is a hard and nice subject for a man to speak of himself," says Cowley: "it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him." Let the tenour of his discourse be what it will upon this subject, it generally proceeds from vanity. An ostentatious man will rather relate a blunder or an absurdity he has committed, than to be debarred from talking of his own dear person.

ORIGIN OF TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.—Most of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into luxury, and the latter into avarice.

AMBITION.—There are few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn; and, *if it were rightly directed*, contribute as much to a person's advantage, as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.

TRUE BRAVERY.—A coward has often fought, a coward has often conquered; but *a coward never forgave*. The power of doing that flows from a strength of soul conscious of its own force, whence it draws a certain safety which its enemy is not of consideration enough to interrupt.

REVENGE.—When the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts must surely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred, and indignation; and they who profess a sweet in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the consummate bliss of reconciliation: at such an instant the false ideas we received unravel, and the shyness, the distrust, the secret scorns, and all the base satisfactions men had in each other's faults and misfortunes, are dispelled, and their souls appear in their native whiteness, without the least streak of that malice or distaste which sullied them: and perhaps those very actions, which (when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always see things) were horrid and odious, when observed with honest and open eyes, are beauteous and ornamental.

ETERNAL BEAUTY.

'Tis sweet to know that human hearts may converse hold with beauty,
And drink the streams of gladness as from Nature's breast they flow;
To feel God's light upon the soul in the bright path of duty,
And make our lives a blessing to our brothers here below.

From the mountain-tops and valleys there are streams of joyance flowing,
And the thirsty heart may drink from their sweet flowers' immortal wine;
And amid life's gloomy shadows there are stars of brightness glowing,
And they do not gleam in angels eyes more brilliant than in mine.

Fast flashing comes the sunlight o'er the cowslip-paven valleys;
The mountains rise like temples consecrated all around;
The broad heavens beam with splendour—the sun's eternal palace!
And the woods are like a true heart full of love, and light, and sound.

O! this world was made for pleasure,—not for sorrow, tears, and anguish:
They are knaves who say that God made man to suffer mammon-wrong,
In the workshop, like a Helot; or in chains to starve and languish,—
While his heart is full of music and the world is full of song.

In the hush of tranquil even, when the vesper-star is beaming,
Like a lily in the sunset with the love light in its eye,
I have seen earth's future glory from the mount above me streaming,
And a voice within me whispered that the world was made for joy.

Hope on, my toiling brothers! you were never made for sorrow:
The heaven of earth is goodness and pure love's eternal bliss:
From the clouded sky of labour, you some rainbow-light may borrow;
And, whatever be the other world—make you the best of this.

This world with all its grandeur—with its crown of starry glory—
Is worthy of those angels with the forms of noble men;
And if we all endeavour to crush wrong and crime so hoary,
It may be an Elysium, or a Paradise, again!

SHELDON CHADWICK.

Manchester.

COUNTRY MUSINGS.

Reposing here, 'midst rural scenes,
Full oft I dream, on summer's day,
Of times, when shall have passed away,
The tinselled pomp of kings and queens.
For, when the noon-tide sun shines out,
And in the woods the birds are still;
And from the gentle rippling rill,
Come dreamy murmurs round about.
Across the shadowy gulf of time,
I look e'en with a prophet's gaze,
Beholding scenes of other days,
When truth on earth shall reign sublime.
When back-bent labour shall at last,
Have learned some truths it scorneth now,
And mankind shall have ceased to bow,
Before the idols of the past.
When mystic creeds and dogmas blind,
That men to bloody strife have urged,
Shall all in one great faith be merged,
Faith in the progress of mankind!
Around, on every side, are spread,
Fair lands, untouched by spade or plough,
Yet, in you city, even now,
Some thousands pine for want of bread!
I feel within an impulse strong,—
Stern promptings to a new crusade,

By worker 'gainst the idler made—
By wronged men against the wrong.
Not such as olden times had known,
In battle for a foreign land;
But forth to draw the glittering brand,
In one last struggle for our own!
And it were better at one stroke,
To strike the banded tyrants down,
Than man be pent in smoky town,
And brutalised 'neath labour's yoke.
Vain dreams! the visions wild of youth,
Which riper knowledge will destroy;
Yet, through the dreamings of the boy,
Come glimpses of eternal truth.
For, though we may not, in a day,
Unloose the grasp of king and priest;
By striving, we may serve at least,
To cheer men on their upward way.
Great thoughts spread slowly; by degrees
Man, who has lived in drear midnight,
Learneth to look upon the light—
Yet eyes askance the gleams he sees!
Learn we this lesson from the Past:
That, though we cannot trace its course,
Truth worketh with all-powerful force,—
And surely will prevail at last!

H. R. NICHOLLS.

CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848-9, AND 1849-50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of "*The Purgatory of Suicides.*"

VII.—THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

(Continued from last number.)

WE can form but two ideas of the life of Jesus after his resurrection: it was either natural and human, or supernatural and superhuman. That it was natural and human, we should, at first, infer—from the mention of the marks of his wounds, his allowing himself to be touched, his utterance of speech, his walking, his breaking of bread, his eating earthly food. Nay, we seem to discern a progress of natural cure in his state: in the hours immediately succeeding his resurrection he remains near his recent grave: in the afternoon he is able to walk to Emmaus: and only later he can undertake the journey to Galilee. So again in the morning he forbids Mary Magdalene to touch his sore and sensitive body; while eight days later he invites Thomas to touch his wounds.

But the New Testament narratives do not permit us to rest in this idea: they confound us with shadowy pictures of the supernatural. He appears and disappears with equal suddenness: he stands, thus, in the midst of his disciples when the doors are shut: his disciples mistake him for 'a spirit': some worship him, and some doubt (Matthew, 28ch. 17v.): he takes different forms—for, 'he appeared in *another form*,' says Mark (16ch. 12v.), and Mary Magdalene, at first, took him for 'the gardener.'

Besides, the words '*Touch me not*' in John, if regarded as a proof that the body of Jesus was too tender to be touched, in the morning, are at variance with Matthew's statement, that Jesus, the same morning, allowed the women to embrace his feet; and also with the statement of Luke, that Jesus, the same day, invited his disciples to handle him. And, if his body were undergoing a gradual and natural cure, where did he dwell in the intervals between his appearances? in solitude? in the open air? in the wilderness, or on the mountains? Were these suitable haunts for an invalid? But, why puzzle ourselves with such a question, while the supernatural idea is also before us? The Evangelists evidently think that Jesus withdrew like a higher being, into invisibility, after his short appearances, and that he thence stepped forth again, on fitting occasions.

The supernatural is, manifestly, the idea of Christ's risen life which the Evangelists held,—and, *to them*, it would not seem contradictory; for, in their circle of ideas, such legends as that of Jehovah and two angels partaking of a meal in Abraham's tent, were received as facts. But, *to us*, the evangelical accounts are full of contradiction. A body which eats is natural; but a natural body cannot vanish at will. A body which can be felt, and 'has flesh and bones' (the words put into the mouth of the risen Christ) is solidly material; but such a body cannot pass into closed houses and rooms, unhindered by walls and doors. And this contradiction, strange

as it may seem, is found in each writer; but it is the most striking in John—where Jesus, immediately after he has entered into the closed room, unimpeded by walls and doors, causes the doubting Thomas to touch him!

A very few words may suffice to place the 'evidence' for the *Ascension*, in its true light; and then we can sum up our thoughts about these closing narratives of the Gospels. Neither Matthew nor John relate the Ascension—so that we have only Mark and Luke to consider; albeit, in this instance, as in others, the objection returns upon us—How comes it to pass, if the Ascension took place, that so important an event is unchronicled by two out of the Four Evangelists? But, of the two who do relate it, Mark is at variance with Luke—nay, Luke is at variance with himself, if we compare the Gospel with the Acts. Read Mark's very brief account, and it manifestly represents Christ as ascending to heaven immediately from the meal in which he appeared to the eleven, consequently from out of a house in Jerusalem; for you must do violence to the consecutive character of the narrative if you attempt to introduce a change of place, or a distinction of time, into it. Luke, on the other hand, makes Jesus (in his Gospel) immediately before his Ascension, lead out his disciples '*as far as to Bethany*,' but, in the Acts, he places the scene on the '*mount called Olivet*;' this, however, is no contradiction: Bethany lay near the Mount of Olives. It is the divergence between Mark and *this* account of Luke, which is alone noteworthy. But, in Luke's statement of time, we have one of the most flagrant contradictions of himself ever committed by any writer. Read over the last chapter of Luke's gospel, and *note it well*: at the 13th verse, the journey to Emmaus is most distinctly stated to have taken place the "same day" as the resurrection: Jesus "vanishes out of the sight" of the two disciples, at Emmaus (v. 31); but "they rose up the *same hour*, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them" (v. 33), "and as they spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them," &c. (v. 36). Up to this passage, who can possibly conceive that the narrator intends us to understand any thing, but that all these events occurred on the same day? And who, that has not some foregone conclusion to establish, can possibly believe that there is any division of days in the remaining part of the narrative? Read on, from the 36th verse to the end of the story—and *where* can you find a syllable that indicates a change of the day? 'Peace be unto you,' commences Jesus. The disciples, in the next verse, are described as being "terrified and affrighted," and supposing "that they had seen a spirit." In the two next verses, Jesus continues to address them. In the following verse, the narrator says, "And *when he had thus spoken* (mark the *continuous* character of these phrases!), he shewed them his hands and feet." And then, in the very next verse, he says, "*And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered*, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat?" His eating is described in the two next verses (42 and 43); and the continuance of his address is resumed, and carried on to the close of the 49th verse. And *now*, let any candid and independent-minded reader, notice this 49th verse, and the few verses that follow it—and *then* say whether it be possible to understand the narrator, as meaning otherwise than that *the Resurrection and the Ascension occurred on the same day*?

V. 49. And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.

V. 50. And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them.

V. 51. And it came to pass while he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven.

V. 52. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy.

V. 53. And were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God. Amen.

But let the same reader turn to the 3rd verse in the Acts, written by the same person (whom we agreed to call 'Luke,' in the outset), and he finds this *new* statement:—

"To whom also (the apostles) he shewed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining," &c.

Forty days: the old magical number again! When this writer has so far forgotten his former account, one may be spared the trouble of a scrutiny into his other new statements—about the "cloud" that received the ascending Jesus "out of their sight," and the "two men" that "stood by them in white apparel, which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven," &c. *Up into heaven!* The old childish ideas of a substantial heaven above the blue air! A man, too, with 'flesh and bones,' ascending thither: the natural laws again inverted! *If* this story *were* written in Palestine nineteen centuries ago, men may have found it easy to believe it there; but in the land where Bacon and Newton, Davy and Watt, have grappled with *realities*, can a *thinking* man believe it, in 1850?

Before summing up our thoughts on the narratives of the Resurrection and Ascension, the ancient question presents itself—Did Jesus really die on the cross? I shall not delay, however, to review all that has been advanced on the negative side of this question; but shall merely deliver my own persuasion—that Jesus died by crucifixion as recorded, though with some divergencies of statement, by the Four Evangelists, and by the great philosophical historian Tacitus. If there be a single veritable fact in the whole history of Christianity—it is that of the Crucifixion. The divergencies of the Evangelists are slighter, in recording it, than any other important fact; while I, for one, cannot think Tacitus would have given credit to the relation of it, and set it down for an undoubted fact himself, unless there had been undoubted grounds for receiving it.

So far from thinking it needful to surmise that Jesus only 'swooned on the cross,' and so forth—I see no cause to entertain the question at all, seeing that the evidence for his risen life is so exceedingly contradictory. Now let us sum up the imperfections and divergencies in these stories, and then ask ourselves—If a 'fact,' on which our eternal existence is held to depend, can be considered as *attested*, when related with these strange imperfections and divarications?

1. *No* resurrection, *no* actual rising, is witnessed, or related to have been witnessed.

2. The number of the women who brought the news to the disciples, of the grave being open and empty, is related differently: in Luke it is *several* women, in Mark *three*, in Matthew *two*, in John *one*.

3. The time at which the women go to the grave is differently related.

4. What and who they saw there is diversely described.

5. The relation in which the disciples are placed, with respect to the first news of the Resurrection, is described very differently in each of the Four Evangelists.

6. In describing Christ's risen appearances, beyond the neighbourhood of

the grave, the Evangelists differ widely : the statement of one—that Christ *said* he would appear in Galilee, and *did* appear there, being utterly opposed to the declaration of another—that Christ ordered his disciples not to depart from Jerusalem, and that his risen appearances were confined to that city and the neighbourhood.

7. The summary of the risen appearances, as given by each of the Four Evangelists and by Paul, are different : Matthew and Luke recording *two*, Mark *three*, John *four*, and Paul *five*.

8. The life of Jesus, after his rising, is such a contradictory and medley picture of the human and superhuman—the natural and supernatural—that men, in an age of science, must reject it as utterly legendary.

9. The place—but, above all, the time at which the Ascension took place (that is to say, at which the risen life on earth of Jesus terminated), is related with such wide divarications—not only between two writers, but in the two writings of one narrator—that the reality of the event is destroyed by the irreconcilableness of the narratives.

No : all-important as the reality of the Resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth would have been to us—we cannot believe that it ever took place, while the historians of it tell their tale with divarications, contradictions, and omissions, which would be held fatal to the truth of any relation—on which not even a grain of human interests depended !

But how, then, came such a story ever to have been accredited ?

We will not slur over this question. It behoves us, as earnest men, to be able to give a rational answer to it.

We reject the opinion of Celsus, that the disciples and women were mere practisers, and sought to deceive ; and we also spurn the more modern suspicion that the disciples stole Jesu's body, and afterwards fabricated ill-constructed stories of his resurrection and after-appearances. Their astonishing change from deep depression and hopelessness, to strong faith and enthusiasm, is not explicable under these unworthy suppositions. Something extraordinarily encouraging—something, in fact, which had convinced *them* of the resurrection of their master—must have taken place.

What was it ? Let us turn to the passage of Paul (1 Corinthians, 15ch.) and using it as a starting-point in this enquiry, see if it will not furnish us with a key to the comprehension of all the *appearances* of Jesus after his resurrection.

V. 3. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures ;

V. 4. And that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures :

V. 5. And that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve :

V. 6. After that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once ; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep.

V. 7. After that he was seen of James ; then of all the apostles.

V. 8. And last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time.

Paul—strong-minded, though highly-imaginative, Paul—here places all the other *appearances* of the risen Jesus in the same category with that experienced by himself. Now, *what kind of an appearance* was that which Paul experienced ? Note the several accounts of it, in the Acts :

Chap. 9, v. 3. And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus : and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven :

V. 4. And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me ?

V. 5. And he said, Who art thou, Lord ? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest : it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

V. 6. And he trembling and astonished said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ? And the Lord said unto him, Arise ; and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.

V. 7. And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man.

V. 8. And Saul arose from the earth ; and when his eyes were opened, he saw no man : but they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus.

V. 9. And he was three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink.

Chap. 22, v. 6. And it came to pass, that, as I made my journey, and was come nigh to Damascus about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me.

V. 7. And I fell unto the ground, and heard a voice saying unto me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me ?

V. 8. And I answered, who art thou, Lord ? And he said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest.

V. 9. And they that were with me saw indeed the light, and were afraid ; but they heard not the voice of him that spake to me.

V. 10. And I said, what shall I do, Lord ? And the Lord said unto me, Arise, and go into Damascus ; and there it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for thee to do.

V. 11. And when I could not see for the glory of that light, being led by the hand of them that were with me, I came unto Damascus.

Chap. 26, v. 12. Whereupon as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests,

V. 13. At midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me.

V. 14. And when we were all fallen to the earth ; I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me ? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

V. 15. And I said, Who art thou, Lord ? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.

V. 16. But rise, and stand upon thy feet : for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in which I will appear unto thee.

V. 17. Delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom I now send thee.

V. 18. To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

The unmistakeable marks of *legend* first strike our attention in these accounts. In two of them it is Paul only that falls to the ground, and (according to the second account) 'the men which journeyed with him stood speechless.' But in the third account we read, 'And when *we were all fallen* to the earth !' Again, in the first account, the men who were with Paul are described as '*hearing a voice*, but seeing no man.' But in the second account the writer says 'they heard *not* the voice !' The simple direction to Paul to arise and go to Damascus is also enlarged, in the last account, to a considerable speech.

But—to our question. What *kind of an appearance* does Paul experience ? *Appearance !* why, where is there *any* appearance mentioned ? There is the wondrous light, in each of the three accounts ; and we are told that *a voice is heard*—but where is there a word relating that anything was *seen* ? Strange kind of an *appearance* this, my friends ! So far from *seeing*

anything, Paul appears to have been struck blind with the glory of the light, and to have been led to Damascus in that state. Only, here again the marks of legend puzzle us—for, in the first account, there is evidently a blindness understood; but we speedily read, 'And Saul arose from the earth; and *when his eyes were opened* he saw no man.' Then the leading into Damascus is described; and immediately we are told that Paul was 'three days without sight,' although we had just been told that 'his eyes were opened!' But note the words, that when his eyes were opened—*he saw no man!* Paul was looking about for something, then, pretty eagerly, having seen nothing, as yet—but *he saw no man!*

And so a mere *internal impression* is all that we are presented with, in this *appearance* of Jesus to Paul. Remembering that the same verb, '*he was seen*,' is applied by Paul to the experience of Cephas, of the Twelve, of 500 brethren, of James, of all the Apostles, and of *himself*—what are we to think of the experience of Cephas, or of James, or of the Twelve, or of the 500 brethren? Paul *sees nothing*, in our human and natural sense: he merely *believes* that he sees: and yet he sets down his internal impression in the same list and catalogue with theirs, as if their *seeing* and his own were of the same nature. If he had not thought so, is it possible that a writer like Paul—so skilled in making subtle distinctions—would have omitted to tell us?

Paul's real case is this: his witnessing of that grand martyrdom of holy Stephen flashes upon his ardent mind new and astounding thoughts: he had held the clothes of the martyr's persecutors while they stoned him; but the sublime conduct of the sufferer would render him aghast with wonder: conviction would begin to work: it would be aided by what he saw of the life and conduct of the other Christians whom he persecuted: and, in spite of his desperate struggle to cling to his old persecuting faith—a time must come in which his prejudices would fall prostrate before the might of his judgment. / It *did* come—but whether amidst thunder and lightning, occurring while he was on his persecuting journey—or how, or when, or where—one would not be bound to say, seeing that *legend* has evidently laid hold of the pen of the writer of the account.

But if a strong enthusiastic mind, which had opposed Christianity, could, at length, conceive that it witnessed, supernaturally, the risen Christ, who can wonder that the disciples who loved Jesus, and had all along cleaved to him, should overcome their doubts, and rise into similar, or even more striking and seemingly tangible visions? There is no need, therefore, to set down the Evangelical accounts as the production of deceit. Let us abandon that vulgar and most absurd way of talking. We have only here to analyse the workings of the human mind. It is not the testimony of broad history that we have to consider—for Jesus is never recorded to have appeared, after his resurrection, to his enemies—to the crowd—on the open stage of observation. Even the 500 whom Paul (and only Paul) talks of are 'brethren'—followers of Jesus, that is to say. The *appearances*, then, even on the largest scale, are confined to the enthusiastic—though even some of these 'doubted' on one occasion. The possibility of believers feeling confident that *they saw what they longed to see* is not so very difficult to conceive.

And that the apostles would long to see their buried master was natural. They loved him; and, whatever be the judgment we form of the miracles generally, there was something so extraordinary about this young man of

Nazareth, that he had impressed his followers with the strong belief that he was the long-promised Messiah. His death gave a shock to this belief; but the earlier and long-cherished impression began to revive, and as it began to revive they would feel the mental necessity of bringing their new notions into consistency with their old: that is to say, they would have to receive into their minds the idea of a Messiah that had to suffer and die. But a Jew of those times fled to his scriptures perpetually: he could have no opinion without deriving it from thence. The 53rd of Isaiah, the 22nd Psalm, &c., where the man of God is represented as afflicted and bowed down to death—they would be seized upon, in his frame of mind, and the idea of a Messiah that was to undergo ignominy, suffering, and death, would transplant the old idea of a Messiah that was to be an earthly conqueror. Luke describes the risen Jesus, that, “beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself—i. e., that Christ ought to have suffered such things.” But we must rather take that as the occupation of the disciples themselves, without the tuition of their risen Master, I suspect. And when they had thus adopted the new idea, the ignominiously-executed Jesus was not lost but still remained to them. By his death he had only entered into his glory (Luke, 24 ch., 26 v.), in which he was invisibly with them always, even unto the end of the world (Matth. 28 ch. 20 v.)

“But how could he fail,” continues Strauss, “out of this glory, in which he lived, to give tidings of himself to his followers? and how could they, when their mind was opened to the hidden doctrine of a dying Messiah contained in the scriptures, and when in moments of unwonted inspiration their *hearts burned within them* (Luke xxiv. 32),—how could they avoid conceiving this to be an influence shed on them by their glorified Christ, an opening of their understanding by him (v. 45), nay, an actual conversing with him? Lastly, how conceivable is it that in individuals, especially women, these impressions were heightened, in a purely subjective manner, into actual vision; that on others, even on whole assemblies, something or other of an objective nature, visible or audible, sometimes perhaps the sight of an unknown person, created the impression of a revelation or appearance of Jesus: a height of pious enthusiasm which is wont to appear elsewhere in religious societies, peculiarly oppressed and persecuted. But if the crucified Messiah had truly entered into the highest form of blessed existence, he ought not to have left his body in the grave: and if in precisely such Old Testament passages as admitted of a typical relation to the sufferings of the Messiah, there was at the same time expressed the hope: *thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption* (Ps. xvi. 10; Acts ii. 27); while in Isa. liii. 10, he who had been represented as led to the slaughter and buried, was yet promised a prolongation of his days: what was more natural to the disciples than to reinstate their earlier Jewish ideas, which the death of Jesus had disturbed, namely, *that the Christ remaineth for ever* (John xii. 34), through the medium of an actual revivication of their dead master, and, as it was a messianic attribute one day to call the dead bodily from the grave, to imagine him also as returning to life in the manner of a resurrection?”

That the original belief among the Apostles was merely that Christ had been raised from the dead in an invisible or spiritual manner is probable, from Peter's words, in his Epistle, where he describes Christ as being “put to death *in the flesh*, but made alive *in the spirit*.” But perhaps enough has been said on this point; and we may now advance to the consideration of another question—whether the disciples' persuasion that Jesus was risen was strengthened by the removal of his body, or by their own removal from the immediate locality of his sepulchre?

OUR 'GLORIOUS' CONSTITUTION.—'A State or Commonwealth,' says Milton, 'is a society sufficient in itself in all things conducive to well-being and commodious life.' Will this definition answer to Britain as parliaments now are?—when all depends on a set of men authorized by a very small minority both as to numbers and property? It is a common maxim in politics, that in every state there must be, somewhere, an absolute and irresistible power over the people. But this is to be rightly understood, or it will lead to mistakes. In a monarchy, as France, the whole power is in the king against all other voice: this is proper tyranny. At Venice, it is in the nobles exclusively; this is proper aristocracy or oligarchy. In Holland (excepting some errors and deviations) the whole power is in the States; that is, or should be, the people; but does not descend low enough, and leaves the bourgeoisie considerably enslaved. In England, the whole power is in the King, Lords, and Commons. Therefore in monarchies, the people, the chief object, have no share of power. In oligarchies, the people have as little. In republics, the people have a share of power. But in our mixed government the people are swallowed up in King, Lords, and Commons. To say therefore that there must be in every country an absolute power somewhere *over the people*, and in which they are to have no share, is making the people mere beasts of burden, instead of what they are, viz, the original of power, the object of government, and last resource. Our courtly people therefore, to quiet our minds on this subject, tell us, we have a very great share in governing ourselves, as we elect our law-makers. We have seen what this amounts to. And if any Englishman is satisfied, I can only say he is thankful for small mercies.—*James Burgh's Political Disquisitions*, 1774.

ORIGIN OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT.—To take away all such mutual grievances, injuries, and wrongs, *i.e.* such as attend men in the state of nature, there was no way but only by growing into composition and agreement amongst themselves, by ordaining some kind of government public, and by yielding themselves subject thereunto, that unto whom they granted authority to rule and govern, by them the peace, tranquillity, and happy estate of the rest might be procured. Men always knew that where force and injury was offered, they might be defenders of themselves; they knew that however men may seek their own commodity, yet if this were done with injury unto others, it was not to be suffered, but by all men and all good means to be withstood. Finally, they knew that no man might in reason take upon him to determine his own right, and according to his own determination proceed in maintenance thereof, in as much as every man is towards himself, and them whom he greatly affects, partial; and therefore that strifes and troubles would be endless, except they gave their common consent, all to be ordered by some, whom they should agree upon, *without which consent there would be no reason that one man should take upon him to be lord or judge over another.*—*Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*.

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"AND though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple! Who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a *free and open* encounter?"—*Milton's Areopagitica*.

No. 30.—Vol. I.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1850. [Price One Penny.

MERCANTILE PHILOSOPHY.

SOCIETY in England has outlived the *theory* of feudal institutions; but a reverence for rank and ancestry, is still an integral part of the mind of our country. Yet a poor Duke or a poor Lord is, in the estimation of the many, inferior to a rich merchant. Our "Merchant Princes" have been married and intermarried among the descendants of the old nobility, and the commercial element is essentially in the ascendant.

A purely commercial state of society manifests its influence in a variety of ways, the most striking of which is the increased activity of all its members. Men are quickened and enlivened in all their active energies. Whilst I sit and watch the very motions of these Manchester operatives, as they pass and repass along the streets, it is impossible not to observe that they are more active than the peasantry of the agricultural counties. They do not bustle; but they move sharply on. Like the machinery at which they work, they move with a kind of monotonous speed; yet they are sharp, ever on the alert,—and, in conversation, like to be considered witty.

The increased activity of men constrained within natural bounds is itself a good. It is a more general development of faculties, and partakes more of energetic animal life than the slow growth of merely vegetative existence. The excess of activity, however, is a great evil, and one to which the operatives of large towns are constantly liable. Their mission, in the age of missions, is to work, but not to enjoy life. How the excess of activity is to be guarded against, and the better part of the commercial spirit retained, is a question easier asked than satisfactorily answered. The leaders of commerce refuse to give heed to such a question. With them every additional gain increases the means of further gain, and the thirst of gold knows no limits. The appetite grows by what it feeds upon. To suppose then that enterprising merchants would generally entertain such a question, would bespeak an ignorance of the ways of men. The restless force with which a prevailing and strengthened passion presses forward in hopes of success, begets a disregard of means, and forgets or overlooks evils. With men whose habits are purely commercial, moral and intellectual considerations, if not under-rated, are over-borne by "the pressure of circumstances," and hidden amidst the dust and noise of what is called "practical utility." Aristocracies are corrupted by the possessions which they inherit, and of the real value of which they are ignorant: they step into wealth and luxury, and become, in time, effete and effeminate. Commerce on the other hand, begets power, for sometime retains it, but in its love of conquest over matter, it is apt to destroy the source of its own strength. To my mind this seems to be one of the great evils, against which, England, as a commercial state, has chiefly to guard. We know the old saying, "money is

the doer of all things." Whenever it becomes literally true it will undo itself. A veneration for rank is not so deteriorating and immoral as an unintelligent love of gain; and a nation of mere money-getters is a pitiable and melancholy spectacle.

The worship of gold does not increase among the labouring population. The antagonism between the employer and the employed is much too deadly to admit of money becoming the controlling ideal adoration of the labourers. There is no harmony between the capitalists and the workmen; and it is foolish for good men to persuade themselves, that there is any bond of unity between the rich employer and the poor workman,—except the bond of an iron necessity: strong enough to bind both; I grant you; yet weak enough to break, in any sudden emergency.

M. Lamartine has just visited this country, and, according to his wont, has talked grandiloquently of our social state in the columns of *La Presse*. I can easily conceive a benevolent person, who has acquired a knowledge of our commercial system from our most esteemed economists, visiting London, and as he paraded the leading streets of the metropolis, being struck by the wealth and order with which he was surrounded,—particularly if he, like Lamartine, came from a country more remarkable for changes than stability. Such a visitor might be led to exclaim, "Here is the land of my heart; here we have peace, security of property and family!"

Pause, generous philosopher! descend from the high ground of generalities; turn out of your cab; come with me from the elegant rooms of your hotel, and I will introduce you to the workshop. There you hear curses—low but bitter—against the very supporters of those "charities" you so fancifully admire. You had supposed that the machine worked almost perfectly;—that you were surrounded by a happy population, who enjoyed all the comforts, rational and industrious men could desire; that the imprudence and imperfections of a few mistaken or unfortunate men, were more than overbalanced by the heavenly generosity of a few rich individuals, who devoted their lives to studying and supplying the wants of their fellow men. Turn over we beseech you the black leaves of our book of pauperism; read the items carefully! There learn that eighteen years ago, the dependent idlers of your ideal paradise were so numerous, that property, in self-defence procured a bill of divorce against poverty, and tried to shake it off: punished it, and cast it out. Know also that the bill of divorce has proved, in the Court of Experience, to be a dead letter; and that pauperism and vagrancy have increased.

Are you aware, my dear philosopher, that, only a few months since, we were busy in devising means to get rid of our "surplus" population,—selling off below prime cost,—getting rid of the rubbish anyhow and anywhere, on the shores of Australia or the bottom of the sea? Ay! our most virtuous Queen's poor sisters were being banished, and all by "magnificent charities"—the select objects of your poetical eulogiums. Let me introduce you to a friend whom you have not yet seen. He is a bowed starved Irish labourer, knocking at the door of the workhouse of St. George's in the East. He cannot be admitted; but the authorities send him to Liverpool; which in due time returns him to London; and he and a hundred others are bundled over to Dublin; he visits parish after parish, driven from pillar to post, and just reaches the parish of his nativity in time to die. And all this kindness too by "charity." It would be an easy matter to extend the range of your acquaintance; but the needlewomen and starved

ish labourers will serve you to ponder over at this time. We do not give strong milk to babes.

It is the commercial spirit that makes capital talk of owing no duty to labour; that deranges the thoughts of men on the nature and uses of property; and begets, as its counterpart, an inextinguishable antagonism and a war of classes; that scorns an acknowledgement of moral claims and abandons the very name of mutual interests and human duties. The "vulgar" sneer with an earnest contempt at the mention of self-sacrifice; is high outright at the idea of injuring interest for the sake of principle; are assessed of a cold and an accommodating reason that is distrustful of a firm-hearted enthusiasm, and that smiles at generosity as something to be overcome by years, and a knowledge of the world.

The last is the unkindest cut of all. It means that the selfish spirit has taken possession of the soul, and is destined to command in undisputed authority. The leaders of a school who settle all human affairs by a comparison of averages, and a table of profit and loss; who have no other motto than "buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest;" who point to Manchester as the model city of their choice; who make the great object of life the accumulation of riches; who see in office and gain all they desire. Such "philosophers" may help to make a people active, but not to make a nation great. It is just possible that these leaders may one day find out that, in their complex calculations, a few items have been omitted; and that, with all their parade of arithmetic, a true answer to the great account of human existence has not been found by them.

SAMUEL M. KYDD.

NOTES OF TRAVEL AND TALK.

In giving a hasty account of my summer's journey, I omitted to mention Esherfield. A few spirited young men invited me thither; and although the audience was small, I hope some little good was done in arousing thought of which there is much need in that town of great religious profession. My young friends, resolved on giving me a treat, had provided a conveyance, and I was off with them to see Chatsworth—the grand seat of the Duke of Devonshire—within an hour of my reaching them. Everybody has heard of Chatsworth—the most magnificent house and grounds, perhaps, in the kingdom. The vast extent of the grounds, the grand fountains and waterfalls, above all, the superb conservatory, are always talked of by visitors; but none, the sculpture gallery was the great charm of the place: it contains some of the masterpieces of Canova, Thorwaldsen, and others, and is worth seeing one hundred miles to see.

Since my return home, I have made two short, but agreeable journeys: one to Heltenham—where I talked once in the town-hall to a mixed audience, and twice to the members of the Workingmen's Institute in the County Court—the use of which had just been granted. My other journey was into Norfolk—a county which I had never seen before—but often wished to visit. The fine old city of Norwich delighted me as much as I had expected it would. Indeed, one of the most interesting towns in England: its imposing and noble cathedral—both dating from the Norman period; its ancient houses and numerous churches; with the antique style of many of the houses all combine to raise stirring associations of the Past. And these were alluded with the Present most pleasurably, during the two nights I talked in

St. Andrew's Hall—the church of one of the old monasteries, which is now used for public meetings, lectures, and concerts. Jenny Lind's peerless notes have thrilled through its noble space; and my friends will credit me when I say that I did my best to stir its echoes while endeavouring to rehearse the lofty thoughts and sonorous music of Milton. That hall is the grandest arena with which I have ever yet been favoured in England: it is said that 5000 persons can stand on its floor—but it must not be supposed that I was able to attract an audience approaching that number; though I had no reason to complain, from what was told me of the number usually attending other visitant speakers. I also talked two nights at Diss—a pleasant rural town, but too strongly characterised by sectarianism to afford a pleasant prospect for any future talker of my kidney. Yet there are a few thinkers there who may raise the intellectual tone of the place, if they have the courage and perseverance to combat difficulties.

I have said little of the condition of working men, in these hasty notes. To my unspeakable gratification I found a great decrease of suffering in almost every district I visited: the reports of abundant employment being nearly general. How long that will continue is a problem. I only wish that working men may profit by this respite from deeper suffering—be it of short or long continuance.

THOMAS COOPER.

SONG.

Come, let us wander, dearest maid,
To yonder deep sequestered shade,
Mild evening comes with dewy sheen
To robe the hills and vallies green;
The vesper-star shines bright and clear,
Then come, oh come, my Nanny dear!

Come at the blackbird's cheery call,
Down by the murmuring water-fall;
The rose your laughing eyes shall greet,
The violet woo your tiny feet;
A thousand echoes charm your ear—
Then come, oh come, my Nanny dear!
Sheffield.

The blushing flowers look far more gay,
The songsters chaunt a sweeter lay,
The earth looks beauteous as a bride,
When you are smiling by my side:
Then leave your cot and sweet parterre,
And come, oh come, my Nanny dear!

Blest be the hour that gave you birth,
My dearest, only charm on earth!
I long to see your joyous smile;
And kiss those lips so free from guile;
Love makes e'en death a heavenly sphere,
Then come, oh come, my Nanny dear!

J. W. KING.

On Belief.—For my own part, I think nothing can be more clearly deduced from Scripture, nothing more fully expressed in Scripture, nothing more suitable to natural reason, than that no man should be forced to believe—for no man can be forced to believe. You may force a man to say this or that, but not to believe it. If you hold a clearly printed book with a clear candle to a man of clear eyes and able to read, he will certainly read; but if the print be not clear, or the candle or his sight not clear, or he not learned to read—can your force make him to read? And just so it is with our understanding, which is the eye of our soul, and a demonstration being as a candle to give light, if then your demonstration or deduction, or his understanding be not clear, or he not learned, you may with a club dash out his brains but never clear them. He then believes the Scripture, cannot but believe what you clearly demonstrated from the Scripture, if he hath clear brains; if he hath not, your force may puzzle and puddle his brains more by the passion of anger and hatred, may make him abhor you and your arguments, but never lovingly embrace you or them; and thus you may hazard his soul by hatred, and your own soul also by provoking him to it, but never save his soul by a true belief. But, perchance, you will conclude that he doth not believe the Scripture, because he doth not believe your arguments from Scripture (a strange conclusion!)—but what then? Would you, can you, force him to believe the Scripture? Can you drive faith, like a nail, into his head or heart with a hammer? Nay, it is not in a man's own power to make himself believe any thing farther than his reason shows him, much less divine things.—*Dr. Herbert Croft—Naked Truth.*

LUCIFER: A FRAGMENT.

There went a sound of music from the throne,
 Throughout all heaven and through the diamond
 gates,
 Like a deep swollen stream between its banks;
 It passed to flood all space and live for aye;
 And wheresoe'er the deep waves found a shore,
 Lo! every moving world was lapped in peace,
 And no dull thunder broke on any land,
 Nor angry wind swept over dreaming seas,
 Nor any wrongs were acted there a space,
 Though only those bright angels, keeping watch
 In planet or in silver satellite,
 Heard this their summons, spreading thence
 their wings
 For heaven, nor lighting in those further worlds,
 Where they were wont to tarry,—happy worlds,
 That in their length of orbit once a year,
 Draw near the splendour of God's citadel.
 Yet some there were who lingered round their
 charge,
 As thus it happened on the new-made earth.
 Above the inland sea one sheared the air
 Towards Carmel, while his shadow, glowing
 white,
 Moved with him in the dark and level sea,
 Till there alighting, shutting his long wings,
 He stood; meanwhile each pinion curving high,
 Lucid and shot with colours of the prism,
 As are two glittering ice-peaks rainbow-edged,
 In the blue starlight of the frozen pole.
 Not long; for leaning into the dusk air,
 He dropped into the vale, and sheared the land
 Swift in his easy flight, while mount and rock
 Glode past him, and long forests came and
 passed,
 As if the ponderous earth went rolling on.
 And he, uninfluenced by her strong bonds,
 Let all the lands and rivers glide away;—
 Till suddenly he swept above the hills,
 Far into the deep sky, and from the world
 Was vanished, sudden as the setting moon
 To one descending from a mountain height.
 Thus all the broad and labyrinthine ways
 Were filled and fed with angel forms, before
 The gates swang open thrice, and other sounds
 Went out and beat the everlasting stars;
 When far beyond the ending of the worlds,
 Upon the utmost ebb of those deep tones,
 One stretched upon a dark and barren shore,
 Felt slow vibrations in the shady air,
 And roused, and, through the darkness, moved
 towards
 The extreme edge, whence he might just discern

Far off a glimmering of the realm of light;
 More faint than that first gleam which pales
 the stars;
 While yet the new day sleeps beneath the world;
 Then, musing, turned he inland for awhile,
 Where, close behind his footsteps, lay a chasm
 Unfathomed, a great ocean bed, unfilled
 With water, whence the air came flapping up,
 And out beyond rough mountain-peaks, arose
 As oft he saw, when with loud noise there went
 A sudden blast of stones and yellow flame,
 From out the low volcano, and a fire
 Blood red and smoky burning afterwards,
 Showed every dreadful steep and barren plain,
 The withered shores of hardened lava streams,
 Bestrown with fragments of the shattered
 rock.
 But now he turned again and stedfastly;
 Still looking towards the light, let ope his wings
 And stretched on the cold air, and sped away,
 Nor halted till he saw thin sprinkled stars,
 And on his wings outspread a touch of light,
 Fell from the upper air, and slowly shewed
 A mighty angel winging his full way
 Through the smooth silent air betwixt the worlds:
 And thence into a broad highway he came
 Silent and emptied of the white-winged host,
 That erewhile, crowding towards the gates of
 heaven,
 Made head against the rolling harmony:
 So came he after the great gates were shut
 A full half hour, nor sought admittance there,
 But shifting his sleek way beneath the walls,
 Sought for some open postern idly watched;
 But found it not, for only those high gates
 That looked adown the broad and silent way,
 Gave entrance into that bright citadel.
 And thither after labour spent in vain,
 He came again, and thus besought the guard,
 'I, Lucifer, beseech a little rest,
 For I am worn with travel, faint and bruised,
 With sudden coming against rugged worlds,
 That float in yonder darkness, and my feet
 Are lacerated on the hard sharp stars,
 And weary are my wings in every joint;
 Moreover my weak eyes, unused of late,
 Refuse to bear the glory of these gates;
 Therefore, I offer for my hostelry
 What other angels give who enter heaven,
 My meed of praises while I linger here,
 From my first entry to my going out,
 One offering of praises unto God!'

W. MOY THOMAS.

HUMAN NATURE.

Great thoughts are with the meanest;
 No life is wholly spent,
 To which the high and holy
 Are not at moments lent.

Though years of sin and darkness,
 The jewel's worth may tyme,
 Still, in the hour of trial,
 Will beam the light divine.

Humanity hath ever
 A glory, though unseen;
 Birmingham.

Its oneness with the Godhead,
 Is now, hath ever been.
 The vilest of Earth's children
 Have still a holy chord;
 From which, in deep vibrations,
 High strains, at times, are heard.

The sun by clouds is hidden—
 We know it still doth shine—
 So darkened human nature,
 Though stained, is yet divine.
 JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

Correspondence.

DEAR SIR,—I have read the remarks in the two last numbers of your Journal, in reference to the letter of mine, which appeared in the *Leader* of September 7th. The *Leader*, in its "Open Council," had invited the free expression of opinion on all subjects, and I merely offered my contribution as to the condition of the people, which, though confessed to be very sad, in many aspects, I, nevertheless, regarded, on the whole, in a hopeful light. In this, it seems, I differ from you and others, who are of opinion that things are getting worse, as regards the mass of the community.

With respect to that portion of my letter to which you have taken the strongest objection, namely, where I expressed an opinion that "by far the largest part" of the expenditure incurred on drink by the people of the United Kingdom was incurred by the working classes,—I have to state that I had no intention of "scolding" or giving offence to those classes, by avowing what I conceived and still hold to be substantially correct; nor do I see that the cause of truth or of public progress would be served by concealing such a fact, however unpalatable its publication may be.

I perceive that you are of a contrary opinion,—that you think the working classes "are not chargeable with the vice of drunkenness, neither with the practice of spending money in drink," to the extent stated, but that drunkenness is much more characteristic of the middle classes of this country. If this be correct, it is greatly to be lamented, and must certainly be regarded as one of the worst features of our times. One thing is, at all events, perfectly clear,—that an enormous quantity of intoxicating liquor is consumed, as will be obvious, from the following brief abstract from the last Parliamentary Returns, (Revenue Returns, part xviii., Sect. A.). I give the quantities of all kinds of drink consumed in one year, the amount of duty paid thereon, the number of persons engaged in selling them, with the amount of licence-tax paid by these persons to the government:

Duty paid on Hops, ... (1849)	£388,007	3	8	...	Quantity	44,343,984	pounds.
" Malt (do.)	5,076,238	5	11	...	"	37,545,906	bushels.
" Spirits "	5,517,684	10	0	...	"	22,234,382	gallons.
" Rum, Brandy, &c. (1849)	2,337,534	0	0	...	"	4,635,363	"
" Wines "	1,732,282	0	0	...	"	6,136,547	"
Paid by Brewers (for Licenses) (1849)	80,813	2	9	...	Number	42,855	brewers.
" Beersellers "	269,378	10	5	...	"	127,791	beersellers.
" Malsters "	20,637	3	0	...	"	8,730	malsters.
" Spirit Retailers "	434,760	0	3	...	"	86,784	spirit sellers.
" Distillers "	3,790	10	0	...	"	361	distillers.
" Wine Dealers "	82,084	10	5	...	"	31,055	wine dealers.
Duty paid on Tobacco, in 1848, } (unmanufactured) }	4,253,114	0	0	...	Quantity	26,987,618	pounds.
" Cigars "	97,544	0	0	...	"	206,511	"
Paid by Tobacco Manufacturers and } dealers (1849) for Licences ... }	61,618	9	3	...	Number	209,179	{ Tobacco Dealers.

£20,405,486 5 8

Thus, it appears that the drinking and smoking habits of the people of Great Britain are of such a magnitude, that the government can, without difficulty, raise not less than twenty millions a year from them in the shape of taxes alone! Thirty-seven millions of bushels of malt, twenty-two millions of gallons of British spirits, and twenty-six millions of pounds of tobacco, are yearly consumed by our population. Frightful and appalling facts—whoever the classes may be that consume them, and whether the working or the middle classes, or both, surely it is worthy of the earnest efforts of all philanthropic men to endeavour, by some means, to stem the tide of immorality, disease, and death, which invariably follow their train on the heels of intemperance.

You will note the fact, which appears from the above list, that the beer-sellers are by much the most numerous class of drink-vendors in this country; and I think you will ascertain, on enquiry, that the best customers of the beer shops do not belong chiefly to the class which you designate as "the middle class." It appears to me also, looking at the comparatively small number of that class, and the enormous quantity of liquor consumed, that, even supposing every individual of them to be a drunkard, it would be *physically impossible* for them to swallow so many millions of gallons of beer and spirits, in addition to their wine and brandy, without very considerable assistance from some other quarter.

I have only another word of remark to make with respect to persons "merely professional," offering observations such as these to the public. You seem to think that my views, for example, should be regarded with suspicion, because they come from a person

who does not, strictly speaking, belong to the manual-labour class. Now, I think it possible that this kind of suspicion may be carried to an uncharitable and even intolerant extent, as in the present instance. Your *Journal* professes to be an "*unfettered thinker and plain speaker* for truth, freedom, and progress." But what does the profession amount to, if you determine that only the opinions of those who are manual-labourers, or such opinions only as are flattering to that class, are to be freely thought or expressed?

It is true I do not work with my muscles, but I have kept myself, exclusively by the labour of my brain, for twenty years past; and probably you know, as well as I do, that though this kind of work does not strengthen the muscles, nor expand the physical power, it *is* work, and not of an ignoble description either. I, for one, hold that the man who writes a good leading article is at least as profitable a labourer for the community as he who mashes malt or dresses a pin's head—that he who studies the human frame, with the view of alleviating its sufferings, or who organises and directs the labour of others, or more than all, perhaps, he who turns out a good book, is as true a labourer as the man who shoes a horse, or stitches the collar of a coat. I would even go further, and say that human labour is of various grades—that the labourer is "skilled" exactly in proportion as he uses his brain—and that the highest of all kinds of labour is that in which the brain is brought into the most disciplined and persistent action for worthy purposes.

In what a position should we be now if we were to shut our eyes and ears to what the brain-workers say and write, because they wear good coats, and do not work with their muscles? We might then burn our libraries, stop the press, and go back to painted skins and raw beef as speedily as may be. I fear that, in such a case, even your own *Journal* would cease to be published, and certainly you would have to re-write your excellent "Letters to Young Men," the greatest examples cited in which are exclusively brain, and not merely muscle, workers.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

Leeds, October 17, 1850.

J. SMILES.

[The foregoing letter was received so late, that I cannot do more now, than say that our readers must judge between Dr. Smiles and myself. The necessity of closing this *Journal*, and the fact that the present number was nearly complete when the Dr's. letter arrived, leave me no alternative but this.—T. C.]

FAREWELL WORDS.

WITH the present number 'Cooper's Journal' closes. It commenced in January with a sale of 5,000 in the first week, and went up several hundreds in the course of the first five weeks. In the course of several succeeding weeks the sale of No. 1 reached, in the whole, 9,000; and of Nos. 2 and 3 the sale continued, until those numbers also reached a favourable figure. But the stated weekly sale, after the first few numbers, began to decrease—until, when I announced the temporary discontinuance, it was but 3,600. After a suspension of three months, and an issue of 50,000 additional hand-bills, we have commenced with a weekly sale of but 2,000; and this number does not increase. I have no money to lose; and as the sale will not, now, pay expenses, I at once make up the volume—furnishing the title-page and table of contents with the present number.

I have been thus explicit, because concealment of the facts can answer no good purpose; and it is really necessary that the friends of Progress should know how difficult it is to find sufficient support for a cheap periodical which speaks out. Let me entreat them to take notice—that *other periodicals* which they would not like to see closed *are not paying expenses*; and to bestir themselves to secure support for the papers they believe to be honest advocates of 'Truth, Freedom, and Progress.'

On one subject I must add a few words. Readers must not suppose that the 'Critical Exegesis' is incomplete, because the eighth discourse is not

given. The seven discourses *now completed* embody the analysis of Strauss's great work. The eighth discourse simply presented my own ideas of the real character of Christ, without any reference to Strauss: it was no proper part of the 'Critical Exegesis.' It may be, however, that I shall, one day, presume to give my humble views of the real character of Christ to the world in a more extended form. But, at present, I am disinclined to do so; nor have I any intention of republishing these seven discourses in a separate form. My publisher has some thousands of back numbers on hand, and no one who is in want of odd numbers to make up the volume need suppose there will be any difficulty in obtaining them. The entire volume, bound in cloth boards and lettered, will also be ready for sale immediately, at *three shillings*.

To the kind friends who have so ably contributed to these pages I have already written my personal thanks, and beg here to renew them, most sincerely. To the friends who have endeavoured to extend the circulation of the 'Journal' I beg also to express my gratitude—not the less because we have failed.

I may be permitted to say, in conclusion, that although I have no inclination to appear in periodical literature again—I trust, at no very distant time, to produce something which my countrymen of the Present and in the Future may judge worth preservation.

5, Park Row, Knightsbridge,
October 22nd, 1850.

THOMAS COOPER.

P. S. The romance 'Captain Cobler,' will be regularly issued weekly: about four more numbers will complete it.

MATTERS WHICH ARE NOTE-WORTHY AT THE PRESENT TIME.

SPREAD OF POPEERY.—We are, many of us, in the habit of talking about Romanism as a thing extinct; as an ancient, worn-out creed, which can never again take root in the minds of the English people. Freethinkers, too, usually manifest the greatest indifference to its spread, if they hear of it. Let thoughtful working men, however, be aware of the following facts, collected from the *Catholic Directory* for 1849:

Total number of Roman Catholic	}	571
Chapels in England, in 1848		
Ditto. ditto. in 1838		442

Increase in 10 years	129
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Total number of Chapels in	}	16
Wales and the Channel Isles 1848		
Do. do. in 1838		11

Increase in 10 years	5
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Total number of Chapels	}	87
in Scotland, in 1848		
Ditto do.		79

Increase in 10 years	8
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Total of Roman Catholic Churches and Chapels		
in England, Scotland, and Wales, in 1848.....	674	
Do. do. in 1838.....	532	
Increase in 10 years		142

Besides the 87 chapels in Scotland, there are 22 stations where 'Divine service' is performed; and there are various stations also in England.

Roman Catholic Colleges in England	10
„ Convents „	40
„ Monasteries „	13
„ Schools „	250

N.B. In 1838, there were only 17 convents, so that 23 have been built in 10 years: *Convents*, let the reader remember, are 'religious houses' where *women* are shut up for life.

Roman Catholic Priests in England.

London District, 157; Central District, 160; Eastern District, 41; Western District, 69; Lancashire District, 189; Yorkshire District, 68; Northern District, 63;—Total in England, 747.

Roman Catholic Priests in Wales,—26.

Roman Catholic Priests in Scotland.

Eastern District, 21; Western District, 47; Northern District, 28; St. Mary's College, Blairs, 6;—Total in Scotland, 107.

Total of Roman Catholic Priests in England, Scotland, and Wales,—880; and including the Bishops,—897.

At the close of 1848, therefore, there were, in round numbers 900 Popish Priests and Bishops in Great Britain. The number by the close of 1850, will, undoubtedly, be near upon 1000. When this immense number of active and crafty emissaries, bound together by the most skilfully contrived machinery, is remembered to be perambulating the country where Latimer and Rowland Taylor were burnt 300 years ago; when gorgeous buildings are rising on every hand, devoted to the old superstition; when the Pope is making a Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, at Rome, and the Priests are openly walking *in costume*, in London; when Ireland is remembered to be filled with Priests, throughout the majority of her counties, and their haughty meddling spirit is witnessed;—who can sit down in indifference, as to the *spread of Popery*?

But more: when it is remembered that Church of England parsons are going over to Romanism, almost weekly; that a *secret* conclave of High-church clergy was held the other day in St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre—whose subject of debate was said to be, the propriety of making the Church independent, or going over to Rome, at once; when *Old Harry*, *Pusey*, *Keble*, and others, are reported to be only biding their time, but really purposing, sooner or later, to go over to Romanism openly with some 100 clergy at their heels;—who can be indifferent about *Popery*?

Let no one imagine that the career of Freethought is to be so very, very easy. Is not the grand, the ultimate struggle, now in prospect—that *final* one between Reason and the old Superstition? How many will have to suffer, and how much will have to be suffered, before the triumph be gained! Apostles of Reason, Soldiers of Freethought—'gird up the loins of your mind,' and prepare for the encounter!

NEGRO SLAVERY.—Another dread hinderance to the growth of right principles, is too little thought of and cared about, by the professed disciples of Right. I know that it will be observed 'We have White Slavery enough to think of;' but that does not lessen the enormous fact that there is Black Slavery—and that in *Democratic America* 3 millions of human beings are bought and sold because their skins are darker than the Saxon race. Who does not feel ashamed of the word 'Republican' when American Slavery is mentioned? and who, that has a common portion of brains, does not perceive how largely it would aid the advance of real freedom all over the world, if the land of Washington were, at once, to abolish slavery? I must confess that I, for one, feel ashamed of having said so little about this enormous evil. Democrats should protest oftener and more loudly against it. And, just now, the Question becomes doubly important: Congress is opening the debate fully: scarcely a day passes but this 'domestic institution' of America is angrily mentioned: all the forces of public opinion are gathering, and an explosion of Slavery in America seems at hand,—though the Legislature has recently given up even the Free States to be made the hunting ground of the Slaveholders, in pursuit of their fugitive slaves. Public opinion in England, if loudly expressed, will not fail to aid the emancipation of the 3 millions of Negro captives.

THOMAS COOPER.

CRITICAL EXEGESIS OF GOSPEL HISTORY,

ON THE BASIS OF STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

A SERIES OF EIGHT DISCOURSES; DELIVERED AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, AND AT THE HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD, ON SUNDAY EVENINGS, DURING THE WINTERS OF 1848—9, AND 1849—50.

BY THOMAS COOPER,

Author of "The Purgatory of Suicides."

VII.—THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

(Concluded from last number.)

If by the former, how is the removal of the body of Jesus to be accounted for? I know not that I can, in this point of our inquiry, do better than quote Charles Hennell, the translator of Strauss—not, however, in his translation of the great analyst, but in his own work, the "Enquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity." He thinks the affair of the removal of the body was contrived by Joseph of Arimathea, to relieve himself from the disciples.

"The report which arose amongst the Jews that the body had been stolen away, is confirmed by the admission on all sides that it was not to be found; but by whom it was stolen is not so clear. The question seems to lie between Joseph and the disciples. The subsequent conduct of the disciples, their boldness and apparent sincerity in asserting publicly the resurrection and the speedy re-appearance of Jesus, together with the style of earnestness in their writings, (of which the first epistle of Peter is a striking instance,) render it difficult to believe that they were guilty of such a gross deception. In this affair they have more the air of men imposed upon than of imposters. To exaggerate and somewhat embellish facts, in subsequent narrations, has been done sometimes by men on the whole well-meaning and honest; but to contrive the removal and secret disposal of the body with a view to publishing its resurrection, betokens a greater degree of fraud than appears to agree with the Apostles' characters. There are no indications of such a proceeding on their part in any of the narratives; for all agree that the news of the disappearance of the body was unexpected and surprising. Nor would it have been easy for them to effect such a purpose, since the garden was not theirs, nor the tomb in their keeping.

On the other hand, the silence of Joseph, when his testimony might have been so useful one way or the other, and his retiring suddenly from a business in which he had begun to be

conspicuous, indicate an anxiety to avoid meeting questions. There were many motives for the contrivance on his part; and he was well able to execute it, for he was an influential man, and the body lay in his own tomb and garden. Moreover, he had probably the co-operation of Nicodemus, who was in nearly the same position.

"History loses sight of Joseph and Nicodemus exactly at the time when they ceased to have any open intercourse with the disciples, viz., when they had embalmed the body of Jesus, and allowed the women to see where it was laid. Thus they were the parties whom we last saw in charge of the body; and it is for them to give an account of it. But as, from that moment, they have shrunk from public notice, conjecture alone is able to follow up their examination, and to gain an insight into their counsels and doings on the evening of the day of the crucifixion, and the sabbath which followed it. On the close of that eventful day they could not have been undisturbed or inactive, for a more perilous situation than theirs could hardly be conceived. They had been in secret communication with the Galilean who had just been executed for the treason of aiming at the throne of the Jews; and the examination of his followers, or even an indiscreet word from them, might proclaim to the governor, or their brethren of the Sanhedrim, that they too were his disciples. One of those tumults to which the Jewish populace were so prone might be excited by the friends of Jesus: this would stimulate the governor to a more rigid investigation of the affair, and to more sweeping executions. Or, supposing even that no such attempt were made, the continual resort of the disciples to the tomb in his garden must draw attention to Joseph, and strengthen suspicion against him. The disciples must be dismissed; but in what manner? To forbid them access to the garden, or to renounce them harshly, might provoke the disclosures which he was anxious to avoid.

"The accounts before us supply the rest. The women came to the tomb early, and found that the body was gone. On a subsequent they found a young man there, who, if he were not an angel, must have been some one employed by Joseph, for who can suppose that he would have allowed an unauthorized person to be in such an important charge at such a critical time; this person told the women that Jesus was risen and gone into Galilee, whither his disciples were to follow him.

"Thus, if the accounts be disentangled from those contradictory miraculous additions which have every appearance of being the fictions of later times, the facts which remain, and a natural conjecture which links them together, offer an easy solution of the mystery.

The question concerning the disposal of the body of Jesus does not appear to have excited much attention at the time; for we nowhere learn that any search was instituted for it by the Jewish rulers; which certainly they would have done if they had thought it worth while; for it cannot be supposed that *they* believed that Jesus was actually risen on the mere report of some of the disciples. But there was, in fact, no reason for such a search; they were satisfied with having put Jesus out of their way, since he appeared to be a political as well as religious innovator; and then they had no more pressing matters to think of. The disciples did not appear to be men of dangerous characters; and being deprived of their chief, might very well be left to think and say what they pleased concerning his body. A belief in its resurrection might very well be allowed them, provided they abstained from efforts to avenge him. Whereas the exhibition of the dead body would have exasperated them, and, perhaps, the multitudes with whom Jesus had been popular. The formation of a new religious society by the few followers of Jesus was not important enough to occupy much of their attention, particularly as, at first, they did not seem to differ much from the other Essenes; and when, after thirty years, they had become numerous enough to make it worth while to disprove their assertion of the resurrection, it was not easy for any one to find the body, unless he had the assistance of Joseph or Nicodemus, which they were not likely to afford."

Strauss himself, however, evidently does not favour the supposition that Joseph of Arimathea removed the body of Jesus, or that the imagination of the disciples was quickened by such an incident. He rather inclines to the conclusion that the disciples really returned to their home in Galilee (pursuant to Matthew's statement), where they gradually began to breathe freely—after their depression and fear—and where their faith in Jesus began once more to expand into vigour. 'Here,' he observes, 'where nobody lay in the grave to contradict bold suppositions, might gradually be formed the idea of the resurrection of Jesus; and, when this conviction had so elevated the courage and enthusiasm of his adherents that they ventured to

proclaim it in the metropolis, it was no longer possible, by the sight of the body of Jesus, either to convict themselves, or to be convicted by others.'

The reasonings of Strauss may, however, well stand together with those of his able and accomplished translator. Joseph of Arimathea may have judged it necessary, for his own security, to remove the body of Jesus; and that removal, rendering the finding of the body impossible by his disciples when they ventured to return to Jerusalem, served to strengthen the notions of a resurrection, which they had formed during their flight into Galilee.

One conviction must force itself on the minds of all who pursue this enquiry determinedly: that these accounts of the Resurrection and Ascension have been the growth of a much greater length of time than our first sight of them would indicate. According to the Acts, it is true, the disciples appear in Jerusalem to proclaim the Resurrection only seven weeks after the crucifixion—namely, at Pentecost, or the festival of the announcement of the old law. But the *mythical* reason for the writer making this statement immediately suggests itself: the *new law must be* announced on the festival of the old. The statement cannot be considered historical—not merely because the period of seven weeks is too short to have afforded time for the preparation of the disciples' views; but the whole picture of the feast of Pentecost, in the Acts, is too wildly legendary for belief.

The other statement, that the disciples were convinced of Jesus's resurrection so early as on the second morning after his burial, by appearances which they witnessed, leads Strauss to some important concluding observations, with which I will, if you please, also conclude this inquiry:—

"As regards the other statement—it might certainly require some time for the mental state of the disciples to become exalted in the degree necessary, before this or that individual amongst them could, purely as an operation of his own mind, make present to himself the risen Christ in a visionary manner; or before whole assemblies, in moments of highly wrought enthusiasm, could believe that they heard him in every impressive sound, or saw him in every striking appearance: but it would nevertheless be conceived, that, as it was not possible he should be held by the bonds of death (Acts ii. 24), he had passed only a short time in the grave. As to the more precise determination of this interval, if it be held an insufficient explanation, that the sacred number three would be the first to suggest itself; there is a further idea which might occur,—whether or not it be historical that Jesus was buried on the evening before a sabbath,—namely, that he only remained in the grave during the rest of the sabbath, and thus rose *on the morning after the Sabbath* which by the known mode of reckoning, might be reconciled with the round number of three days.

"When once the idea of a resurrection of Jesus had been formed in this manner, the great event could not be allowed to have happened so simply, but must be surrounded and embellished with all the pomp which the Jewish imagination furnished. The chief ornaments which stood at command for this purpose, were angels; hence these must open the grave of Jesus, must, after he had come forth from it, keep watch in the empty place, and deliver to the women, who (because without doubt women had had the first visions) must be the first to go to the grave, the tidings of what had happened. As it was Galilee where Jesus subsequently appeared to them, the journey of the disciples thither, which was nothing else than their return home, somewhat hastened by fear, was derived from the direction of an angel; nay, Jesus himself must already before his death, and, as Matthew too zealously adds, once more after the resurrection also, have enjoined this journey on the disciples. But the farther these narratives were propagated by tradition, the more must the difference between the locality of the resurrection itself and that of the appearances of the risen one, be allowed to fall out of sight as inconvenient; and since the locality of the death and resurrection was not transferable, the appearances were gradually placed in the same locality as the resurrection,—in Jerusalem, which, as the more brilliant theatre, and the seat of the first Christian Church, was especially appropriate for them."

